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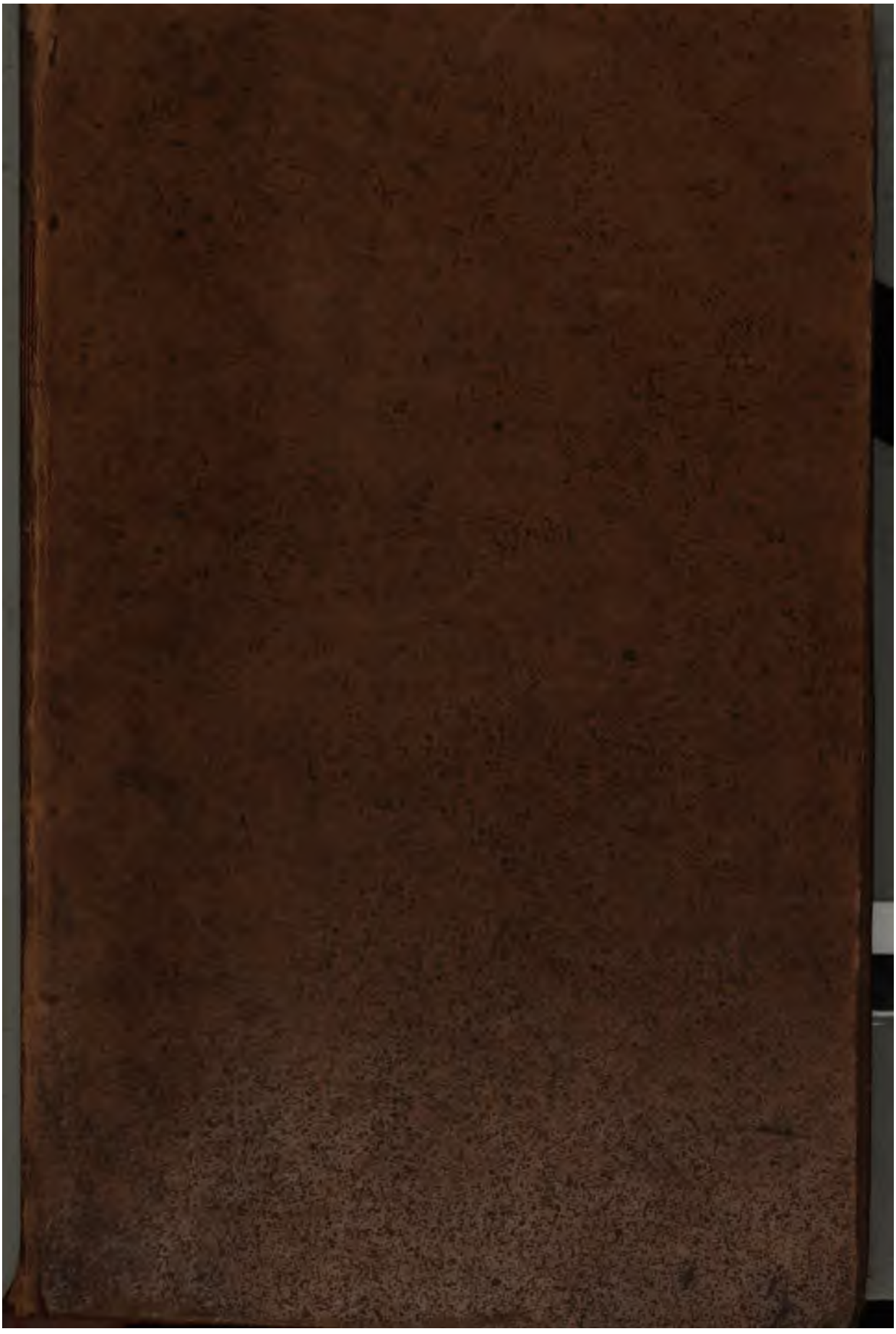

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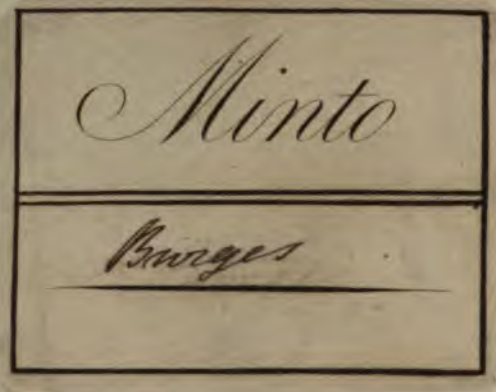

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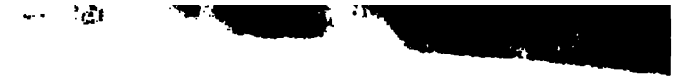

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RICHARD THE FIRST.

Printed by C. Roworth,
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RICHARD THE FIRST,

A

POEM:

IN

EIGHTEEN BOOKS.

BY

SIR JAMES BLAND BURGES, BART.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH,
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NEAR WHITEHALL.
1801.

LIBRARY

SOME literary Friends, who did me the honour to peruſe this Poem when it was preparing for the Preſs, having ſuggeſted the propriety of adding to it a few Notes, illuſtrative of paſſages founded on antient Cuſtoms, and Anecdotes not generally known, I have, in compliance with their advice, prefixed to the work ſuch explanations of that kind as I conceived might be neceſſary.

Though I may be accuſed of oſtentation, in bringing forward the Names of the reſpectable perſons to whom I have thus alluded, I prefer that riſk, to the imputation of ingratitude which might otherwiſe attach upon me. I therefore avail myſelf of this opportunity of returning my thanks to Sir WILLIAM SCOTT, Mr. SOTHEBY, Mr. PYE, Mr. REEVES, and Mr. FITZ GERALD, for the valuable remarks with which they were pleaſed to favour me. Mr. BOSCAWEN, and Mr. JOHN ANSTEY, may be aſſured, that I am very ſenſible of the great benefit which I derived from their acute and judicious obſervations. When, to their names, I add that of Mr. NARES, it will naturally be believed, that his criticiſms muſt have been highly uſeful to me. To him, with the confidence of early friendſhip, I communicated my plan at

the outſet of my undertaking; and I am now happy to acknowledge, that to his encouragement I greatly owe the perſeverance, which enabled me to bring it to a concluſion. But, while I thus fulfil the duty impoſed on me by gratitude, I feel myſelf, in an eſpecial manner, bound to expreſs my obligation, and to return my warmeſt thanks to Mr. CUMBERLAND; who, himſelf the author of an Epic Poem, which may be claſſed among the nobleſt productions of the human mind, condeſcended, with a kindneſs and generoſity not always met with among contemporary writers, to peruſe my work with a degree of care and attention, which, I am diſpoſed to believe, nothing but his friendſhip for the author could have induced him to beſtow upon it.

JAMES BLAND BURGES.

1ſt January, 1801.

NOTES.

B. 2. *St.* 75.] THIS account of the manner, in which young Candidates for Knighthood were educated, is chiefly taken from the work of Monſ. DE ST. PALAYE.

B. 2. *St.* 89.] Many inſtances of ſimilar vows are to be met with in the old writers. DE ST. PALAYE mentions ſeveral of them.

B. 2. *St.* 92.] There are equally numerous inſtances to be met with, of Ladies of the higheſt rank beſtowing Scarfs, and other ornamental parts of their dreſs, on ſuch Knights as they were diſpoſed to favour.

B. 3. *St.* 49.] The Coſtume of a Minſtrel is taken from Dr. PERCY's Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.

B. 3. *St.* 93.] The Song, ſung by King RICHARD and BLONDEL, is a Paraphraſe of the Original, which may be found in the ſame work.

B. 4. *St.* 2.] The Chanfron and Poitrinal were Horſe Armour for the Head and Breaſt.

B. 4. *St.* 94.] The Charges of this remarkable Impeachment are thus ſtated by MATTHEW PARIS, ſub anno 1193.

" Imperator, convocatis Epiſcopis, Ducibus et Comi-
" tibus ſuis, Regem in preſentiâ ſuâ accerſiri juſſit,
" eumque in pluribus Articulis, coram omnibus, accu-
" ſavit. In primis, ſcilicet, quod per ejus conſilium
" et auxilium, Regnum Siciliæ et Apuliæ, quod ſibi
" jure hæreditario debebatur, defuncto Rege Willielmo,
" amiſerit: pro quo adipiſcendo exercitum permaxi-
" mum, datâ pecuniâ infinitâ, conduxerat: cum idem
" Rex ſibi auxilium præſtiturum ſpopondiſſet, ut à Tan-
" credo regnum illud obtineret. Deinde cauſabatur de
" Rege Cypri, qui ei affinitate conjunctus fuerat: quod
" eum injuſte ab imperio ejicerit, et carcerali cuſtodiæ
" deputaverit; et terram ejus cum theſauris violenter
" invaſerit, et Inſulam cuidam alieno vendiderit. Poſt-

" modum vero accuſavit ipſum de morte Marchiſii de " Monte Ferrato hæredis ſui: quod videlicet per ejus " proditionem et machinationem ab Arſacidis peremptus " ſit. Quos et miſerat ad perimendum Regem Fran- " corum Dominum ſuum; cui nullam fidelitatem, ut " debuerat, ſervavit in communi eorum peregrinatione, " ſicut juramenti ſacramento inter utroſque fuerat " confirmatum. Deinde conqueritur, quod Signum " Ducis Auſtriæ conſanguinei ſui, ob ejus contemptum " apud Jopen, in cloacam projici juſſerit; et Teutonicos " ſuos, in Terrâ Sanctâ, verbis probroſis et factis ubique " dehoneſtaverit."

" In a general Convocation of the Biſhops, Dukes " and Counts, the Emperor commanded the King to " be brought before him, and, in the preſence of them " all, accuſed him on a variety of Charges. Firſt, that, " in conſequence of his ſuggeſtions and interference, " he had loſt the kingdoms of Sicily and Apulia, which " belonged to him by hereditary right on the demiſe " of King William, for the recovery of which he had " aſſembled a large army, at an enormous expence, " while, at the ſame time, the King had pledged him- " ſelf to aſſiſt him in recovering the kingdom from " Tancred. He next accuſed him reſpecting the King " of Cyprus, who was nearly allied to him: in that he " had unjuſtly expelled him from his empire, had con- " fined him in priſon, had violently ſeized his territory " and treaſures, and had ſold the Iſland to others. He " then charged him with the death of the Marquis of " Montferrat, his heir; ſtating that, by his treaſonable " practices and machinations, he had been ſlain by the " Aſſaſſins. He alſo charged him with having diſ- " patched others of the Aſſaſſins, to deſtroy the French " King, his Liege Lord, towards whom he had failed to " maintain that fidelity which he owed him in their " joint expedition, as had been agreed upon between " them, and confirmed by the ſolemn obligation of an " Oath. Finally, he charged him with having, at Jaffa, " ordered the banner of the Duke of Auſtria, his " relation, to be diſgracefully thrown into the common " ſewer; and with having, both by word and deed,

" contemptuouſly diſhonoured his Germans in the Holy " Land."

B. 5. St. 1.] The Anſwer of KING RICHARD to the Emperor's Charges is no where to be found. MATTHEW PARIS, however, in continuation of the paſſage quoted in the preceding note, ſpeaks of it in the following general terms.

" Super hiis et hujuſmodi calumniis, Rex Anglo- " rum ab Imperatore conventus, protinus, in medio " ſtans, contra ſingulas objectiones ità luculenter et ar- " gumentoſè reſpondens, peroravit ; ut omnibus ad- " mirationi et venerationi haberetur, ita ut nulla ſuſpicio " de hiis, in quibus accuſabatur, in cordibus audientium " ulterius remaneret. Nam dictorum veritatem et or- " dinem, veridicis quibuſdam aſſertionibus et argumen- " tatione probabili, ita in lucem propalavit, ut omnes " ſuſpiciones falſas, quibus impetebatur, omnimodis alle- " gationibus caſſaret, et geſtorum veritatem non taceret. " Proditionem quoque omnimodam, vel alicujus Principis " necis machinationem, conſtanter depellebat ; afferens " ſe ſemper fore paratum, ad ſuam innocentiam pergan- " dam, ſuper talibus objectionibus, prout Imperatoris " Curia rationabiliter judicaret. Erat enim facundiſſimus."

" With reſpect to theſe, and other calumnies of the " like nature, with which the King of England was char- " ged by the Emperor, he forthwith, ſtanding in the " midſt of the aſſembly, anſwering them in the moſt " clear and argumentative manner, made his Defence, ſo " as to obtain the admiration and veneration of all his " Judges, and to leave in the minds of his auditors no " doubt of the falſity of thoſe things whereof he had been " accuſed. For, by his well-founded aſſertions and pro- " bable arguments, he ſo clearly eſtabliſhed the truth " and order of his oration, that he overturned all the " falſe imputations brought againſt him, and made known " the integrity of his conduct. He alſo firmly repelled " the Charges of Treachery, or of having conſpired the " death of any Prince ; aſſerting his readineſs at all times " to vindicate his innocence, in all theſe reſpects, in ſuch " manner as the Diet might reaſonably require. For " he was moſt eloquent."

B. 10. *St.* 5.] The Battle deſcribed in this Book, extraordinary as it may appear, is founded on hiſtory. VINISAUF entitles the Chapter of his work, which contains an account of it, " De admirandâ et omnibus ſeculis " ſtupendâ Regis Pugnâ." He has preſerved the names of the Ten Valiant Chieftains, who ſhared with RICHARD its perils and glory. " Rex equum aſcendens proceſſu- " rus, Decem tantum ſocios habebat Equites, quorum " hæc ſunt nomina: Comes Henricus, Comes de Lei- " ceſtriâ, Bartholomeus de Mortuo Mari, Radulphus de " Malo Leone, Andreas de Chavegui, Giraldus de Fur- " nival, Rogerus de Lacy, Willielmus de Stagno, Hugo " de Novâ Villâ, Henricus Teutonicus, Regis Signifer." (In other hiſtorians, the latter is called " Reginald," who was of the De Courcy family, and who certainly was the King's Standard Bearer.)

" The King, mounting his horſe, and being about to " advance, had only Ten Knights with him as his com- " panions, whoſe Names were as follow—Count Henry, " The Earl of Leiceſter, Bartholomew de Mortimer, Ra- " dulph de Mauleon, Andrew de Chaveguy, Gerald " de Furnival, Roger de Lacy, William de l'Eſtang, Hugh " de Neville, Henry the German, the King's Standard " Bearer."

B. 12. *St.* 1.] The event, which forms the ſubject of this Book, is thus detailed by our old Hiſtorian BROMPTON, ſub anno 1194.

" Willielmus cum Longâ Barbâ inſolentiam Divitum, " qui propriis fortunis parcentes Pauperes onerabant, " fortiter accuſabat.—Londiniâ oriundus, à Barbâ pro- " lixâ Cognomen accepit, quam ideo enutrivit, ut hoc " quaſi inſigni in cætu et concione magis conſpicuus et " ſpectabilis appareret. Qui, cum eſſet ingenio acer, " mediocriter literatus, eloquens ſuprà modum, innatâ " quâdam animi et morum petulantiâ, nomen ſibi grande " facere volens, moliri nova et audere ingentia cepit.— " Quamvis à Principe deriſus fuerit, favore quorundam " inter Magiſtratus Londonienſes locum obtinuit. De- " nique clandeſtinâ operâ et venenatis ſuſurris apud " plebem Divitum inſolentiam, per quam Pauperes " indignè tractabantur, ſuggillans, Mediocres ad immo-

" deratæ libertatis amorem inflammans, adeo plurimos, " quaſi preſtigiis faſcinatos, ſibi adjunxit, ut quinqua- " ginta duo Londonienſium indigenarum millia ad ejus " nutum, tanquam communi cunctorum proviſori, ob- " temperarent. Tanto itaque fretus conſciorum nu- " mero, tanquam zelans pro pauperculo populo et com- " modo regio, cepit in omni cætu Nobilibus reſiſtere, " prætendens quod eorum Fiſcus plurimum deperiret, " et proprios complices fortius animare. Vallatus Tur- " bis pompaticè procedebat, Conventus Publicos facie- " bat, Salvatorem Pauperum ſe vocabat, frænandam in " brevi Potentum proterviam granditer intonabat. " Ego," inquit, " ſum Pauperum Salvator, vos, Pau- " peres! duras Divitum manus experti, haurite nunc de " fontibus meis aquas doctrinæ ſalutaris, et hoc cum " gaudio, quia jam venit tempus viſitationis veſtræ. Ego " enim dividam aquas ab aquis; Aquæ nempe Populi " ſunt: dividam itaque Populum Humilem et Fidelem à " Populo Superbo et Perfido, dividam Electos à Re- " probis, velut lucem à tenebris." — Tandem ad ca- " piendum eum armata manus emittitur. Illico, cum " paucis ſuorum, et quàdam Concubinâ ſuâ inſepara- " biliter ei adhærente, in vicinam eccleſiam Beatæ " Mariæ demonſtratæ Arcubus confugit.—Captus " tamen, patibulo ſuſpenſus eſt."

" William Longbeard was loud in his invectives " againſt the inſolence of the Rich, who, ſaving their own " property, laid heavy burthens on the Poor. He was " born in London, and was denominated as above-men- " tioned from his long beard, which he ſuffered to grow " to an immoderate length, that he might thereby be- " come more conſpicuous and remarkable in public " meetings and aſſemblies. Being naturally endowed " with great talents, moderately learned, eloquent be- " yond all imagination, and impelled by a certain petu- " lance of diſpoſition and manners to catch at celebrity, " he began to broach new opinions, and to attempt " great things. Though he was little conſidered by the " King, he gained ground by the favour ſhewn him by " ſome of the London Magiſtrates. At length, by under- " hand means and poiſonous reports ſuggeſting to the " People that they were ſhamefully treated by the inſo-

" lent Rich, and thereby inflaming the lower claſſes with " a love of immoderate liberty, he gained ſuch a number " of adherents, faſcinated as it were by his manœuvres, " that no leſs than Fifty Two Thouſand Londoners were " ready at his nod, as if he had been their acknowledged " leader. Being thus confident in the number " of his aſſociates, as if inflamed with zeal for the " Poor People and the Public Good, he began in " every aſſembly to oppoſe the Nobility, pretending that " the Public Treaſury was in a ruinous condition. Eſ- " corted by his Mob, he made pompous Proceſſions; he " called Public Meetings, ſtiled himſelf the Saviour of " the Poor, and vociferouſly proclaimed that the inſo- " lence of the Rich would ſoon be checked. " I," ſaid " he, " am the Saviour of the Poor. You, poor people! " who have felt the hard hands of the Rich, now drink " from my fountains the waters of ſalutary doctrine, and " this with joy, becauſe now is come the time of your " viſitation. For I will divide the waters from the " waters; for the waters are the People: I will there- " fore divide the Humble and Faithful People from the " Proud and Perfidious People, I will divide the Elect " from the Reprobate, as it were Light from Darkneſs." " At length, an armed force was ſent to apprehend him. " He took refuge in the Church of St. Mary le Bow, " with a few of his followers, and a certain Concubine " of his who was his inſeparable attendant. Being how- " ever taken, he was hanged."

Knighton tells the ſtory in nearly the ſame terms; and Gervaſius informs us, that the proper name of this WILLIAM was FITZ-OSBERT.

B. 13. *St.* 1.] The ELMS were ſituated in Smithfield. It was here that, in the earlier times, public Malefactors were executed; and here, as we learn from our old hiſtorians, FITZ-OSBERT was hanged.

B. 13. *St.* 8. The Feaſt here deſcribed was not more magnificent or protracted, than ſeveral which yet remain on record. So late as the year 1458, when the glories of Chivalry were greatly diminiſhed, GASTON DE FOIX, on the occaſion of his being affianced to Madame MAGDALENE of France, and his being created a Knight of

the Star, gave an Entertainment at Tours to King PHILIP LE BEL and his Court. FAVINES, in his Theatre of Honour, has preſerved the following Bill of Fare.

" In the great Hall of St. Julian at Tours were pre-
" pared Twelve Tables, each of them containing Seven
" Ells in length, and Two and a half in breadth.

" At the firſt table was ſeated the King, and the
" Chief Princes of the Blood, as alſo the Queen and
" Daughters of France. At other tables were ſeated
" other Princes, as well of the Blood as of ſtrange Pro-
" vinces, and the principal Lords of France, according
" to their rank and dignity; as alſo the Princeſſes and
" great ladies in like manner."

" The Firſt Service was made with White Hypocras
" and Toaſts.

" The ſecond Service conſiſted of boiled well-fatted
" Capons, and Gammons of Bacon, accompanied with
" Seven kinds of Broths or Pottages. All theſe ſervices
" were in Diſhes of Silver, and each ſervice, for the
" ſeveral tables, had an hundred and forty Silver Diſhes.

" The Third Service was of Meats Roaſted; yet not
" any other, but Pheaſants, Partridges, Conies, Peacocks,
" Bittors, Herons, Buſtards, Green Geeſe, Woodcocks,
" Swans, Teals, and all kinds of Fowls of the
" River that could be thought of. Beſides, in this
" Service were likewiſe wild Goats, Harts or Stags,
" with all manner of Veniſons; and the Service for
" each table had an hundred and forty goodly Diſhes
" of Silver.

" After which Service, Twelve Men brought in (as
" an Entre Courſe) a Caſtle, with four goodly towers
" at four corners, erected upon a rock. In the midſt
" of the caſtle ſtood a great tower, in form of a
" Donjon, which had Four windows, in each whereof
" was placed a beautiful Lady, richly apparelled. At
" other Four windows ſtood Four gallant young Boys,
" ſinging moſt ſweetly before the Preſence. And, to
" ſpeak truly, this Entre Courſe ſeemed a terreſtrial
" Paradiſe, for, on the tops and pinnacles of the Tower
" and Donjon, were fixed the Eſcutcheons and Banners
" of France, richly painted and emblazoned in colours;

" as alſo the Devices of Charles VIII. and other of the " Year in Wine and Carnation.

" The Fourth Service conſiſted in Fruits, as well great " as ſmall, the whole Service being immoderately gilded: " And in every Time were placed an hundred and " forty ſeven Diſhes, according as in all the other " Services.

" After this Service was brought in for an Entre-" Courſe the ſhape of a Beaſt, called a Tyger, which " by curning art diſgorged fire from its mouth and " noſtrils. Around its neck was a rich Collar, whereat " hung the Arms and Devices of the King, very coſtly " and curiouſly framed. This Entre Courſe was car-" ried by ſix men, each of them having a Mantillon " and Bonnet, made after the faſhion of Bearne; and " they cauſed dance the Ladies and Lords, according " to the manner of the Country; which moved much " mirth and delight, and this Entre Courſe was con-" tended above all the reſt, in regard of the new " cunning.

" The Fifth Service was of Pies, Tarts, Diſhes of " Cream, Orange-meats and Citrons confected; each " Time being likewiſe ſerved with an hundred and " forty ſeven Diſhes. After the ſaid Service, was " carried another Entre Courſe, which was a great Hill, " or Mountain, borne by four and twenty men. In " the Mountain ſtood Two fair Artificial Fountains: " from the one flowed abundantly Roſe-water, and " from the other Muſk-water, yielding an admirable " ſmell over all the Hall. From divers quarters and parts " of the Mountain, iſſued forth young living Conies, " and ſundry kinds of ſmall Birds: and, in hollow " places of the ſaid Hill, ſtood Four young Lads and " a Damſel, attired like Savages, who came forth at a " paſſage in the Rock, dancing (by good direction) an " excellent Moriſco before the Aſſembly.

" This being done, Count Gaſton cauſed to be " given to the Heralds and Trumpets, who waited and " ſounded all the dinner-time, Two Hundred Crowns " of the Sun; beſides Ten Ells of Velvet to the King " of Arms of the Order, to make him a robe.

" The Sixth Service was of Red Hypocras, with " Wafers of divers ſorts.

" Then came carried (as another Entre Courſe) a " Man mounted on Horſeback, very artificially formed, " and attired in Crimſon Velvet, but the whole con- " ſiſting of Goldſmith's work. In the midſt was a ſmall " Garden; and therein ſtood a Poet, gathering all " kinds of Roſes and other Flowers, made of wax, " which he delivered to the Ladies, who made high " eſteem of ſuch preſents.

" The Seventh Service was of Spiceries and Confec- " tions, made in the form of Lions, Swans, Harts, and " ſuch like: and on each of them were the Arms and " Devices of the King.

" After which was carried a living Peacock, in a " goodly great ſhip.

" In the midſt of the Hall was a Scaffold, whereon " were Concerts of ſingular voices, with all kind of " inſtruments."

B. 13. *St.* 9.] De St. Palaye, in his Memoirs of Antient Chivalry, gives the following account of the Ceremony of the Peacock, or Pheaſant, for theſe Birds ſeem to have been indiſcriminately uſed.

" The King at Arms, of the Order of the Golden " Fleece, preceded by a long file of Officers at Arms, " and carrying on his head a Pheaſant alive, which " was ornamented with a golden collar enriched with " pearls and precious ſtones, advanced towards the Duke " of Burgundy, and preſented to him two young " Ladies; the one of whom was Yolande, the natural " daughter of that prince, and the other Iſabel of " Neufchatel, daughter of the Lord of Montaign; " each accompanied by a Knight of the Golden Fleece. " At the ſame time, the King at Arms offered to " the Duke the Bird he carried, in the name of theſe " ladies; who recommended themſelves to the pro- " tection of their Sovereign, in conformity to the " ancient cuſtoms; according to which, in the great " feaſts and noble aſſemblies, they preſented to the " princes, lords, and noble ladies, a Peacock, or ſome " other Royal Bird, on which to make Vows ſervice-

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Proœmium---Sketch of Saladin's plans and conqueſts, and of the European force oppoſed to him in Paleſtine---Effect of Richard's expedition on the Infernal Powers---Council of Dæmons---Moloch ſent by Satan to England---He raiſes Famine, Peſtilence and Civil War---Belial, in Paleſtine, ſows corruption and diſſention among the Chriſtian leaders---He ſucceeds in alienating the mind of Philip the French King, who ſeparates himſelf from the Cruſaders, and returns to France---His machinations againſt Richard, and confederacy with Prince John.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

I.

THE lion-hearted Monarch, who diſplay'd
His banner on Judæa's ſhore, I ſing.
Immortal Muſe! impart thy pow'rful aid:
From the Aonian mount with rapid wing
Deſcending, heav'nly inſpiration bring:
Teach me to trace th' effects of Auſtria's hate,
And the foul wrongs of Gallia's treach'rous king;
To tell how RICHARD, long oppreſs'd by fate,
O'er adverſe hell prevail'd, and grew by ſuff'rings great.

II.

Twice thro' the Zodiack's bound the glorious ſun
His progreſs had fulfill'd and crown'd the year,
Twice had the varying months their courſes run,
Since, circled round by many a gallant peer,
Towards Judah's long-inſulted coaſt to ſteer
England's brave King led forth his warlike band;
Thither by zeal inſpir'd his arms to bear,
Where SALADIN uſurp'd the ſacred land,
And ſpoil'd her holy fanes with ſacrilegious hand.

III.

O'er Egypt's realm, where Nile's rich waters lave
And fertiliſe her ſoil, the Sultan reign'd.
Mature in counſel, as in action brave,
The wide dominion which his arts had gain'd,
With tyranny attemper'd he maintain'd:
Yet with his ample frontier not content,
His ſwarthy bands with licence unreſtrain'd
Againſt the neighbouring potentates he ſent,
Who 'neath his pow'rful ſway in quick ſucceſſion bent.

IV.

His force reſiſtleſs firſt Damaſcus own'd;
And ſoon beneath his arms the vanquiſh'd coaſt
Of Syria and the bleſt Arabia groan'd.
Nor o'er Roaſia did his conq'ring hoſt
Leſs ſtrike diſmay, or realize their boaſt
Of there confirming his deſpotic will.
Geſyra too her antient freedom loſt,
While, urged by fury and ambition ſtill,
He fought with war's alarms far diſtant Ind to fill.

V.

Ah wherefore did he change his purpos'd courſe!
Why bore he not to that remoter ſhore
His bloody ſtandard and remorſeleſs force!
Then Paleſtine, unſtain'd with Chriſtian gore,
Had 'ſcap'd her loſs and miſery to deplore;
Then, prompted onward by his flatt'ring dream
The rich and vaunted regions to explore
Where Ganges rolls his venerated ſtream,
Ne'er had Judæa's plains confeſs'd his power ſupreme.

VI.

But otherwiſe relentleſs fate decreed.
Ere yet the Pagan monarch bad his train
'Gainſt India's diſtant provinces proceed,
He paus'd, uncertain if his new domain
At much expence acquir'd he might retain,
If in it's centre he a foe ſhould leave,
Whoſe well-known valour might advantage gain,
Who from his yoke Damaſcus might retrieve,
And from his hated ſway might Syria's coaſt reprieve.

VII.

Ambition, as on high her wings ſhe ſpread,
Scenes of new conqueſt and renown diſplay'd.
But ſoon her viſionary triumphs fled,
When Prudence with a juſter hand pourtray'd
The Chriſtian Chiefs in martial Pomp array'd,
And pictur'd perils which might yet betide.
She gain'd her cauſe, and SALADIN obey'd:
From every quarter of his empire wide
He now reſolv'd his bands 'gainſt Paleſtine to guide.

VIII.

Soon as the brazen trumpet's ſound was heard,
Their warlike King unnumber'd legions join'd.
Their banners there th' Egyptian leaders rear'd:
Curdiſtan's ſons their ſavage hordes combin'd;
For hope of prey their mountains they reſign'd,
And in the breeze their varied pennons wav'd:
There too their march the Medes prepar'd to wind,
And thoſe, whoſe vallies rich Euphrates lav'd,
To grace his proud attempt the doubtful warfare brav'd.

IX.

From Nubia's realm, and from the regions wide
Whence Ethiopian Nile derives his ſource,
Her ſable offſpring Africa ſupplied.
Inſidious Parthians thither bent their courſe:
There too the poliſh'd Arabs led their force;
And thoſe in deſerts bred, who hardly gain'd
Their food precarious and ſubſiſtence coarſe
By watchful toils and pillage unreſtrain'd,
Mounting their courſers fleet the general cauſe maintain'd.

X.

As when the ruddy ev'ning gilds the ſky,
And length'ning ſhadows o'er the vallies glance,
The buſy inſects in the ſunbeams fly,
And joy to weave their wanton airy dance,
Their countleſs phalanx ſeeming now t' advance,
Now to retire, as thouſands ſtill purſue:
So when, drawn forth on Delta's wide expanſe,
The King ſurvey'd his far aſſembled crew,
With expectation fill'd he graſp'd at triumphs new.

XI.

Such was the foe which Paleſtine aſſail'd:
Alike reſiſtleſs in the open field,
And war's more ſubtle courſes, he prevail'd.
In vain their faulchions did the Chriſtians wield;
To his ſuperior fortune forced to yield,
Their vanquiſh'd hoſts diſgrace and ruin found.
Stript of his crown, abandoning his ſhield,
By him Judæa's King in chains was bound,
With many a princely Knight in chivalry renown'd.

XII.

The tow'rs of Solyma his ſway confeſs'd:
Sidon obey'd his over-whelming hand:
Nor could Beritus, by his arms oppreſs'd,
Or Aſcalon, his fierce attack withſtand.
Againſt Neapolis, by conqueſt fann'd,
He led his hoſt victorious: Jaffa's loſs
And Cæſarea's fall inſpir'd his band;
Nor with leſs praiſe did fame his triumphs gloſs,
When from proud Acre's walls he drew the ſacred croſs.

XIII.

From Libanus to Pharan's deſert bare
Beneath his power the groaning diſtricts bow'd:
In hopeleſs agony and wild deſpair
The unavailing tear of anguiſh flow'd.
But, while beneath his domination proud
The Chriſtians ſank oppreſs'd, their heart-felt woes,
Their ſorrows which ſincere contrition ſhew'd,
To the tribunal of their GOD aroſe,
And aid by Heav'n was ſent to check their cruel foes.

XIV.

All Europe own'd the ſoul-tranſporting fire:
From fertile Luſitania's ſhore, where reigns
Eternal ſpring, and to his tuneful lyre
The watchful ſhepherd ſings his am'rous pains,
To where 'midſt darkneſs winter harſh enchains
In icy bonds and ever-during ſnow
The bleak and diſtant hyperborean plains,
Each boſom felt th' invigorating glow,
Each chieftain urg'd his band their proweſs high to ſhew.

XV.

Not from th' Achaian ports to Ilion's ſhore
A fleet ſo large and well appointed ſail'd,
When 'gainſt old Priam Greece her vengeance bore,
And on Scamander's banks her hoſt detail'd.
Leſs was the force which Rome's proud ramparts ſcal'd,
When ſavage Attila her towers defac'd,
When injured ſcience his attack bewail'd,
When ſank the glories which her power had grac'd,
And wild barbaric hordes her tow'ring fanes debas'd.

XVI.

His German hoſt imperial FREDERICK led
From where proud Rhine his rich dominions lav'd:
Full many a ſubject prince his banner ſpread,
And many a vaſſal there his enſign wav'd.
From Danube's banks the Auſtrian legions brav'd
The unknown war: their long-extended line
Confeſs'd the power of LEOPOLD deprav'd,
Who, tho' well ſkill'd their movements to combine,
Spurn'd at all human laws and mock'd the powers divine.

XVII.

The hardy vet'rans from Hungaria's plain
March'd, with the bands from rude Bohemia join'd.
From rich Burgundia OTHO drew his train,
And led his force with Flandria's troops combin'd:
OTHO, than whom none better knew to wind
Thro' all the mazes of corruption's round,
To purpoſes of fouleſt wrong reſign'd.
'Midſt the confed'rate powers no chief was found
Of more impure intent, of maxims more unſound.

XVIII.

From where in Hadria's gulph the Iſtrian ſhore
Joins with the Carnian and Illyrian coaſt,
Nurs'd 'midſt inclement ſkies and mountains hoar,
Forth came a vaſt and formidable hoſt,
Which warlike CONRAD led. By fortune toſs'd,
To aim at regal power he now aſpir'd:
With artful claims his title weak he gloſs'd,
And, while ambition's flame his boſom fir'd,
He fail'd when moſt his aid the Chriſtian cauſe requir'd.

XIX.

Italia's ſons the impulſe ſtrong confeſs'd:
From Como's lake, and Alps' tremendous height,
The daring warriors to the conflict preſs'd.
Ferrara's Duke conven'd his country's might;
Thoſe who in Po's deep ſtream with fond delight
Were wont to bathe, or on Clitumnus' bank
Beheld their milk-white herds the herbage bite.
Calabria's youth increas'd the warlike rank,
And thoſe who Tiber's flood in fam'd Campania drank.

XX.

Nor leſs the poliſh'd ſons of fertile France
The gen'rous enterpriſe preferr'd to ſhare.
In cloſe array her troops were ſeen t' advance,
While their rich banners proudly cut the air.
Thoſe who the vallies till'd with pious care,
Where Seine's ſlow waters to the ocean creep;
And thoſe who preſs'd the gifts of Bacchus fair,
Where Rhone her torrent rolls 'twixt mountains ſteep,
Reigns o'er ſubjected plains, and thund'ring ſeeks the deep.

XXI.

Theſe PHILIP led, of France the pow'rful prince;
Who early in the ſacred cauſe engag'd,
Yet ceas'd too ſoon his ardour to evince:
In his dark breaſt ambition wildly rag'd;
Pity he ſcorn'd; no feelings ſoft aſſuag'd
The ſettled purpoſe of his mounting ſoul;
Tho' avarice ſtill a dubious warfare wag'd,
And 'ſlav'd his boſom with her harſh controul,
Infuſing jealous fears, and framing treaſons foul.

XXII.

While in the Eaſt, 'gainſt Saracenic hoſts
Th' aſſociate warriors urg'd the frequent fight,
The trump of fame to Europe's diſtant coaſts,
Well pleas'd their daring conflicts to recite,
Proclaim'd their puiſſance and reſiſtleſs might.
England her monarch's tow'ring worth admir'd;
And, while they heard the tale with fond delight,
With ardour long unfelt the aged were fir'd,
And youthful breaſts to deeds of high deſert aſpir'd.

XXIII.

But not unmix'd with woe the tidings came.
Now rumour's voice the ſtory ſad detail'd
Of PHILIP's wrongs, and faithleſs OTHO's ſhame,
Who, when ſtern SALADIN their hoſt aſſail'd,
From virtue's cauſe and vows recorded fail'd.
Now of their valiant King expos'd it told
To open perils and to treachery veil'd,
While his aſſociates baſe, in treaſons bold,
Leagued with their Pagan foe, their honour truck'd for gold.

XXIV.

With indignation ſtrong and pity mov'd,
Each Engliſh breaſt the painful tale receiv'd.
Oft as the fortunes of their Prince belov'd
Their memory trac'd, their feeling boſoms heav'd,
They breath'd the fruitleſs ſigh, and vainly griev'd:
And fancy, ſick'ning in her wild career,
Such forms of woe as reaſon ne'er conceiv'd
Induſtrious drew, ſpectres and phantoms drear,
Of power to wring the ſoul and force th' unwilling tear.

XXV.

Nor did her bodings dire illuſive prove.
While England's King his hoſt victorious led,
Againſt him Hell's tremendous phalanx ſtrove;
Dæmons to cruſh him foul enchantments ſhed,
And o'er his path perplex'd their engines ſpread.
Him, to the ſtorms of adverſe fate betray'd,
Remorſeleſs Fiends purſued with vengeance dread,
Their deadlieſt miniſters of ill array'd,
And, for deſtruction arm'd, their ruthleſs power diſplay'd.

XXVI.

From Pandæmonium, where he held his reign,
SATAN the bold Cruſading hoſt beheld:
He view'd their high prows cut the foaming main,
As with propitious gales their white ſails ſwell'd.
With indignation fierce and pride unquell'd
Oft did his eye their martial order trace,
Which ſeem'd by fate and ſuccouring heav'n impell'd
To hurl deſtruction on his favour'd race,
Their power uſurp'd to cruſh, their prophet to diſgrace.

XXVII.

From Europe's clime to Aſia's diſtant coaſt
Vengeful he caſt his flaming eyes around,
Then quick aſſembled his infernal hoſt.
His voice tremendous ſhook the vault profound,
And, as hell's caverns echo'd back the ſound,
Diſmay and terror fill'd each ruthleſs breaſt.
Slowly the Monarch roſe; he ſternly frown'd,
And wav'd aloft his ſnake-encircled creſt,
As thus in accents harſh the Dæmons he addreſs'd.

XXVIII.

" When to your delegated care I gave
" The charge of watching o'er my race ſelect,
" I look'd, great Chiefs! for zeal and efforts brave.
" But well your ſov'reign's mandates ye reſpect!
" Behold yon hoſtile fleet, whoſe courſe direct
" Deſtruction bears 'gainſt Saracenic towers;
" See how the heavens ſerene their courſe protect,
" And, as the leaders cheer their warlike powers,
" Mark how on every brow vindictive fury lours.

XXIX.

" Is then the mem'ry of your wrongs o'erpaſt?
" Where is the hate reſolv'd, the wrathful flame,
" Which fir'd th' ætherial race from Heav'n when caſt?
" Patient of wrong, effeminate and tame,
" Of proweſs vaunt no more, but bow with ſhame.
" Shall we, to torments doom'd, reſign'd, and weak,
" Sink in oblivious ſloth our well-earn'd fame,
" Or boldly daring ſhall we vengeance ſeek,
" And ruſh on perils new our great revenge to wreak?

XXX.

" But perils daunt ye, and revenge is cold:
" Elſe here inglorious would ye not remain,
" When England's monarch, confident and bold,
" To victory leads his proud confed'rate train.
" Nor war's rough front, nor dangers can detain
" From glory's call that enterpriſing hoſt.
" Oh Chiefs! unmindful of the wrongs which ſtain
" Your lineage high, ceaſe, ceaſe your empty boaſt,
" Let SALADIN be cruſh'd, let Paleſtine be loſt!"

XXXI.

He ceas'd. Abaſh'd and mute the Dæmons ſtood,
While light'nings blaz'd, and thunders round them broke.
Each ſtubborn Chief, in dark and thoughtful mood,
His ſov'reign's fury fearful to provoke,
In awful ſilence ſought his ſhame to cloak.
But ſoon, with looks which inward pride expreſs'd,
And ſtep aſſur'd which arrogance beſpoke,
MOLOCH, dread prince, advanc'd before the reſt,
And thus with hurried voice the monarch ſtern addreſs'd.

XXXII.

" On errors paſt, and duties ill-perform'd,
" Let not, great King! thy cenſure harſh alight.
" Rous'd by thy call, to deeds of vengeance warm'd,
" Each Chief infernal burns to prove his might,
" And 'gainſt the Chriſtian band to urge the fight.
" When erſt in arms and battle's fierce array
" We wag'd proud war on yonder ſtarry height,
" Zealous we ruſh'd thy ſtandards to diſplay,
" And mark'd thro' Heav'n's wide plain our deſolating way.

XXXIII.

" Impatient ſtill thy dread beheſt we wait:
" Whether on earth to ſpread deſtruction wide,
" Or bold in conſcious ſtrength to tempt our fate,
" And, with freſh vigour and new force ſupplied,
" With heav'nly power our conteſt to decide,
" And win the glorious field, or bravely fall.
" 'Tis thine the movements of thy hoſt to guide:
" Our ardent zeal no perils can appal;
" For action high we pant, for enterprife we call."

XXXIV.

As thus he ſpoke, the Chiefs with threat'ning mien
Claſh'd their broad ſhields, and murmur'd hoarſe aſſent;
They ſhook their ſpears, and wav'd their faulchions keen,
And hell's high arch with warlike ſhouts was rent.
So, in the earth's dark womb foul vapours pent
In dull inaction waſte their influence dread,
But ſhould ill-omen'd chance afford them vent,
With fury uncontroul'd their force they ſpread,
Scatter deſtruction round, and death and ruin ſhed.

XXXV.

In open war the Chriſtians to oppoſe
The ſtern aſſembly now reſolv'd appear'd,
When SATAN from his lofty throne aroſe.
" Well pleas'd," he cried, " brave Spirit! have I heard
" Thy propoſition bold, to me endear'd
" By deep remembrance of my paſt-gone wrong.
" Yet, tho' we once 'gainſt Heav'n our ſtandards rear'd,
" To us no more ſuch flatt'ring hopes belong,
" No more 'tis ours to lead 'gainſt Seraph hoſts our throng.

XXXVI.

" That thoſe, who ſhame and endleſs torments feel,
" Should burn a juſt and great revenge to take,
" And to the glorious chance of war appeal,
" I marvel not. As from yon ſulph'rous lake,
" Whence lurid flames ariſe and ſteams opake,
" I ſtretch my view acroſs theſe fearful plains,
" Indignant feelings in my breaſt awake:
" I curſe the power which here our force detains,
" Secure by our defeat, triumphant by our pains.

XXXVII.

" Say, with Heav'n's bolt, or with the pow'rful ſhock
" Of vengeful fires, launc'd by th' unerring hand
" Of him, whoſe word the ſources can unlock
" Of wrath exhauſtleſs, and on whoſe command
" Myriads of Angels ever watchful ſtand,
" Can we expect ſucceſsfully to cope?
" Let ſchemes which better ſuit our force be plann'd;
" Such as may give our ſubtle engines ſcope,
" Whoſe well-directed aim may crown our anxious hope."

XXXVIII.

He ended. BELIAL thus the Peers addreſs'd.
" If fame and conqueſt on our helms to beam
" Imperious fate deny, let not the breaſt,
" Which hatred foſters, court an idle dream.
" If inſufficient prove our force, I deem
" 'Tis wiſe to try what counſel may effect.
" What tho' wall'd towns impregnable may ſeem?
" Some hidden weakneſs cunning may detect,
" And policy may win, when fails th' attack direct.

XXXIX.

" The Chriſtian chieftains who aſſociate wage
" 'Gainſt SALADIN the war, unmov'd will ſtand,
" Tho' powers infernal vent their utmoſt rage,
" While they obedient prove to Heav'n's command.
" But note, great Princes, a Confed'rate band
" Bears in it's eſſence ſeeds of ſure decay:
" If nurtur'd well, they bloſſom and expand,
" 'Till ripen'd Treaſons their broad front diſplay,
" Reward their planter's care, and all his toils repay.

XL.

" War's doubtful iſſue then to others leave:
" More certain means Corruption's arts ſecure.
" Skilful the erring judgement to deceive,
" Be our's the taſk with hopes and views impure
" Each ſep'rate leader from his faith t' allure,
" And tempt his weaken'd ſoul his vows to break.
" So ſhall we victory gain compleat and ſure,
" So ſhall we vain their preparations make,
" Blaſt their aſpiring hopes, their vaunted projects ſhake."

XLI.

Up ſtarted SATAN from his ebon throne:
" BELIAL!" he cried, " with counſels juſt and wiſe
" Well has thy tongue our line of conduct ſhewn.
" What tho' th' infernal powers in maſs ariſe,
" By deſperation urg'd to win the prize,
" Experience tells the effort will be vain:
" But, couch'd in falſehoods and conceal'd by lies,
" Safely we work our purpoſes to gain,
" And o'er ſubjected foes to ſtretch our ample reign.

XLII.

" Henceforth thy ſage concluſions we adopt.
" To thee th' important miſſion we award,
" With ſophiſtry, and ſpeech in guile enwrapt,
" To tempt the chieftains of the league abhorr'd.
" In hell's black regiſter we thus record,
" In characters indelible of flame,
" Thy plan with more than helliſh malice ſtor'd.
" Thro' endleſs ages thus ſhall laſt thy fame,
" And oft renew'd ſucceſs thy high deſert proclaim.

XLIII.

" From this ſhall we new hope and ſtrength derive,
" By this the want of equal force ſupply.
" In vain for conqueſt ſhall the Chriſtians ſtrive,
" Unite their armies, their reſources try:
" Gain'd by our proſp'rous arts, ſome falſe ally
" A ſimulated ſuccour ſhall diſplay,
" And, when the hour of enterpriſe is nigh,
" Deſert their ſtandards, and their cauſe betray.
" So ſhall our plans prevail, ſo ſhall their pow'r decay.

XLIV.

" Let this, great chiefs! your ſuff'ring minds relieve:
" Your preſent pains let this aſſurance cheer.
" Thro' the thick web which fates induſtrious weave,
" Triumphs in ages yet unborn appear.
" Hark! the loud yell of regicides I hear,
" Who mark their horrid courſe with blood and fire:
" I ſee rebellion high her ſtandard rear,
" I view her ſpreading far her influence dire,
" While to unbounded ſway her frantic ſons aſpire.

XLV.

" As the ſtorm threatens each devoted land,
" All Europe arm'd to ſtem its force behold.
" From every region haſtes a warlike band:
" Again confed'rate Kings, in union bold,
" Exchange their faith, their banners proud unfold,
" And join the menac'd ruin to avert.
" When lo! by envy warp'd, ſeduc'd by gold,
" Apoſtate chiefs the common cauſe deſert,
" And crouch before the foe his fury to divert.

XLVI.

" What glorious ſcenes of miſery now ſucceed!
" Before my eyes what bloody torrents roll!
" I hear the victims ſigh, I ſee them bleed!
" Their piercing ſhrieks tranſport my raptur'd ſoul!
" The pow'rs of hell, ſurmounting all controul,
" In tenfold terrors clad direct the fight,
" And ſpread contagion dire from pole to pole!
" Death ſhakes his dart---but ah! before my ſight
" The flatt'ring viſion fades and vaniſhes in night!"

XLVII.

Th' aſſembled chieftains ſat in wonder loſt,
And joy unuſual fir'd each rugged breaſt,
As thus the preſcient King proclaim'd his boaſt.
Silent awhile he ſtood, by thought oppreſs'd,
Then wav'd his hand, and thus the pow'rs addreſs'd.
" The purpoſe of our council to reſume,
" And plan our great deſign, behoves us beſt.
" Inſpir'd by fate new courage we aſſume,
" To urge deſtruction on, and ſeal the Chriſtians' doom.

XLVIII.

" BELIAL! to thee th' auſpicious thought we owe:
" Be thine it's execution to command.
" Where proudly wave the banners of our foe,
" Where ſeek their fleets the vainly promis'd ſtrand,
" Repair with rapid wing: in every band
" Infuſe ſuſpicions, ſcatter doubts around,
" And realize the miſchiefs thou haſt plann'd;
" With mad ambition's ſting each leader wound,
" And av'rice baſe implant in every heart unſound.

XLIX.

" While BELIAL thus his deeply laid deſign
" In Paleſtine purſues, be thine the care,
" MOLOCH! with his thy efforts to combine.
" Haſte, potent chief! to England's ſhores repair:
" Let her hell's direſt diſpenſations ſhare!
" Let Civil Diſcord ſhake her troubled ſtate,
" And deſolation's fangs her boſom tear.
" So ſhall her monarch learn what ills await
" From SATAN's power contemn'd and hell's immortal hate."

L.

He ſpoke. The Chiefs proclaim'd their glad aſſent,
While Dæmons rais'd their loud triumphant cry.
Now, to fulfil their Sov'reign's foul intent,
The choſen pair direct their courſe on high,
And thro' th' empoiſon'd air their pinions ply.
So, when half famiſh'd vultures ſcent their food,
From their lone ſeat with fell reſolve they fly,
Tear their ſtill quiv'ring prey, exult in blood,
And train to deeds of death their young rapacious brood.

LI.

The Fiends, intent their object to attain,
The gloom ſurmounted and beheld the day:
On Calpe's height they ſtood, as o'er the main
The riſing ſun diſclos'd his new-born ray.
They view'd the wide ſeas which before them lay,
Where many a ſtately bark was ſeen to glide,
And thro' the heaving waters cut its way:
Where England's banner with becoming pride
And pomp ſuperior ſeem'd o'er ocean to preſide.

LII.

" To Acre's towers, where now the Chriſtian foe
" The Saracenic force beleagur'd hold,"
BELIAL exclaim'd, " on high intent I go:
" To where yon orb illumes the ſky with gold,
" And mounting ſoars his ſplendours to unfold,
" My courſe is bent. Thy travel to perform
" O'er northern waves muſt ſtretch thy pinions bold.
" Haſte then to raiſe and to direct the ſtorm,
" Spread hell's dominion wide, and Albion's realm deform!"

LIII.

He ſaid; and riſing from the mountain's brow
Towards the red eaſt he bent his vent'rous wing;
There to fulfil his deſolating vow,
There by his impious arts diſtreſs to bring
On the Cruſading hoſt and England's King,
And hell's tremendous vengeance to diſcloſe.
Meantime, fierce MOLOCH with exulting ſpring
From Calpe's craggy ſummit furious roſe,
While ruin led the way, and marſhall'd all her woes.

LIV.

High in the troubled air the Dæmon rode.
Hiſpania's fruits and Luſitania's bloom
Shrank blaſted where his direful influence flow'd.
As o'er th' Atlantic vaſt he wav'd his plume,
Darkneſs obſcur'd the ſun, and thro' the gloom
Deep thunders roll'd, and livid lightnings play'd:
The mounting billows op'd their wat'ry tomb,
And to th' affrighted mariner diſplay'd
Pale death's terrific form, by fear more ghaſtly made.

LV.

On the dread ſcene with joy malign he gaz'd:
And now, to Albion's coaſt approaching nigh,
While warring elements around him blaz'd,
O'er her high cliffs he caſt his vengeful eye,
As proudly rang'd they rear'd their ſummits high,
To check the waves and ſtem their boiſt'rous force.
Vain now their power his terrors to defy,
Who, for deſtruction arm'd, purſued his courſe,
Deaf to compaſſion's voice, and heedleſs of remorſe.

LVI.

In night's dark horrors clad, in clouds array'd,
He paſs'd their tow'ring fronts with ſtern diſdain;
Then hov'ring hung, and for a while ſurvey'd
Each boldly riſing hill and fertile plain,
Where laughing plenty held her peaceful reign.
In rich luxuriance cloath'd and ſeemly pride
The far-ſpread vallies ſhew'd their waving grain,
While, on each flow'ry bank and mountain's ſide,
Rich food for flocks and herds the herbage green ſupplied.

LVII.

'Mid the wide landſcape, drawn from many a ſpring
With winding courſe majeſtic rivers flow'd,
On which, while Zephyr ſhook his fav'ring wing,
Unnumber'd veſſels richly freighted rode,
Bearing from ports remote their precious load.
Around the varied habitation roſe;
The peaceful cot, of virtue the abode,
The humble village, ſeat of calm repoſe,
The city ſtrongly fenced againſt incroaching foes.

LVIII.

Their uſeful labours freemen there fulfill'd;
They train'd the ſteer, the vigorous ſteed controul'd,
The teeming earth with toil induſtrious till'd,
Tended their fleecy care to field or fold,
Or chac'd the ſavage tribe with ardour bold.
From av'rice free, by no vain hopes allur'd,
Their days in joy, and bleſs'd contentment roll'd,
While manly worth the well-earn'd meed procur'd,
And female excellence domeſtic bliſs inſur'd.

LIX.

Moloch the happy ſcene intent ſurvey'd.
If e'er compaſſion ruthleſs fiends could know,
If e'er the voice of pity they obey'd,
Or felt the force of mercy's gen'rous glow,
His hand had ſpar'd the fabric to o'erthrow.
But his ſtern heart the impulſe ſtrong defied:
Eager his malice foul and pow'r to ſhew,
His rugged boſom heav'd with furious pride,
He gaz'd with vengeance fir'd, and thus indignant cried.

LX.

" Muſt we be doom'd to never-ending pain
" While men, whom Heav'n created to ſupply
" Our vacant heritage, at eaſe remain?
" Loſt in delights with angels ſhall they vie,
" Mock at our hatred, and our power defy?
" Shall they with us to meet in conflict dare,
" Provoke our wrath, and tempt our vengeance high?
" Hell, ope thy gates! Thy engines dire prepare!
" Ye fiends infernal haſte, revenge and death to bear!"

LXI.

He ſaid, and whirl'd his flaming brand around.
From Hell's abyſs a Spectre gaunt appear'd;
Her ſqualid brows a ſnaky circlet crown'd,
Dropping foul venom o'er her eye lids-blear'd,
While far and near their hiſſings loud were heard.
Fleſhleſs her limbs, her viſage ghaſtly ſhew'd;
In her right-hand a pois'nous dart ſhe rear'd;
Her locks diſhevell'd like a meteor flow'd,
As with intent accurs'd o'er England's realm ſhe ſtrode.

LXII.

Tow'rds the black north her jav'lin dire ſhe threw.
From icy chains releas'd, the furious blaſt
Her mandate to fulfil impatient flew.
O'er the devoted country as it paſs'd,
The foreſt's honours low on earth it caſt,
And lordly caſtles levell'd with the ground.
The mountains totter'd from their centres vaſt,
While with rude havock from their beds profound
The foaming waters torn ſpread deſolation round.

LXIII.

Where vegetation ſhew'd its luſcious ſtore,
Where bluſh'd rich fruits or wav'd the harveſt brown,
The raging torrents quick deſtruction bore.
No more the peaſant's hopes with plenty crown
His ruin'd barns and granaries o'erthrown:
Aghaſt he ſtands, as with reſiſtleſs force
His flocks and herds the whirlpool hurries down,
Drowning their helpleſs cries with murmurs hoarſe,
As to the deep it rolls it's wild o'erwhelming courſe.

LXIV.

Thus when diſeaſe, ſome fever'd wretch t' oppreſs,
Deludes his ſenſes with a flattering dream,
His melting ſoul extatic viſions bleſs,
He rules ideal realms with ſway ſupreme,
And fancy gay prolongs th' enchanting theme
'Till morn awakes him agony to know:
So, when the ſun again unveil'd his beam,
He ſhone but miſery and diſtreſs to ſhew,
Proud England's glories chang'd for ruin, want and woe.

LXV.

Far as the eye could ſtretch, the ravag'd plain
Shew'd blank and deſert, as in war's dread hour,
When adverſe hoſts their conteſt dire maintain,
When on ſome frontier weak they ruthleſs ſhower
The wanton rage of deſolating power,
And blaſt the joys which Heav'n deſign'd for man.
With aſpect haughty and malignant lour
As gaz'd the Fiend, acroſs her viſage wan
A momentary glow of joy infernal ran.

LXVI.

But ſoon return'd the terrors of her brow.
With pride augmented and deſtructive tread
Wildly ſhe rang'd her puiſſance curs'd to ſhew,
While angry MOLOCH wav'd his faulchion dread,
And from his airy ſeat new horrors ſhed.
Hell felt the impulſe: from her caverns foul
Black Peſtilence uprear'd her fatal head,
Of power to wring with woe the ſtricken ſoul,
T' arreſt the vital flood, and nature's laws controul.

LXVII.

She ſtalk'd where Famine held her waſteful reign.
While far around her baleful eyes ſhe threw,
And gaz'd enraptur'd on the ruin'd plain,
From lips obſcene a vapour dire ſhe blew.
Thro' the wide air the ſick'ning influence flew,
Charg'd with corruption and diſeaſes pale,
With unknown dangers and afflictions new.
Ah woe ſurpaſſing! from the Heav'n-born gale
To draw the ſource of death, contagion to inhale!

LXVIII.

Jointly their hateful war the Dæmons wag'd.
Where'er by Famine wrought prevail'd the dearth,
Inſatiate Peſtilence with fury rag'd,
And ſpread deſtruction o'er the tainted earth.
Nor ſex, nor age, nor beauty's charms, nor worth,
From her oppreſſive graſp avail'd to ſave;
Nor gilded palace, nor low village hearth,
Nor tow'ring caſtle's height protection gave;
One fate awaited all, one undiſtinguiſh'd grave.

LXIX.

Where, with content and independence bleſs'd,
The humble ſwain enjoy'd his calm retreat,
Where, when he turn'd his toil-ſpent limbs to reſt,
His heart with tranſport undiſſembled beat
His wife belov'd, his ſmiling babes to meet,
Affliction reign'd, and ſorrow ſpread her gloom.
No more their innocent endearments greet:
Wrapt in one ſad inevitable doom,
Mute are their tuneful tongues, and blaſted is their bloom.

LXX.

As o'er the ravag'd and deſerted plain
The famiſh'd burgher looks with fearful care,
Hopeleſs he turns his mournful home to gain,
Where from his ſcanty ſtore their meagre fare
His anxious wife and children weak prepare.
With dart uprais'd Deſpair his ſteps attends:
Condemn'd their aggravated woes to ſhare,
O'er their pale corſes as he weeping bends,
Diſeaſe invades his heart, and thro' his veins aſcends.

LXXI.

Where, far from peopled haunts, in vale obſcure,
The ſhepherd ſeeks his bluſhing maid to move
With ardent vows and ſupplication pure;
Together as thro' lengthen'd meads they rove,
Or ſeek ſome yet undeſolated grove
Where woodbines ſweet their circling branches wreath,
One fate purſues their unpropitious love:
Contagion hovers in their panting breath,
Each ſigh with poiſon fraught, each fond embrace with death.

LXXII.

The crouded mart, where erſt with eager haſte
The early citizens repair'd for food,
Shew'd now a vacant and deſerted waſte.
No more, as at the altar high he ſtood,
The holy prieſt adorers proſtrate view'd
When ſolemn roſe the pealing organ's ſound.
Dead were the ties of friendſhip and of blood;
The heart's beſt feelings were by ſorrows drown'd,
And doubt and wild deſpair their empire ſpread around.

LXXIII.

MOLOCH well-pleas'd the work of death ſurvey'd.
" Far as infernal might extends," he cried,
" Well has my vengeful fury been diſplay'd.
" But tho' 'tis our's to launch deſtruction wide,
" To rule the ſtorm, and in the whirlwind ride,
" Beyond the bound'ry fix'd our hate to ſhew
" A power to us ſuperior has denied.
" Curs'd be the mandate, which forbids to flow
" The ample tide of ill, th' o'erwhelming ſtream of woe!

LXXIV.

" Ceaſe then, ye Fiends, your further taſk to urge,
" Since Heav'n prevails your efforts to repel,
" And checks the influence of your ruthleſs ſcourge.
" But haſte, ye potent miniſters of Hell!
" REBELLION bloody! CIVIL DISCORD fell!
" Hither with vengeance trebly arm'd repair:
" Unite the maſs of England's woes to ſwell;
" Exert your power, your engines dire prepare,
" So ſhall her abſent King his country's ruin ſhare."

LXXV.

The Fiends obedient to his dictates flew,
And ruſh'd to execute his dread command.
Around them throng'd vain Hopes, and Schemes untrue,
Falſehood ſly ſmiling with demeanour bland,
Pale Av'rice, clenching faſt his trembling hand,
Ambition fierce, and Envy's viſage lean:
Revenge and Malice led their deſp'rate band,
While Jealouſy advanc'd with aſpect green,
And foul Ingratitude uprear'd her form obſcene.

LXXVI.

Tow'rds potent MOLOCH preſs'd the impious hoſt.
As their broad pinions cut the murky ſky,
They hail'd their Chieftain with inſulting boaſt,
And join'd in chorus loud with daring cry
Heav'n and it's powers eternal to defy.
The Dæmon rais'd his hand their ſhouts to ſtill,
And thus addreſs'd the crew with accents high.
" In ſilence liſten to your Sov'reign's will:
" Learn your appointed taſk of evil to fulfil.

LXXVII.

" Behold yon ravag'd plains, yon deſert wide,
" Where with wild licence and remorſeleſs ſway
" Black Peſtilence and Famine proudly ſtride.
" While thus their finiſh'd labours they diſplay,
" While death and havock ſignalize their way,
" And Albion's realm our power deſtructive rues,
" 'Tis your's freſh woes to pour and new diſmay;
" 'Tis your's her ſons with falſehoods to abuſe,
" In each enfeebled ſoul ſuſpicions to infuſe.

LXXVIII.

" Thus SATAN bids. While on Judæa's ſhore
" Th' aſſociate Chiefs victorious warfare hold,
" And RICHARD's might the Saracens deplore,
" Be here the ſtandard of revolt unroll'd.
" In JOHN's baſe ſoul, revengeful, dark and cold,
" The ſmother'd embers of ambition fan;
" Teach him, by av'rice moved, in treaſon bold,
" Of favours reckleſs, to aſſiſt our plan,
" And crown the glorious work, which Hell's dread pow'rs [began.

LXXIX.

" Haſte then the mighty miſchief to compleat:
" Let Civil Diſcord England's boſom rend.
" Forc'd from his views of conqueſt to retreat,
" His crown to ſave, his empire to defend,
" Vengeance ſhall on the monarch's ſteps attend:
" Augmented ills the baffled prince ſhall know;
" Hell ſhall againſt him hoſts of dæmons ſend,
" Till, victim of his unrelenting foe,
" In grief his days ſhall paſs, his nights conſume in woe."

LXXX.

Thus ſpake the Dæmon. The aſſembly heard
His mandate ſtern, and joy malign expreſs'd:
Then, as their inauſpicious wings they rear'd,
Their fatal courſe tow'rds Albion they addreſs'd,
While thunders hoarſe their influence dire confeſs'd,
And livid light'nings ſhot their murd'rous flame.
High beat with conſcious pride fierce MOLOCH's breaſt:
To SATAN's court his flight he bent, to claim
The guerdon of his toils, the trophied meed of fame.

LXXXI.

While thus his vengeful miſſion he fulfill'd,
And ſpread wide ruin over England's land,
Remorſeleſs BELIAL, well in falſehoods ſkill'd,
Urg'd his deſtructive toils. His practis'd hand
Soon chang'd the fortunes of the Chriſtian band.
In every breaſt where lurk'd impure deſire
The latent ſparks of diſcontent he fann'd,
Led them 'gainſt England's Monarch to conſpire,
And kindled in their minds ambition's madd'ning fire.

LXXXII.

But from the Gallic King's perfidious ſoul,
Rankling with envy, his beſt hopes aroſe:
O'er his foul heart he held ſupreme controul;
'Twas there he fix'd, 'twas him the Dæmon choſe
To reſcue Hell's allies and RICHARD's foes.
Him not alone the ties of honour bound,
The calls of duty, or the Chriſtian woes;
But vows of firm record, with faith unſound
At Heav'n's high altar pledg'd, and with Heav'n's ſanction [crown'd.

LXXXIII.

Him to ſeduce prevail'd th' inſidious Fiend,
And proudly triumph'd in his foul deceit.
In his entangled ſoul he ſought to blend
Suggeſtions baſe, which might his judgment cheat,
And his long-cheriſh'd views of fame defeat.
The rank pre-eminent and actions rare
Of England's Sov'reign oft would he repeat,
And with his own diminiſh'd ſtate compare,
Mingling reflections ſad with envy and deſpair.

LXXXIV.

Then, when with grief his lab'ring boſom heav'd,
And wounded pride it's wonted aid refus'd,
With brighter hopes the Fiend his mind reliev'd;
Now with ambitious phantoms he amus'd,
And now with views of gain his ſoul abus'd.
He whiſper'd reaſons and pretences feign'd,
By which his recreant flight might be excus'd,
Of ſtate neceſſity, and treaſures drain'd,
And calls of high import which could not be explain'd.

LXXXV.

Nought now remain'd th' Apoſtate to delay:
With honour blaſted and deſerv'd diſgrace,
To France, by BELIAL led, he took his way.
There, in retirement plung'd, with minions baſe,
Meaſures of vengeful hate he ſought to trace.
His cauſe to prop, his breach of faith to hide,
And by diſpenſing power his fears to chaſe,
To CELESTINE he craftily applied.
In vain: the Pontiff juſt his impious ſuit denied.

LXXXVI.

When thus the Church refus'd his views to aid,
His boſom with augmented malice ſwell'd:
And now his rancour fearleſs he diſplayed,
Avow'd his guilt, and conſcience proudly quell'd.
LONGCHAMP, who late in troubled England held
Vice-regal power, by foul offences ſtain'd,
Who, to forſake the realm by force compell'd,
Had ſince in France exil'd and poor remain'd,
The guide of his intents perfidious he retain'd.

LXXXVII.

While, at the head of England's councils plac'd,
He ſway'd the realm in delegated ſtate,
With papal arms and power legantine grac'd,
He aim'd at regal pomp, and mock'd at fate.
Full oft he ſtrove in arrogant debate
With JOHN, the brother of his abſent lord,
Who, with like paſſions and like views elate,
Diſdain'd a blind ſubmiſſion to afford,
But oft with taunts replied, and rais'd his vengeful ſword.

LXXXVIII.

From Albion driv'n with contumelious ſcorn,
Forc'd to reſign his ill-conducted ſway,
To France he came a fugitive forlorn.
Ready, as int'reſt prompted, to diſplay
Tyrannic pride, or meanly to obey,
To JOHN he now with low ſubmiſſion bent.
Anxious his abſent brother to betray,
To ſhake his realm, and ſeize the crown intent,
The Prince a fav'ring ear to his propoſals lent.

LXXXIX.

For now the Fiends, whom MOLOCH left in truſt
O'er England's plains rebellion's flame to ſpread,
Had gain'd dominion o'er his ſoul unjuſt.
With ſubtle ſkill his daring hopes they fed,
And, while around their ſpells accurs'd they ſhed,
For deeds of foul import his breaſt they ſteel'd:
With crowns ideal they adorn'd his head,
And tempting baits of fancied power reveal'd,
While the barb'd hook within they artfully conceal'd.

XC.

Th' auſpicious moment PHILIP gladly hail'd.
He charg'd the crafty prieſt his terms to bear
(In guiſe aſſum'd and with concealment veil'd)
By which he ſought the recreant Prince t' enſnare.
He proffer'd him the hand of ALICE fair,
And all the rich domains of England's throne,
Should he the means of quick revolt prepare:
While John his high ſupremacy ſhould own,
And fealty ſwear and pay due homage for his crown.

XCI.

Had JOHN e'er felt the force of honour's laws,
Such terms with warmth indignant he had ſpurn'd:
But terms like theſe accorded with his cauſe.
Soon as the project of the league he learn'd,
His thanks to Gallia's Monarch he return'd,
And in his guileful proffer acquieſc'd.
And now with hopes of ſudden ſway he burn'd;
Viſions of power his working mind oppreſs'd,
And mad ambition's plans inflam'd his trait'rous breaſt.

END OF BOOK I.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Philip invades Normandy---John's revolt in England---His Army and Confederates---Progreſs of his Rebellion---Operations of Queen Elinor and the Regents.--Leiceſter brings intelligence of Richard's intended return---General expectation occaſioned by it---Appearance of the Royal Fleet---Its arrival---Queen Berengaria lands---Meeting between her and Elinor---Hubert narrates the misfortunes which attended their voyage from the Holy Land---Separation of Richard, and his rumoured Shipwreck on the Dalmatian Coaſt---Debate reſpecting the means of preſerving the ſafety of the realm, and the meaſures to be taken for diſcovering the fate of the King---Blondel offers to go in ſearch of him---His propoſal is accepted.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK II.

I.

NOW, urg'd by Dæmons, ſpread inſatiate war.
O'er the rich plains of Normandy it rag'd,
As PHILIP led his murd'rous force, and far
In work of ruin and of death engag'd.
His fury pitileſs no tears aſſuag'd;
In vain th' imploring maid protection claim'd,
The infant ſmil'd, or bow'd the helpleſs ag'd:
He mark'd his way with cruelty untam'd,
By ſavage hope of prey and thirſt of blood inflam'd.

II.

Meantime, ſupplied with leaders for his force,
Who arms convey'd and ſtore of Gallic gold,
JOHN felt no ſenſe of duty or remorſe,
Nor check'd his foul career by caution cold.
Daring in ill, in trait'rous miſchief bold,
He ſtood unmaſk'd, and RICHARD'S pow'r defied.
The fatal ſtandard of revolt unroll'd
Wav'd o'er the harraſs'd realm with gloomy pride,
Denouncing future woes and horrors yet untried.

III.

No name of high renown his numbers grac'd,
No knightly worth his enterpriſe adorn'd.
True to their King, by treaſons undebas'd,
While England's Peers the Prince's conduct mourn'd,
They ſhunn'd his councils and his proffers ſcorn'd:
But ſuch as crimes for tumult had prepar'd,
Such as foregone experience had not warn'd,
Who peril's front for hope of booty dar'd,
Ruſh'd at the cry of war, and to his hoſt repair'd.

IV.

Theſe, rude in fight, to deeds of arms unus'd,
The Gallic Chiefs to rule obedient made,
And to juſt rank and diſcipline reduc'd.
But he, whom tribes of hardy Welſh obey'd,
LLEWELLYN proud, brought more efficient aid.
From Conway's flood, and Snowdon's long-drawn height,
From the rich vale where winding Severn ſtray'd,
And where mild Clwyd roll'd with fond delight,
Th' aſſembled warriors rais'd their banners for the fight.

V.

From where his dyke the Saxon OFFA drew,
And Brythyn rears his bulk abrupt and dread,
To join LLEWELLYN's hoſt the bowmen flew.
Where Caeder Idris lifts his forked head,
Where foaming Dee tears o'er her craggy bed,
And where Llangollen, bleſt ſecluded ſhade!
Smiles 'midſt embattled rocks around her ſpread,
Each ready Chief LLEWELLYN's voice obey'd,
And led his vaſſals bold, and high his ſhield diſplay'd.

VI.

On ev'ry mountain's ſide, on ev'ry plain,
The minſtrels rais'd the ſoul-inſpiring ſong.
As from their fervid ſtrings awoke the ſtrain,
It bore remembrance of reſentments ſtrong,
Of glories paſt, of unrequited wrong,
And rous'd to deeds of vengeance and of blood.
The mad'ning influence ſeiz'd th' attendant throng,
Each manly boſom glow'd with hope renew'd,
And own'd th' enchanting ſway of muſic's powerful flood.

VII.

From times remote, between the neighb'ring pow'rs
Diſcord had reign'd, and ever-during hate:
Their confines, guarded by unnumber'd tow'rs,
Shew'd deadly proofs of long and fierce debate,
Which ſprung from jealous fears and feuds innate.
LLEWELLYN now the glad occaſion ſeiz'd,
When civil warfare ſhook the Engliſh ſtate:
Vengeful he led his warlike bands, well pleas'd
On England's plains to glut his fury unappeas'd.

VIII.

As when a trav'ller lone, 'mid winter's ſnow,
Purſues his midnight way with doubtful feet,
And o'er ſome wild heath moves with progreſs ſlow;
Should from the darken'd ſky new tempeſts beat,
In vain he ſeeks a friendly roof to meet,
In vain with piteous cry for help he calls:
Aghaſt he ſtands, unable to retreat;
Grief rends his heart, deſpair his ſoul appals,
He ſtaggers, and entranc'd in death's embrace he falls.

IX.

Such was the ſtate of England's hapleſs realm.
Where ruthleſs Peſtilence triumphant reign'd,
And Famine join'd her glories to o'erwhelm,
Pangs more ſevere to crown her woes remain'd.
Urg'd by the pow'rs of Hell, with blood diſtain'd,
Her fatal torch on high Rebellion wav'd,
And widely rang'd with fury unreſtrain'd:
O'er heaps of ſlain ſhe held her courſe deprav'd,
While in th' encrimſon'd flood her limbs obſcene ſhe lav'd.

X.

Her outſpread pinions cut the troubled air,
And vengeance lighten'd from her baleful eye,
As her foul glances ſcowl'd o'er England fair.
Tow'rds the rich vales on Trenta's banks which lie
She flew, while loud ſhe rais'd her fearful cry,
Pregnant with fate, prophetical of woes.
'Gainſt Fiends combin'd their arts accurs'd to ply,
In vain did Nottingham her tow'rs oppoſe:
Her ill-defended gates receiv'd her monarch's foes.

XI.

Nor ſtay'd the Dæmon. To LLEWELLYN's force,
Whoſe rapid movements ſpread alarm around,
She bent inceſſant her vindictive courſe.
Inſpir'd by her their march the rebels wound.
Where Lancaſter, by frowning bulwarks crown'd,
O'erlooks the deep, ſhe led the conq'ring hoſt:
And Windſor, weak and unprotected found,
And Wallingford, by fraud and treaſon loſt,
Increas'd th' uſurper's pride and juſtified his boaſt.

XII.

Now, ſwifter than the angry bolt which cleaves,
When charg'd with wrath divine, the nitrous air,
The baſely-yielded battlements ſhe leaves.
Where on the ſouthern coaſt, abrupt and bare
St. Michael's ſtubborn rocks the ocean dare,
Mock at its fruitleſs rage, and ſpurn its ſway,
She haſtens the aſſailant's toils to ſhare.
There, as with potent ſpells ſhe ſpreads diſmay,
The walls which ſtorms defied degenerate fears betray.

XIII.

Well did the Fiend her hateful taſk perform;
Far did her deſolating power prevail:
Uncheck'd ſhe rul'd the wide-extending ſtorm,
While Hell's dire chorus join'd her work to hail,
As borne aloft, and mounting in the gale,
Her mandates to fulfil they ruthleſs flew;
And, charg'd with many an ill-boding tale,
Her ghaſtly-ſounding trumpet Rumour blew,
And ſcatter'd miſchiefs ſtrange, and terrors round her threw.

XIV.

Where'er with foul intent ſhe ſteer'd her courſe,
Her cry portentous doubts and fears awoke.
Now of JOHN's hoſt, now of LLEWELLYN's force,
And now of PHILIP's puiſſant bands ſhe ſpoke;
Now, in falſe ſemblance their deſigns to cloak,
She told of dangers which the ſtate oppreſs'd,
Of fancied ills, and harſh oppreſſion's yoke:
Each caſual woe in colours dire ſhe dreſs'd,
To check reviving hope, and pang the cred'lous breaſt.

XV.

While Treaſon thus advanc'd with progreſs bold,
And menac'd England's throne, the Chiefs auguſt,
To whom their King had giv'n his power to hold,
With watchful care diſcharg'd the ſacred truſt.
No weak alarm, no momentary guſt
Of partial diſcontent their toils requir'd;
But ruin widely ſpread, ambition's luſt
By hopes intemp'rate and ſucceſſes fir'd,
And Hell's tremendous pow'rs againſt the realm conſpir'd.

XVI.

Four Chiefs compos'd the council of the ſtate,
By abſent RICHARD nam'd his power to bear.
Of theſe the firſt in rank and order ſate
Rouen's wiſe Prelate; well his judgment clear
The bark of ſtate thro' troubled ſeas could ſteer:
To him the chief direction was aſſign'd;
While Durham's Biſhop, and the bold BRYWERE,
With brave FITZ-PETER, in the truſt were join'd,
And for the public cauſe their active zeal combin'd.

XVII.

With high pre-eminence and ſtation grac'd,
The royal ELINOR her ſtate maintain'd,
By RICHARD's filial love as Regent plac'd.
Her kind maternal cares his youth had train'd,
Nurs'd every virtue, every fault reſtrain'd,
And trac'd his path to glory and renown.
Ambition wild and paſſions ſtrong had ſtain'd
Her earlier years; but now, more temp'rate grown,
She wiſely rul'd the realm, and guarded well the crown.

XVIII.

Soon as Rebellion rear'd her hateful head,
With prudent care the means of war ſhe plann'd.
From his remote domains FITZ-PETER led
Of northern warriors a determin'd band,
LLEWELLYN's rude irruption to withſtand:
While, London to protect from arts undue,
From every quarter of his wide command
BRYWERE his well-appointed legions drew,
The recreant Prince to check, and cruſh his deſperate crew.

XIX.

While theſe prepar'd in conteſt rude to meet,
While high in air their adverſe banners ſwell'd,
The Queen, at Weſtminſter's imperial ſeat,
With the remaining Chiefs aſſembly held.
From the deluded people they repell'd
The arts employ'd their ſenſes to enſlave;
And, as they faction's daring efforts quell'd,
To their mov'd ſouls they glad aſſurance gave
Of RICHARD's quick return his ſuff'ring realm to ſave.

XX.

The flatt'ring rumour ſoon obtain'd belief:
For now arriv'd from Judah's diſtant coaſt
Leiceſter's brave Earl, and many a gallant chief.
Of RICHARD's worth they ſpoke with heart-felt boaſt,
Who, tho' by adverſe fate and treach'ry croſs'd,
Ne'er ceas'd his matchleſs valour to diſplay.
They told, that, ere they left the vet'ran hoſt,
A mighty fleet in Acre's harbour lay,
The King and all his force tow'rds England to convey.

XXI.

Reviving Hope each loyal boſom cheer'd:
With freſhen'd zeal ſhe ſpread her joys around,
And wove her wreaths and fancied trophies rear'd.
Trophies how vain! and wreaths how fading found!
Thus, when by ice and ocean's terrors bound,
Some fog-drawn Iſland greets the ſeaman's ſight,
His heart expands, he hails th' enticing ground;
When lo! in clouds aſcends the viſion bright,
Melts from his anxious eye, and vaniſhes in night!

XXII.

Such was the ſcene which Hope tranſported ſketch'd,
Of triumphs new and vainly promis'd good.
Along th' embattled cliffs, which, proudly ſtretch'd,
Oppos'd their barrier to the billows rude,
And, reckleſs of the idly threat'ning flood,
Guarded fair England with their bulwarks ſteep,
Expecting crouds with fond impatience ſtood:
Ere morn approach'd they ruſh'd their watch to keep,
Nor ceas'd to gaze 'till night in darkneſs cloath'd the deep.

XXIII.

When, 'croſs the green waves as it faintly glanc'd,
Was ſeen ſome half-obſcur'd and diſtant ſail,
Which to the thickly-peopled ſhore advanc'd,
It's boſom ſwelling with the fav'ring gale,
High roſe the ſhout it's bleſs'd approach to hail.
Fleet was the joy which fancy thus purſued!
Vain was the wiſh encourag'd but to fail!
Yet ſtill the anxious eye it's ſearch renew'd,
And Hope ſtill unſubdued freſh diſappointment woo'd.

XXIV.

At length, declining from his noon-tide ſeat,
The orb of day with milder luſtre glow'd,
When widely rang'd appear'd a gallant fleet.
As o'er the waves triumphantly it rode,
High in the air the crimſon pennants flow'd,
And, as by Zephyr urg'd, aloft they ſtream'd,
The proud emblazonments of England ſhew'd.
On every deck unnumber'd helmets gleam'd,
And corſlets richly chas'd with ſtrong effulgence beam'd.

XXV.

Th' admiring croud beheld them with delight,
And hail'd their bleſt approach with loud acclaim.
While ſome ſtill gaz'd and hung upon the ſight,
And fondly call'd on each endearing name
Long loſt to love, tho' dignified by fame,
Others, impatient to the Queen to bear
The welcome tidings, and her thanks to claim,
Ruſh'd from the ſummits, emulous to ſhare
Her triumphs long obſcur'd by ſorrow and deſpair.

XXVI.

As from the wond'rous tube th' electric fire
By ſtrong colliſion forc'd pervades each hand
Which graſps in concert the conducting wire,
So from the heights and thickly crouded ſtrand
Shouts of new tranſport fill'd th' exulting land.
With raptur'd ear Hope caught the pleaſing ſound,
And, as with mounting wing the air ſhe fann'd,
She breath'd her notes of extacy around,
Of pow'r to raiſe the ſoul and treaſon to confound.

XXVII.

Meantime, their courſe the lordly veſſels kept.
As thro' the tranquil deep they cut their way,
Their pennants o'er the curling billows ſwept,
Or wanton'd in the air with am'rous play.
Now Dover's ſtately cliffs, whoſe dread array
Frown'd o'er the ſubject waves, they leave behind:
Now, as their lab'ring prows the helm obey,
And as their white ſails quiver in the wind,
They hail old Thames, too long for diſtant war reſign'd.

XXVIII.

Borne on his placid boſom they advanc'd,
While on the varied ſhores on either hand
With eager eye and fond delight they glanc'd.
But ſoon, where Greenwich crowns the Kentiſh ſtrand,
On Shooter's verdant top they ſaw expand
The royal ſtandard. Proudly o'er the height
It wav'd in air, by gentleſt breezes fann'd.
A general ſhout proclaim'd th' auſpicious ſight,
Each warlike heart confeſs'd a patriot's warm delight.

XXIX.

The ſhores re-echo'd with the joyful cry:
Thro' the throng'd camp unbounded tranſport ſpread,
While Zephyrs, ſporting in the midway ſky,
Caught the enliv'ning ſound, and fondly ſhed
Their joys inſpiring. O'er the drooping head
Of royal ELINOR their influence fell,
What time, oppreſs'd by care and anguiſh dread,
In council cloſe ſhe ſought the means to quell
The menac'd ſcene of blood, the deep laid plan of hell.

XXX.

Upſtarting from her couch, with hurried voice,
" Chieftains!" ſhe cried, " heard ye the welcome ſound?
" Hence terrors vain! let England now rejoice!
" RICHARD returns, by fame and glory crown'd,
" Rebellion's raſh abettors to confound.
" Hark how again his much lov'd, honour'd name
" Throughout the camp is echo'd, while around
" Exulting bands their loyalty proclaim,
" All emulous to pay their homage to his fame!

XXXI.

" Their conſcious hearts their Monarch's worth confeſs,
" His force in arms, his triumphs o'er the foe:
" And ſhall a Mother be the laſt to bleſs
" Her valiant ſon, or, while her fond tears flow,
" Delay the feelings of her heart to ſhew?
" Ah! let me haſten to his dear embrace!
" And, while our ſouls with ſpeechleſs raptures glow,
" Be mine th' extatic tranſport to retrace
" Thoſe virtues which adorn the nobleſt of his race!"

XXXII.

Thus ſpoke the Queen; and, iſſuing from the tent,
She croſs'd the camp, and tow'rds the verdant plain
Which lay out ſtretch'd beneath her ſteps ſhe bent.
Meanwhile of warriors an illuſtrious train
Advancing throng'd, impatient to regain
Their Prince rever'd: no more, oppreſs'd by care,
Suſpenſe their breaſts conſum'd with ling'ring pain;
Gladly they ſought the preſent bliſs to ſhare,
And, led by him they lov'd, new triumphs to prepare.

XXXIII.

Th' exulting band the ſummit now had clear'd,
When lo! as if on import high intent,
Approaching from the river's ſide appear'd
A troop tumultuous. Up the ſteep aſcent
Th' impatient croud their hurrying footſteps bent.
Wild was their mien, and frantic ſeem'd their air:
Thro' mingled murmurs roſe their loud lament;
Some ſtruck their breaſts, ſome tore their flowing hair,
And ſome high Heav'n addreſs'd in ſhrieks of mad deſpair.

XXXIV.

A female form advanc'd before the reſt,
In habits rich and royal ſtate array'd:
A ſanguine croſs depended on her breaſt;
On her fair brow a diadem diſplay'd
It's brilliant orb, and in the ſun-beams play'd.
She droop'd with grief ſubdued and ſpeechleſs woe;
While on her ſteps two ſad attendants ſtay'd,
Whoſe pious ſorrows ſeem'd like her's to flow,
As tow'rds the camp they mov'd with progreſs ſad and ſlow.

XXXV.

" What means this mournful train," exclaim'd the Queen,
" Why raiſe they thus their ſoul-appalling cry,
" What new-born woe portends their ſorrowing mien?
" Will fate relentleſs ſtill my ſuit deny;
" Still from my graſp muſt bliſs expected fly,
" And hope protracted ſtill deluſive prove?
" Mark! how again with wild and haggard eye
" Yon weeping fair one ſeeks the heav'ns to move,
" And rears her trembling hands, and raves of hopeleſs love!

XXXVI.

" And now, behold! on us with glances keen
" Her look ſhe fixes; now, with anxious haſte
" Tow'rds us ſhe bends her way. 'Tis RICHARD's Queen!
" His BERENGARIA lov'd! his conſort chaſte!
" She comes! no longer let us idly waſte
" The awful moment big with England's fate.
" Howe'er our future proſpects may be trac'd,
" Tho' unfelt horrors may the realm await,
" Unaw'd the ſtroke we'll meet, and mock at fortune's hate!"

XXXVII.

Scarce had ſhe ended, when approaching near
To her embrace the lovely mourner ſprung.
Entranc'd with woe and agonizing fear,
Each on the other's boſom ſpeechleſs hung,
While ſtrong contending paſſions chain'd each tongue,
And tears refus'd their ſuccour to impart.
At length, her breaſt with pangs convulſive wrung,
" Here, here," cried ELINOR, " infix thy dart!
" Here ſtrike, nor dread to wound a mother's ſorrowing [heart!

XXXVIII.

" Say, lives my RICHARD! Where is England's King?
" Pity the anguiſh of my lab'ring ſoul,
" And eaſe the tortures from ſuſpenſe which ſpring!
" Has war's fell chance, have treaſon's workings foul
" Prevail'd his courſe of glory to controul?
" No---in the purpled field, 'midſt carnage dread,
" Methinks I ſee, while thunders round him roll,
" Immortal ſpirits hover o'er his head,
" And 'gainſt remorſeleſs fate their ſhields protecting ſpread!"

XXXIX.

" Oh! may indeed the hand of Heav'n defend
" His ſacred life!" the weeping Queen replied,
" May angels o'er his path their cares extend,
" And fav'ring ſeraphs ſtill his footſteps guide!
" Whether thro' oceans turbulent and wide
" His light bark dances on the treach'rous wave,
" Or, 'mid new toils and perils yet untried,
" He lives ſome tyrant's cruelty to brave,
" May Heav'n's propitious pow'r my ſuff'ring hero ſave!

XL.

" On diſtant coaſts, 'mid climes ſevere and rude,
" Where war's dread fiend her utmoſt malice drain'd,
" One courſe, unaw'd by perils we purſued,
" While hope ſtill ſmil'd, and love his ſway maintain'd.
" HUBERT! who long with conſtancy unſtain'd
" Thy gallant lord haſt ſerv'd, the chance relate,
" Which, ere the ſhores of England we regain'd,
" Forc'd him, the victim of remorſeleſs hate,
" Far from my conſtant arms again to tempt his fate."

XLI.

" A mournful tale," ſaid HUBERT, " you demand.
" When by the falſehood of his baſe allies,
" By war's fell chance which thinn'd his ſuff'ring band,
" And by the want of long deſir'd ſupplies,
" RICHARD was forc'd to quit his wiſh'd-for prize.
" And peace with vanquiſh'd SALADIN to make,
" From Acre's harbour, where ſuperbly riſe
" The tow'rs which erſt his valour taught to ſhake,
" Tow'rd England's lov'd domain he ſought his courſe to [take.

XLII.

" Vaſt was the fleet and royally it ſhew'd;
" Around the ſtandard which majeſtic wav'd,
" Aloft in air two hundred pennants flow'd.
" Thoſe whom the foſt'ring hand of Heav'n had ſav'd,
" When in the battle's front they oft had brav'd
" The ſtroke of fate on Paleſtine's bleſt coaſt,
" Midſt holy ſcenes too long by guilt deprav'd,
" By blood acquir'd, and now by treaſons loſt,
" Rous'd by their monarch's call compos'd his princely hoſt.

XLIII.

" To Aſia's ſhores we bad a long farewell,
" Heav'd the broad anchor, ſpread the flowing ſail,
" And felt the buoyant waves of ocean ſwell.
" All nature ſeem'd our enterpriſe to hail:
" Our barks, obedient to the fav'ring gale,
" Cut the green billows as they curling play'd;
" By night our courſe the moon with ſplendour pale
" Illumin'd, while, in fiery pomp array'd,
" The ſun by day his orb from heav'n's high arch diſplay'd.

XLIV.

" Chearful and gay, acroſs the wat'ry plain
" In order due our tranquil courſe we held.
" Far on our right, juſt riſing from the main,
" With outline faint the hills of Cyprus ſwell'd,
" That iſle renown'd, which RICHARD's power compell'd
" For breach of faith his ſway ſupreme to own,
" It's rights reſtor'd, it's lawleſs tyrant quell'd.
" Gazing we paſs'd, as on it's ſummits brown
" The ſetting ſun ſpread wide a rich empurpled crown.

XLV.

" Still breath'd th' inſpiring gale, and ſoon the ſky
" Tinted with gold it's azure radiance wore:
" In calm repoſe old ocean ſeem'd to lie,
" As when the fabled deities of yore
" O'er bounding waves their monarch's chariot bore,
" And charm'd to peace the terrors of the deep.
" Now, ſkirting by Scarpanti's craggy ſhore,
" We view'd the Rhodian promontory ſteep,
" Where amid roſes ſweet, envenom'd ſerpents creep.

XLVI.

" With fragrance charg'd our ſails the breezes fill'd,
" While, ſlowly riſing from th' horizon grey,
" In cloudleſs majeſty her ample ſhield
" The moon with mild effulgence 'gan diſplay.
" As mounting high ſhe held her awful way,
" Ting'd with her ſilv'ry light on ev'ry ſide
" Unnumber'd iſles in rich confuſion lay,
" Half ſeen, and half obſcur'd, extending wide,
" While round their baſes broke the gently murm'ring tide.

XLVII.

" Fair dawn'd the day, when, op'ning to our view,
" We ſaw the Cretan ſhores their length diſcloſe.
" Bright with the morning ray, and freſh with dew,
" The lofty pinnacles of Ida roſe,
" As when, by love allur'd and ſoft repoſe,
" Imperial JOVE to it's receſſes came.
" And now the iſle which wanton VENUS choſe,
" Cythera green we ſaw, well known to fame
" For myſt'ries moſt impure and luſt's unhallow'd flame.

XLVIII.

" Tho' low in duſt now lay her impious fane,
" Tho' crouds no more her proſtrate altars ſought
" With bluſhleſs front to urge their ſuit profane,
" It ſeem'd as there ſome influence curs'd ſtill wrought.
" Thick vapours from the ſouth collecting brought
" Night premature, and gloom around us ſpread;
" Still'd was the breeze; 'midſt clouds with ſulphur fraught
" The ſun declining glar'd with fiery red,
" And tremulous ſhot his rays denouncing horrors dread.

XLIX.

" No breath of wind diſturb'd th' expanſe ſerene,
" Which ſtill, as paſs'd the clouds, appear'd t' aſſume
" Strange tints of purple, black, or varying green,
" Now ſtreak'd with light, and now obſcur'd in gloom,
" As, from her deep unfathomable womb,
" Sullen and ſlow the wild ſea heaving roll'd.
" Fancy, prophetic of approaching doom,
" Sketch'd ſcenes of woe and terrors yet untold,
" And o'er our hearts maintain'd dominion uncontroul'd.

L.

" Soon was fulfill'd her preſage. From the ſouth
" High mounting waves confeſs'd the furious blaſt,
" And rear'd their foaming heads with force uncouth.
" As on they roll'd, aloft their ſpray they caſt,
" While ocean, trembling thro' his caverns vaſt,
" Re-echoing ſhook: from his profound domain
" Th' affrighted tenants of the deep aghaſt
" Uprear'd their writhing forms, and ſought in vain
" To ſhun the threaten'd ill, and fly impending pain.

LI.

" For now, with horrors arm'd, the tempeſt came.
" Darkneſs and clouds obſcur'd the murky ſky,
" Save when, acroſs the gloom, with livid flame
" Quick-glancing light'nings ſhot their glare on high:
" Maſt'ring the water's roar, the ſeaman's cry,
" In dreadful chorus thunders ſhook the air:
" Borne on the whirlwind's wing, with haggard eye
" Death led the ſtorm; he ſhook his right arm bare,
" And ſmil'd with joy malign to view his feaſt prepare.

LII.

" Helpleſs awhile on ruin's work we gaz'd,
" Our rudders loſt, and torn each ſpreading ſail;
" On every deck the mariners uprais'd
" Their trembling hands, high Heav'n with pray'r t' aſ-
" Shrouded in night's impenetrable veil, [ſail.
" They aſk'd for light. To mock their hopeleſs woe,
" A ſtream ſulphureous gleam'd with luſtre pale,
" Gilding the terrors of the deep, to ſhew
" The rocks which menac'd fate, the gulphs which yawn'd [below.

LIII.

" Still beat the rain, and ſtill the tempeſt blew;
" By force reſiſtleſs urg'd, o'er billows vaſt
" Laſhing their ſhatter'd ſides our veſſels flew.
" Now, from their eminence tremendous caſt,
" With rapid courſe precipitate we paſs'd,
" Loſt in th' abyſſes of the wat'ry world:
" Now, by new force impell'd, and mounting faſt,
" High in the air our ſtraining barks were hurl'd,
" Rode on the giant waves, and topp'd their ſummits curl'd.

LIV.

" At length the day with welcome radiance beam'd.
" Of all our fleet, where, but on yeſter's morn,
" With comely pride two hundred pennants ſtream'd,
" Not fifty barks were ſeen. Theſe, with ſails torn,
" And ſhiver'd maſts, on the wild waves were borne,
" As will'd the ſtorm which ſtill unfated rag'd,
" And ſeem'd our vain and feeble toils to ſcorn.
" Fire, water, air, infernal warfare wag'd,
" And fiends exulting howl'd, and woes unknown preſag'd.

LV.

" With glance impatient o'er the briny plain
" We ſought the ſhip which royal RICHARD bore.
" Ye, who, when happineſs ye look'd to gain,
" When wide diſplaying all her richeſt ſtore
" Approaching bliſs her ſmiles extatic wore,
" Have ſeen the viſion vaniſh into air,
" And promis'd joy on faithleſs pinions ſoar,
" Ye beſt can feel our woe, our mute deſpair,
" When fruitleſs prov'd our ſearch and vain our anxious [care.

LVI.

" Hopeleſs and ſad 'mid rocks and ſhoals we drove:
" Fortune ſtill frown'd, and ſtill our gallant band
" Was doom'd the horrors of the ſea to prove.
" Where the Meſſenian capes their arms expand,
" Driv'n on the rude inhoſpitable ſtrand
" Two luckleſs barks were wreck'd. Nor OSBERT brave,
" Nor CAUNVILLE, high in proweſs and command,
" Their well-earn'd fame or worth renown'd could ſave:
" O'erwhelm'd they ſank in death, and found a watery [grave.

LVII.

" Nor was to CLARE a fate leſs harſh allow'd.
" His ſhatter'd bark a mighty wave o'ertook
" As the rude boſom of the deep it plough'd,
" Swept it's wide deck, and all its timbers ſhook.
" Nor courage cool nor dignity forſook
" The falling hero: as with hope elate
" To Heav'n he turn'd his laſt departing look,
" He ſmil'd to meet inevitable fate,
" Alike in war's dread front and in misfortunes great.

LVIII.

" Vain were th' attempt each ſcene of woe to paint,
" To ſpeak the terrors which our hearts oppreſs'd.
" Exhauſted by exceſſive toil, and faint,
" We view'd the ſetting ſun. Far in the weſt
" By murky clouds obſcur'd he ſank to reſt,
" Horrific emblem of our threaten'd doom!
" With tears of agony we Heav'n addreſs'd,
" While, thro' the far-ſpread and increaſing gloom,
" Each foaming billow ſeem'd our inauſpicious tomb.

LIX.

" But milder prov'd th' omnipotent decree.
" Severe in judgment, the almighty will
" Poiſes the balance, and with juſt degree
" The meaſure of his wrath apportions ſtill.
" The ſtorm, which rag'd his purpoſe to fulfil,
" Check'd by his power ſupreme, no longer blew:
" Again, reſponſive to the pilot's ſkill,
" O'er the ſmooth ſea our ſhatter'd veſſels flew;
" Again reviving hope our panting boſoms knew.

LX.

" From Heav'n's high arch in brilliancy array'd,
" The ſtarry hoſt their chearing influence ſhed,
" And gently o'er the face of ocean play'd;
" While, mounting ſlowly from her tranquil bed,
" The orb of night her placid luſtre ſpread.
" Exhauſted nature ſeem'd to court repoſe.
" Yet ſtill, tormented by remembrance dread,
" In every heart reflections ſad aroſe
" Of RICHARD ſeen no more, of ſuff'ring England's woes.

LXI.

" The morning dawn'd, and light returning brought
" To our enraptur'd view Corcyra's coaſt.
" Within her hoſpitable port we ſought
" A ſafe aſylum for our wearied hoſt.
" There, by the tempeſt's ſavage fury toſs'd,
" Four of our ſcatter'd Chiefs had refuge found:
" PETTEREL and FULK, their ſails and rudder loſt,
" SAVILLE, whoſe bark lay ſtranded on the ground,
" And ESSEX, puiſſant Earl, in many a fight renown'd.

LXII.

" We hail'd the lov'd companions of our toil,
" And, while refitting our diſmantled fleet,
" We ſought misfortune's preſſure to beguile
" With friendly intercourſe and converſe ſweet.
" Yet oft would mem'ry from her lonely ſeat
" The perils dark of England's King recal;
" Oft would our tongues his name rever'd repeat,
" Oft from our eyes th' unbidden tear would fall,
" And doubts and wild deſpair our tortur'd ſouls appal.

LXIII.

" Ill can my voice, Oh Queen! my taſk perform,
" Or ſpeak the woes which fate had yet in ſtore.
" We learn'd that, driv'n by the remorſeleſs ſtorm,
" The bark which royal RICHARD's ſtandard bore
" Lay wreck'd and ſhatter'd on Raguſa's ſhore.
" Of him, eſcap'd from the o'erwhelming wave,
" Fame vaguely ſpoke as wand'ring to explore
" The regions water'd by th' impetuous Save,
" And 'midſt Dalmatia's rocks adverſity to brave.

LXIV.

" To learn his further fate we ſtrove in vain.
" Soon therefore as our never-ceaſing toil
" Our ſhips had fitted for the ſea again,
" And ocean ſeem'd on our attempt to ſmile,
" Sad and oppreſs'd we left Corcyra's iſle.
" Fruitleſs it were my narrative to ſwell
" With leſs momentous facts. On England's ſoil
" Safely tho' late we landed, there to tell
" With heart-felt grief, the chance which England's King befel."

LXV.

As HUBERT thus purſued his hapleſs tale,
Each tear-ſwoln eye it's influence ſeem'd to prove:
Now fluſh'd the cheek, now apprehenſion pale
The curdling blood to its receſſes drove,
As hope with fear, as grief with horror ſtrove.
By recollections ſad and woe oppreſs'd
Meek BERENGARIA mourn'd her abſent love;
While dauntleſs ELINOR the pang ſuppreſs'd,
And thus with voice aſſur'd th' attendant peers addreſs'd.

LXVI.

" Chieftains! at length the bitter cup is fill'd;
" To drain its dregs the powers of Hell command.
" No more her edifice of joy to build
" Enliv'ning hope extends her foſt'ring hand;
" No more on high her mounting wings expand.
" Oh cruel mandate of imperious fate!
" When plague and famine deſolate the land,
" When foul rebellion ſhakes the tott'ring ſtate,
" Thus with augmented ills to crown immortal hate!

LXVII.

" Oh RICHARD! to my longing eyes more dear
" Than light, than life! for thee my grief muſt flow,
" For thee muſt drop my unavailing tear.
" Whether o'er mountains capt with endleſs ſnow
" Thou bend'ſt thy toilſome march with footſteps ſlow,
" Or 'mid barbaric tribes and wilds uncouth
" O'er thee new horrors fate prepares to ſtrew,
" Oh hear our vows of conſtancy and truth!
" Let theſe thy ſoul ſupport, thy ſuff'ring ſpirit ſooth!

LXVIII.

" But thee nor toils nor adverſe fate alarm:
" Thy gallant heart, where conſtancy preſides,
" Which innate worth and gen'rous feelings warm,
" Mocks at extrinſic chance and fear derides.
" Tho' threat'ning oceans heave their boiſt'rous tides,
" Tho' light'nings glare, and thunders round thee roll,
" Protecting Heav'n my wand'ring hero guides,
" Inſpires new courage fortune to controul,
" Braces each nerve, and ſtamps with energy his ſoul.

LXIX.

" Let RICHARD's virtue then our boſoms fire.
" Tho' Heav'n's myſterious will our hopes defeat,
" Let us to equal fortitude aſpire,
" Like him ſublime in woe, in miſery great.
" Think of the ills which now aſſembled meet;
" Think of your plighted faith to England's King.
" Let prompt reſolve o'ertake occaſion fleet:
" While yet from wiſdom happineſs may ſpring,
" By councils wiſe and firm to England comfort bring."

LXX.

As when November leads her wintry train,
And ſtretches o'er the firmament her veil
Charg'd with foul vapours, fogs and drizzly rain,
Horror and mute deſpondency prevail;
If then, as riſes the propitious gale,
The lamp of day diſpel the noxious cloud,
Hills, vales and groves his genial influence hail:
So, when the Queen had ended, thro' the croud
Reviving hope burſt forth with acclamations loud.

LXXI.

Meantime the Peers in cloſe debate were ſeen:
But ſoon their ſuffrage, ſage and well matur'd,
LEICESTER collecting, thus addreſs'd the Queen.
" To adverſe chance and hardſhips long inur'd,
" With fix'd reſolve and conſtancy aſſur'd
" We view the ills which menace England's throne,
" Ills which by courage only can be cur'd.
" But gen'rous minds in perils moſt are ſhewn;
" Honour in danger's front by action beſt is known.

LXXII.

" We feel that on ourſelves our fate depends.
" Tho' peſtilence and famine hold their reign,
" Tho' diſcord far her direful ſway extends,
" And bloody torrents England face diſtain,
" Be our's the taſk allegiance to maintain.
" Our lives, our treaſures freely we beſtow
" Our country's peace and ſafety to regain;
" Bleſt, if in death our parting ſpirits know
" The tranſports undebas'd from loyalty which flow!

LXXIII.

" To arm our vaſſals, and on every ſide
" Our force to raiſe, we fly without delay.
" What tho' with foul and over-weening pride
" Our foreign foes their martial ranks diſplay,
" And home-bred traitors join their proud array,
" Their force and arts we equally defy.
" Inſpiring Heav'n ſhall guide us on our way;
" The guardian angel of our Iſle on high
" Fanning his fav'ring wings ſhall lead to victory.

LXXIV.

" But, while your Barons thus ſuch means prepare
" As ardent zeal and loyalty ſuggeſt,
" And ruſh the perils of the field to ſhare,
" To eaſe the public mind they deem it beſt
" Forthwith with powers ſufficient to inveſt
" Some truſty meſſengers: Ere yet too late
" Let them thro' Europe's bound purſue their queſt,
" Traverſe with heedful ſcrutiny each ſtate,
" And aſcertain with truth their ſuff'ring Monarch's fate."

LXXV.

" Sage are your councils," ELINOR rejoin'd;
" But where ſhall we our heedful view direct
" Such as the miſſion may fulfil to find?"
Sudden, a youthful Knight of fair aſpect,
Whoſe vigorous form and countenance erect
Beſpoke his worth, before the croud advanc'd.
To either Queen he bow'd with due reſpect:
His native manlineſs a bluſh enhanc'd,
As o'er th' aſſembled peers his ſpeaking eye he glanc'd.

LXXVI.

A ſnow-white plume his nodding caſque adorn'd,
While, o'er his temples and majeſtic brow,
Luxuriant treſſes which reſtriction ſcorn'd
Wanton'd, and down his neck deſcended low.
BLONDEL his name. The unbelieving foe
Oft had his proweſs felt in bloody field:
For, tho' his heart with pity ſoft could glow,
Yet, when the trumpet call'd, he well could wield
The deeply biting ſword, and poiſe the pond'rous ſhield.

LXXVII.

Nor him alone did valour's trophies grace.
The laws of verſe by tuneful bards reported
And muſic's powers he early learn'd to trace.
On Loire's green banks he long the Muſes courted,
And there had often with the graces ſported,
When with light feet the jocund dance they led.
Fondly with him the laughing train conſorted,
And, as they play'd around, from oozy bed
The ſpirit of the ſtream enraptur'd rais'd his head.

LXXVIII.

No ſound the univerſal ſilence broke,
But expectation beaming from each eye
Check'd fond enquiry, as the youth thus ſpoke.
" Fearleſs of perils, and prepar'd to die,
" Be mine th' important enterpriſe to try.
" Tho' young in arms, and little known to fame,
" My country's cauſe will energy ſupply:
" Inſpir'd by zeal, at royal RICHARD'S name
" My loyal heart beats high, and owns the gen'rous flame.

LXXIX.

" Stampt on my ſoul, and with my life combin'd,
" Is the remembrance of my much-lov'd King;
" And dear the hours which to my grateful mind
" The ſplendid image of his virtues bring.
" From this pure ſource of knightly proweſs ſpring
" All that of promiſe grac'd my rude eſſays.
" Thus when the Eaglet tries his feeble wing,
" Led by his princely ſire, he learns to raiſe
" Towards Heaven his ardent glance, and on the ſun to [gaze.

LXXX.

" Near Saumur liv'd my ever honour'd ſire,
" In deeds of chivalry and arms grown old,
" Tho' not extinguiſh'd his heroic fire.
" An only ſon his eve of life conſol'd.
" Oft in his fond embrace would he infold
" My youthful form, and oft of vanquiſh'd foes,
" Of combats rude and puiſſant knights he told.
" Still as he ſpoke, my mounting ſpirit roſe,
" Panted for high exploits, and ſpurn'd at ſoft repoſe.

LXXXI.

" When thirteen ſummers o'er my head had paſs'd,
" And boyiſh paſtimes ceas'd my mind t' engage,
" O'er neighb'ring courts his eye my parent caſt,
" Where, 'midſt examples bright and counſels ſage,
" Ere yet employ'd on life's tumultuous ſtage,
" My early youth might wiſe inſtruction gain.
" 'Twas then, receiv'd as princely RICHARD's page,
" At Poictiers, where he held his gracious reign,
" With rev'rence meet I ſought his favour to obtain.

LXXXII.

" My humble duty his attention caught.
" As o'er my artleſs and admiring ſoul
" His gentle precepts, with endearments fraught,
" And mild as paſſing Zephyrs, grateful ſtole,
" I learn'd each boiſt'rous paſſion to controul.
" My heart to GOD he taught me to direct,
" Whoſe power almighty rules from pole to pole,
" My King to honour, and with due reſpect
" Woman, Heaven's loveliеſt work, to ſuccour and protect.

LXXXIII.

" Thus, bleſs'd by fortune, ignorant of ill,
" And daily growing in my Prince's love,
" I ſaw five years their circling courſes fill.
" Now, deſtin'd in a higher ſphere to move,
" To fill the throne and empire's cares to prove,
" O'er England's realm my royal maſter reign'd.
" Still fate with his my fortunes interwove:
" With kind remembrance and regard unfeign'd
" Me as his humble friend he graciouſly retain'd.

LXXXIV.

" My grateful ſoul his high example fir'd:
" On every word and every look I hung,
" And felt my heart with ardour new inſpir'd,
" As with enchanting melody he ſung,
" Or from his harp the ſtrain harmonious wrung.
" Thus thro' the vine-ſprig flows the parent juice,
" Supports its weak ſtem and it's tendrils young,
" 'Till thro' it's maſs revolving ſuns diffuſe
" The myſtic powers which fruit and ſuckers re-produce.

LXXXV.

" When to the Aſian ſhores my Monarch led
" His gallant force, his footſteps I purſued.
" There, as aloft the holy banner ſpread,
" Thro' unheard perils and encounters rude,
" O'er fields with Saracenic blood imbued,
" BLONDEL ne'er left his much-lov'd maſter's ſide.
" Still, as the doubtful combat he renew'd,
" As flow'd around the deep-empurpled tide,
" Death on his faulchion perch'd ſpread deſolation wide.

LXXXVI.

" On Jaffa's plain, where the whole Pagan hoſt
" My dauntleſs King with his intrepid band
" Drove pale and trembling from the ſea-girt coaſt,
" By him in danger's hour 'twas mine to ſtand,
" Watchful o'er him my ample ſhield t' expand,
" And ward the blows which vengeful malice gave.
" Heav'n knew my zeal, and guided well my hand,
" Brac'd every nerve impending fate to brave,
" And careleſs of myſelf my country's pride to ſave.

LXXXVII.

" When victory grac'd my hero's ſanguin'd creſt,
" And vanquiſh'd SALADIN confeſs'd his fame,
" His humble vaſſal to his heart he preſs'd.
" Aſſume, cried he, a Knight's diſtinguiſh'd name!
" Henceforth let honour's bright and hallow'd flame
" Thy ardent ſoul to worth chivalric lead:
" Purſue thy courſe without reproach or ſhame;
" Whate'er thy lot---to triumph, or to bleed---
" Where virtue points the way undauntedly proceed.

LXXXVIII.

" Such are the ties that bind me to my King.
" Oh gracious miſtreſs! if the ſuff'rer's cry
" To your mov'd ſoul could e'er compaſſion bring,
" If pow'rful ſorrow e'er could draw a ſigh,
" Liſten, and with my humble ſuit comply.
" Thus to all-ruling Heav'n my vow I make!
" Far from my troubled couch ſhall pleaſure fly,
" Peace ſhall this breaſt, and reſt theſe limbs forſake,
" Till from our dark ſuſpenſe ſhall certainty awake!"

LXXXIX.

While thus with dignified tho' modeſt phraſe
The gallant youth his artleſs tale rehears'd,
In accents loud th' aſſembly ſpoke his praiſe:
But when in foreign climes to dare the worſt
He vow'd, a gen'ral acclamation burſt
Of mingled joy and apprehenſion dread.
Imperial ELINOR, in thought immers'd,
The impulſe ſtrong partaking rais'd her head,
And, as ſhe own'd his worth, thus to BLONDEL ſhe ſaid.

XC.

" If innate virtue can ſucceſs inſure,
" If lively gratitude and feelings high
" Can arm the ſoul with zeal and courage pure
" Dangers to meet and perils to defy,
" On thee, Sir Knight! our warmeſt hopes rely.
" Thy boon is granted. O'er thy devious way
" May Heav'n's great ruler look with fav'ring eye!
" May his propitious aid thy toils allay,
" Nor ceaſe on thy behalf his mercies to diſplay!

XCI.

" This ſcarf, embroider'd by my hands, accept:
" Be it, whate'er betide of ill or good,
" Of my regard as a memorial kept.
" While on the banks of Danube's princely flood,
" Or o'er Germania, or Hungaria rude,
" As wand'ring far and ſpent with care you rove,
" By this with laſting conſtancy endued,
" O'ercome the ills which fate ordains to prove
" For me, for England's cauſe, and royal RICHARD's love.

XCII.

" Meantime, while earneſt on your great intent
" For enterpriſe and travel you prepare,
" Let us, t' emplore Heav'n's grace and kind aſſent,
" Forthwith to holy PETER's fane repair.
" While there we proſtrate breathe our fervent prayer,
" While round us cenſers clouds of incenſe fling,
" And pealing anthems rend the ſacred air,
" From realms of bliſs their way ſhall Seraphs wing,
" To crown our ardent hopes, and ſave our honour'd

XCIII.

She ſpake, and ſtraightway tow'rds the ſacred pile
With dignified compoſure led the way;
While brave BLONDEL, intent upon his toil,
Repair'd to Greenwich, where in long array
The royal armament at anchor lay.
A ready bark he choſe: forthwith the crew,
Eager his welcome mandate to obey,
And nothing loth their labours to renew,
To aid his bold deſign from every quarter flew.

END OF BOOK II.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Expedition of Blondel in ſearch of Richard.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK III.

I.

FAIR was the wind, and ſmooth the ſea which bore,
On high intent engag'd, from Albion's ſtrand,
The gen'rous Chieftain to the Belgic ſhore.
While from the top-maſt's height with practis'd hand
The ſeamen wrought their flutt'ring ſails t' expand,
Thro' the clear waves they ſaw their veſſel glide;
And as, by Zephyr's gentleſt breezes fann'd,
The curling waters lav'd each ſwelling ſide,
High ſtream'd it's pennant gay with richeſt crimſon dy'd.

II.

From the broad ſurface of the wat'ry plain
The ſilv'ry moon now ſought her ſolemn height,
While, far as eye could ſtretch, a num'rous train
Of ſtars and planets ſhed their glitt'ring light,
In varied rank and rich confuſion bright.
As their effulgence o'er the ocean ſtole,
Tinging the green waves with celeſtial white,
Their influence mild ſooth'd his afflicted ſoul;
He own'd the power divine, who form'd and rules the whole.

III.

Now ſhone the ſummits of the waves with gold,
And from the wide horizon ſtretch'd a ray
Of pureſt light, which ſpread, as 'gan unfold
His ample ſhield the glorious orb of day.
The ſea-fowls gamboll'd in fantaſtic play,
As thro' the Scheld's half-cover'd ſhoals they ſteer'd:
Safely the veſſel cut it's winding way,
And ſoon their longing ſight the harbour cheer'd,
Where her rich-ſculptur'd fanes illuſtrious Antwerp rear'd.

IV.

On the broad quay, where throng'd the buſy croud
Of thoſe whom enterpriſe or commerce brought
To view of Europe's trade th' emporium proud,
BLONDEL prepar'd to land. He heeded nought
Fortune's rich ſtores which thoſe around him ſought,
But, by warm zeal and pure affection led,
His humble ſcrip and ſtaff of palmer caught,
In pilgrim's guiſe Germania's bounds to tread,
Heedleſs alike of toils and of encounters dread.

V.

Nor Moſelle's ſtream impeded his career,
Nor Rhine deep-ſounding from his bed profound,
Nor Meyne, where Frankfort's walls her waters cheer,
In future times with trade and freedom crown'd.
Still unappall'd his lengthen'd march he wound,
Reſolv'd each danger and fatigue to brave,
Thro' rich Franconia and Bavaria's round,
Till, reaching Auſtria's ſtate, he ſtoop'd to lave
His limbs by toils unnerv'd in proud Danubia's wave.

VI.

But him no ſoft delights could now delay,
Nor nature's beauties, nor the buſy throng
Of peopled cities might his footſteps ſtay,
Or from his purpos'd courſe detain him long.
Deep in his ſoul remain'd his Sov'reign's wrong:
And ſtill, as muſing on his fortunes rude,
He felt his zeal reviv'd, his hope more ſtrong,
O'er hill, o'er dale, his journey he purſued,
'Till now, approaching near, Vienna's towers he view'd.

VII.

'Tho' in his lowly palmer's weeds array'd
He deem'd himſelf from open wrong ſecure,
Yet well he knew that Auſtria's Duke diſplay'd
A mind with malice and revenge impure,
Which haply ill might his abode aſſure
Within the city's walls. He judg'd it beſt
In the more humble ſuburb to procure
The means of food and neceſſary reſt,
And there unnotic'd urge the purpoſe of his queſt.

VIII.

Beneath a ſtraw clad roof, in decent cot,
A ſire of rev'rend mien there chanc'd to dwell:
Content he ſeem'd with his ſequeſter'd lot,
While the grey locks that on his ſhoulders fell
Beſpoke a length of years, inſtructed well
Of paſt events and councils wiſe to ſpeak.
Ne'er from his door the poor did he repel;
But, when he ſaw them deſolate and weak,
He bad them turn to him, and reſt and refuge ſeek.

XV.

He ſaid. Tho' ill his tongue perform'd the taſk,
His aged hoſt remark'd not his diſtreſs.
" Pilgrim!" ſaid he, " full gladly what you aſk
" Would I reſolve; but ſuch was the addreſs
" Of thoſe who hence convey'd him, that to gueſs
" Where now confin'd he lies exceeds my pow'r.
" Thoſe who do wrong will ſcarce their wrong confeſs.
" Yet well I deem he waſtes his lonely hour
" Near HENRY's princely ſeat, in ſome well-guarded [tow'r."

XVI.

No more of RICHARD's fate the ſire could tell:
Yet ſtill his tongue, more garrulous from age,
On what his heart moſt felt was pleas'd to dwell.
He ſought his gueſt in converſe to engage
Of Judah's land, where, daring Pagan rage,
Cruſaders bold the dubious fight maintain'd.
But converſe now avail'd not to aſſuage
The pilgrim's mind by grief and terror pain'd;
Tho' theſe he ſtrove to hide, and ſtill attention feign'd.

XVII.

Now mounted high the ebon car of night,
The watch-dog bay'd the moon, and owls obſcene,
From church-yard's gloom, or ivied turret's height,
With horrid concert hail'd their myſtic queen.
And now, repos'd on couches low and mean,
The friendly pair addreſs'd themſelves to ſleep.
But ah! what opiate could the anguiſh keen
Which tore BLONDEL's ſad heart in ſlumber keep?
To ſigh his ſole relief, his beſt delight to weep!

XVIII.

Before the lark her early hymn had ſung,
Or morn returning ting'd the eaſt with grey,
From his unhonour'd couch he nimbly ſprung.
In vain his hoſt implor'd him yet to ſtay,
And urg'd the toils and perils of his way:
The oft-inforc'd requeſt BLONDEL denied.
His thanks return'd, in palmer's meek array
Tow'rd Worms he now reſolv'd his ſteps to guide,
Unaw'd by all the ills which might his courſe betide.

XIX.

And now for many a mile again he trod
The paths which late his wearied feet had worn;
Where her wide boſom proud Bavaria ſhew'd,
Where o'er Franconia, rich in vines and corn,
Her treaſures Autumn pour'd from copious horn.
From him her gifts could no attention claim:
He journey'd on, by pain and labour torn,
'Till to th' embattled walls of Worms he came,
Where HENRY's rule was felt and ſanguinary fame.

XX.

It now behov'd him with redoubled care
Sagely his cloſe enquiries to direct:
For here he knew imprudence might enſnare,
And minions baſe, who crouded courts infect,
The object of his miſſion might collect,
And to the tyrant's ear the tale convey.
He firſt reſolv'd the priſons to inſpect,
If haply there, depriv'd of air and day,
His lov'd and injur'd King in cruel durance lay.

XXI.

In vain he went his melancholy round;
In vain each ſcene of wretchedneſs he view'd,
Where vice it's merited correction found,
Where wild improvidence it's folly rued,
Or innocence oppreſs'd for mercy ſued.
Fruitleſs was ſtill his toil; no lonely cell
Reveal'd the object of his ſearch renew'd,
Nor did he dare his views at large to tell,
Or riſk to aſk what might his anxious doubts diſpel.

XXII.

Yet all his cares were not employ'd in vain:
He learn'd, in many a caſtle's dreary keep,
Ling'ring for years in wretchedneſs and pain,
Unnumber'd captives were condemn'd to weep;
Some rack'd with tortures ſharp in dungeons deep,
'Till death reliev'd their woe; ſome left alone
In ever-during ſolitude to ſteep
Their pittance coarſe in tears, there ſtill to moan,
And in cloſe darkneſs pent in agony to groan.

XXIII.

Much did BLONDEL their piteous lot deplore;
For much his heart for human miſery griev'd:
But ſcenes like theſe incited him the more
To learn his Monarch's fortunes. He believ'd
Paſt labours vain while ought was unatchiev'd.
Long time his ſearch he made with fruitleſs care:
At length, a rugged Caſtle he perceiv'd,
Which, on a ſpreading plain remote and bare,
Stretch'd it's forbidding front, and proudly mock'd the air.

XXIV.

Where heav'd a mount above th' adjacent waſte
The fortreſs ſtood. Well ſquar'd, each equal ſide
Tow'rds one of Heav'n's great points was juſtly trac'd,
Fenc'd by a turret huge, whoſe lofty pride
Inclement ſkies and time's attack defied.
Where ſpread the eaſtern front, with ſculpture crown'd
And emblems rude of war, the portal wide
Diſclos'd it's deep receſs; while all around
Beyond the yawning moat the ſturdy rampart frown'd.

XXV.

In dreadful majeſty the fabric roſe:
Round it a dreary heath, where never ſmil'd
The yellow harveſt, ſtretch'd but to diſcloſe
Sterility unbounded, rocks high pil'd,
And famine's gaunt dominion bleak and wild:
Save, in the weſtern quarter, where a wood,
Whoſe ſolemn ſhades the wearied eye beguil'd,
In ſtate antique and awful ſtillneſs ſtood,
And rear'd aloft it's head, and wav'd o'er many a rood.

XXVI.

When to the ſolemn pile BLONDEL drew nigh
He anxiouſly ſurvey'd the ſcene ſo dread,
Where 'mid the ivied walls and turrets high,
Birds of ill-omen'd note their dull wings ſpread,
And o'er the maſs fantaſtic horrors ſhed.
Slowly, and loſt in viſionary trance,
The ſod he travers'd with uncertain tread,
When 'croſs the diſtant plain he caſt his glance,
And ſaw in peaſant garb a lowly hind advance.

XXVII.

A ſhepherd ſwain he ſeem'd of humble mien,
His front was wrinkled, hoar his locks from age,
Grave his demeanour, and his air ſerene;
Courteous he was, by long experience ſage,
And not unread in legendary page,
Tho' doom'd for ſtipend ſmall a flock to tend:
Yet ſtill did higher themes his mind engage;
Oft would his knee in ſupplication bend,
While to juſt Heav'n his thoughts would fervently aſcend.

XXVIII.

Him with becoming phraſe BLONDEL addreſs'd.
Some hope he had his converſe might diſpel
The ſettled anguiſh of his tortur'd breaſt;
For he conceiv'd that near the ſwain might dwell,
And thence concluded that he knew right well
All the proud pile's traditionary fame.
Earneſt to learn whatever there befel,
He urg'd him to diſcloſe the Caſtle's name,
And what elſe worthy note to his remembrance came.

XXIX.

" Good Pilgrim," he replied, " you ſeek to know
" What ſtill untold might better far remain:
" For who delights to hang on tales of woe,
" Or glut the ear with narratives of pain?
" The dread Trivallis' curſed walls contain
" No vaulted hall, no dungeon damp or drear,
" No chamber cloſe, which murders do not ſtain.
" Full oft, 'tis ſaid, the injur'd ghoſts appear,
" Their ſhadowy forms diſplay, their fronts enſanguin'd [rear.

XXX.

" Oft at the midnight hour, the guard reports,
" Strange ſounds are heard, when as the ghaſtly band
" With diſmal lamentation fills the courts.
" Now, on the turret's top is ſeen to ſtand
" Some warrior's troubled ſpirit; in his hand
" Aloft he ſeems to wave his faulchion dire,
" And menace judgments on the guilty land:
" Now flitting ſhades, whoſe eye-balls gleam with fire,
" Skirt the polluted halls, and form a fearful choir.

XXXI.

" Nor theſe reports do I unfounded hold.
" Oft has my father, whoſe obſerving eye
" Well noted what occurr'd, the ſtory told.
" Oft have I heard him ſay, that, paſſing nigh,
" He ſaw the viſionary phantoms fly,
" Skim thro' the troubled air, and pierce the gloom:
" And oft his liſt'ning ear had heard their cry,
" As with ſad voice they mourn'd their piteous doom,
" Their ſuff'rings ſtill prolong'd, their yet neglected tomb.

XXXII.

" I too have heard the ſtrange terrific ſound:
" Oft croſs my path obſcure has glanc'd the ſhade,
" When ſilence held the hour, and when around
" The circling bat it's midnight gambols play'd.
" Three nights ago, as here by chance I ſtray'd,
" Strange notes I heard from yonder weſtern tow'r.
" Ne'er from my mem'ry will their cadence fade!
" His wild complaint ſome ſpirit ſeem'd to ſhow'r
" Of vengeance unappeas'd and too ſucceſsful pow'r.

XXXIII.

" Shepherd! if yet you can the words retain
" Which ſtrongly thus your paſſing ear aſſail'd,
" Recount them," cried BLONDEL. " I heard them plain,"
Replied the ſwain, " nor has th' impreſſion fail'd:
" Yet came they to my wond'ring ſenſes veil'd
" In idiom ſtrange and foreign, ſuch as ne'er
" Germanic tongue in ſpeech or ſong detail'd;
" Cloath'd in ſuch dulcet ſounds, as angels fair
" Chant to the raptur'd ſpheres when ſouls to Heav'n they [bear."

XXXIV.

Awhile the ſhepherd paus'd, and penſive ſtood
As one in contemplation deep engroſs'd;
Nor was BLONDEL leſs fix'd in thoughtful mood:
His buſy mind by anxious doubts was toſs'd;
Now hopes, now fears, his varying fancy croſs'd.
But ſoon the ſwain his ſad account reſum'd.
" Forgive," ſaid he, " if, in reflection loſt,
" I ceas'd to tell what captives there were doom'd
" To ling'ring woe, or thoſe who there remain entomb'd.

XXXV.

" Six hundred years have now their cloſe attain'd,
" Since over Orleans' and Auſtraſia's bound
" With potent ſway King CHILDEBERTUS reigned.
" 'Twas he who firſt decreed theſe tow'rs to found,
" And 'gainſt his pow'rful foes to circle round
" The ſolid fortreſs with a rampart vaſt,
" Which o'er the moat in ſullen grandeur frown'd.
" Here, in imperial pomp, his days he paſs'd,
" And here, tradition tells, the Monarch breath'd his laſt.

XXXVI.

" Two ſons he left. To THIERRY, his firſt care,
" He gave to rule wide Orleans' fertile ſtate;
" And next decreed that all Auſtraſia fair
" Should on THEODOBERT, his ſecond, wait.
" Vain were it here the cauſes to narrate
" Which 'twixt the brethren cruel war inſpir'd,
" Or how the bloody BRUNEHAULT their hate
" Urg'd on, and ſtill their ſavage fury fir'd,
" Till by foul treaſon ſtruck, THEODOBERT expir'd.

XXXVII.

" Stern THIERRY's arms Auſtraſia's realm ſubdued,
" And ſoon, by cruel BRUNEHAULT convey'd,
" His brother's head on yonder walls he view'd,
" Which to the ſun it's gory front diſplay'd.
" Nor by her grandſon's death was yet allay'd
" Her ſanguinary fury: here ſhe brought
" His two young ſons to her fell gripe betray'd;
" And, while from her they fond protection ſought,
" With murd'rous hand their baſe and foul deſtruction [wrought.

XXXVIII.

" But tho' high Heav'n, provok'd by mortal guilt,
" To ſtrike th' offender may awhile forbear,
" Yet ſoon or late, for kindred's blood thus ſpilt,
" Eternal juſtice will the bolt prepare.
" Fierce THIERRY thus, when ſlain his nephews fair,
" Nor pity feeling nor acute remorſe,
" As from yon turret with obſervant care
" He view'd the movements of his conq'ring force,
" By light'ning ſtruck he fell a black and ghaſtly corſe.

XXXIX.

" Four infant ſons he had. To bold GARNIER
" Theſe were committed now in holy truſt
" That he their youth with counſel ſage ſhould rear.
" But, vilely tempted by ambition's luſt,
" Soon to his ſov'reign's ſons he prov'd unjuſt.
" Their princely hopes to quick deſtruction doom'd,
" Like flow'rs which fade and mingle with the duſt,
" By baleful poiſon's pow'rful juice conſum'd
" They ſank in death, and there ſtill lie the babes entomb'd.

XL.

" Auſtraſia's rulers now the caſtle left,
" Polluted thus with death and ſtain'd with blood.
" Yet, tho' of ſtate and regal pomp bereft,
" It ſtill accurs'd and terrifying ſtood:
" It's lofty ramparts which acceſs preclude,
" It's moated ſtrength, and battlements ſo high,
" The heath around ſo deſolate and rude,
" Mark'd it a place where pris'ners ſad might lie,
" Unknown, unnotic'd, there to languiſh and to die.

XLI.

" And there, for ages paſt, have pin'd in woe,
" By cordial pity and Heav'n's light unbleſs'd,
" Unnumber'd captives. None their fate might know,
" How long they liv'd, or when to gentle reſt
" Their ſpirits ſank, by torments harſh oppreſs'd.
" 'Tis ſaid, that arts infernal have ſupplied,
" Where ſtretch the caſtle's ramparts to the weſt,
" Beneath each dungeon caverns deep and wide,
" Whoſe dark abyſs from view each mangled corſe may [hide."

XLII.

" And now within the caſtle's foul receſs
" What captives lie?" BLONDEL impatient ſaid.
" Pilgrim," replied the ſwain, " 'tis hard to gueſs
" What pris'ners now contain theſe chambers dread.
" Myſterious ſilence is around them ſpread.
" Yet ſaw I lately, not five months are paſs'd,
" A gallant captive there in ſecret led,
" What time the early moon deſcended faſt,
" And o'er the murky ſky pale night her mantle caſt."

XLIII.

" And did you note him well?" BLONDEL exclaim'd.
" Ill thro' the gloom could I his features trace,"
Return'd the ſwain; " but yet his look proclaim'd
" Some warrior ſprung from no ignoble race.
" As the faint moon-beam play'd upon his face,
" He ſhew'd a front which danger oft had brav'd:
" With manly frown he ey'd his keepers baſe,
" And, as they urg'd him on with zeal deprav'd,
" He ſtrode, while looſe in air his auburn treſſes wav'd."

XLIV.

As when by heaving billows rudely toſs'd,
Far from its courſe rough ſtorms a veſſel drive,
It's ſails all ſhatter'd, and it's compaſs loſt,
In vain the mariners deſponding ſtrive:
Freſh clouds their hearts of every hope deprive.
Should then the moon her ſplendid orb expand,
And to their fainting ſouls her ſuccour give,
They view with genuine extacy the land,
And hail the welcome port which ſhews relief at hand.

XLV.

Such was the ray, which o'er BLONDEL's ſad mind
Flaſh'd rapidly. Reliev'd from anxious pain,
His breaſt no more with grief unceaſing pin'd:
RICHARD might yet ſurvive, and once again
Reſtor'd to England's throne in ſplendour reign.
But ſoon reflection check'd his fond delight;
Tho' hope was giv'n, yet fears would ſtill remain:
Much it behov'd him to reflect aright,
Leſt diſappointment harſh his new-born joy ſhould blight.

XLVI.

Fix'd to the ſpot as deep entranc'd he ſtood,
The rampart high he long'd t' approach more near,
If haply from the turret's ſummit rude,
He might the pris'ner's ſad complainings hear
Which lately ſtruck the wond'ring peaſant's ear.
But ſoon arous'd, as iſſuing from the gate
The bridge they croſs'd, he ſaw a troop appear,
Which on the heath, diſpos'd in warlike ſtate,
Their lengthen'd line drew up their Chief's approach to wait.

XLVII.

Fearful that if thus gazing he ſhould ſtand
Suſpicions of his purpoſe might ariſe,
His way tow'rd Worms again to turn he plann'd,
And there unnotic'd frame ſome apt diſguiſe
To lull the guard and cheat their watchful eyes.
Slow as he trac'd his melancholy way,
His buſy thoughts expedients would deviſe,
To know if there his captive Monarch lay,
And how he might avoid his project to betray.

XLVIII.

At length he fix'd a minſtrel's garb to wear,
Whoſe ſanction'd freedom might his views conceal;
With locks cloſe ſhorn a merry harp to bear,
And thus apparell'd with the guard to deal,
To charm their caution and their ſecret ſteal.
High did he eſtimate the pow'rs of ſong;
Oft had he known the rugged boſom feel,
And oft to pity change th' intended wrong,
By harmony ſubdued and muſic's 'witching tongue.

XLIX.

At Worms arriv'd, without delay he ſought
All that became a minſtrel to provide;
A well-ſtrung harp, with ſeemly carving wrought,
A robe of green, whoſe ſleeves hung large and wide,
A doublet trim of ruſſet colour dyed,
A ruff fair ſtarch'd, and chain which ſilver ſhew'd,
A girdle red, and dagger for his ſide:
All theſe with fitting diligence he ſtow'd,
And left the town ere yet the ruddy ev'ning glow'd.

L.

To the wide foreſt, which beyond the plain
Spread far it's deep and venerable ſhade,
He came, as firſt upon the wat'ry main
The ſun's departing ſplendour 'gan to fade.
The diſtant hills, with purpliſh tints array'd,
Skirted with grace ſublime th' horizon bold,
While on the ſcatter'd clouds the ſunbeams play'd:
As by degrees their varying forms unroll'd,
They ſhone with ſilver bright, or blaz'd with dazzling gold

LI.

Far in the dark receſſes of the wood,
Where tow'ring oaks, high waving to the wind,
The moſs-grown tenants of the foreſt ſtood,
A narrow path it's devious courſe inclin'd:
To a ſequeſter'd glade it led, where join'd
The mantling boughs to form a calm retreat,
With eglantine and ivy green entwin'd;
Fit for ſome hermit's ſolitary ſeat,
There on man's ſtate to muſe, on pleaſures vain and fleet.

LII.

Here from the buſy haunts of men retir'd,
And ſafely ſhrouded from each curious eye,
Himſelf in minſtrel's garb BLONDEL attir'd.
Now faded flow the ſplendour of the ſky;
Acroſs the twilight's ſhade the bat 'gan fly,
And owls with heavy wing purſued their prey;
The nightingale her lonely ſong rais'd high,
And hail'd th' approaching gloom with plaintive lay,
While yet the waning moon withheld her pow'rful ray.

LIII.

As the extended heath he ſlowly croſs'd
And to the caſtle's ſolemn towers drew near,
Their high embattlements in night half loſt
More dreadful roſe, and ſeem'd more rude and drear.
Now hope his anxious boſom fill'd, now fear;
And, while he view'd the walls which might contain
His King belov'd, he ſigh'd, he dropt a tear,
Uncertain whether all his toils were vain,
Or if by ſtratagem admiſſion he might gain.

LIV.

In awful ſtillneſs now was nature bound,
And night obſcure her gloomy influence caſt,
Save when, as going their accuſtom'd round,
The guard along the ſpreading rampart paſs'd.
As they advanc'd with ſteps confus'd and faſt,
Their gliding torches faintly glimm'ring play'd
On the wide battlements and turrets vaſt,
Forming huge maſſes of contraſted ſhade,
Whoſe uncouth forms more drear the pile terrific made.

LV.

The barren heath BLONDEL full ſadly pac'd,
And ſtill, as muſing on his Monarch's fate
The fond remembrance of paſt joys he trac'd,
On preſent woe his fancy would dilate.
When ſudden, rudely iſſuing from the gate,
Loud burſts of boiſt'rous mirth and laughter came,
Such, as when Bacchus' ſons their orgies late
Purſuing ſeek their madd'ning blood t' enflame,
They ſhout with zeal impure and riotous acclaim.

LVI.

Now ceas'd the ſound, and ſilence wide prevail'd:
But ſoon again, diſturbing the ſtill air,
Freſh ſhouts of merriment his ear aſſail'd,
As if, amid theſe haunts of fell deſpair,
They ſought their fears to chaſe and vanquiſh care.
Now, mid the din, in notes profound and ſtrong
Some feſtive ſtrain the paſſing gale would bear;
And ſtill, as clos'd the cadence of the ſong,
Tumultuous voices join'd the chorus to prolong.

LVII.

BLONDEL with tranſport heard the cheering ſound,
And hail'd the hour with hopes propitious fraught.
When ſtill'd again the clam'rous joy he found,
His pendant harp with ready hand he caught,
And ſtrains ſo vig'rous and ſo loud he wrought,
As made the rampart's wide receſſes ring;
Yet ſweet as thoſe, ſurpaſſing human thought,
Which Zephyr bears upon his fervid wing,
When with ſoft touch he wakes the wild Æolian ſtring.

LVIII.

Still did his hand th' enchanting ſtrain provoke:
Nor vain his toil; ſoon from the rampart's height
With gratulation kind a warrior ſpoke.
" Thou, who amid the horrors of the night,
" Canſt with thy ſounds divine the ſoul delight,
" Say who thou art, and whence? with earneſt pray'r
" Thee to their ſocial board my friends invite.
" Approach then, Minſtrel! to our hall repair,
" Partake our flowing bowl, our banquet freely ſhare."

LIX.

" A Minſtrel Squire am I," BLONDEL rejoin'd,
" Who from fair France have bent my toilſome way
" In HENRY's court a ſtation meet to find.
" In travel ſore I ſpent the tedious day,
" 'Till, at the turn of noon, I chanc'd to ſtray
" To yonder wood; there, in it's cool retreat,
" Shrouded in balmy ſleep too long I lay;
" Since when, acroſs the heath with wearied feet,
" Wand'ring, in vain I've ſought ſome friendly roof to meet.

LX.

" Gladly, kind Sir! your proffer'd boon I take;
" Gladly I hail your hoſpitable wall:
" Some little ſojourn if allow'd to make,
" Repoſe and food my vigour may recal."
He ſaid; and ſoon the drawbridge 'gan to fall;
The warrior haſten'd forth his ſteps to meet,
And ſtraitway led him to the vaulted hall,
Where numbers ſtood the minſtrel feign'd to greet:
Nor ſtaid they at the board their welcome gueſt to ſeat.

LXI.

Their banquet no high-ſeaſon'd meats adorn'd,
No piquant cates to tempt the languid taſte;
Such luxuries the rugged ſoldier ſcorn'd.
Here on the rude but ample board was plac'd
Nutritious food, by mixtures undebas'd:
Nor did the crew the copious treat diſdain.
When ended was the feaſt, they ſought in haſte
To try what might the well-fill'd bowl contain,
And emulouſly ſtrove the ſparkling juice to drain.

LXII.

While cautiouſly BLONDEL preferr'd to quaff,
The ample goblet oft their thirſt allay'd,
And, as they drank, with loud triumphant laugh
Their proweſs Bacchanalian they diſplay'd.
With common voice they now the Minſtrel pray'd
To grace with muſic's gay delight their cheer.
BLONDEL with ready courteſy obey'd,
And thus commenc'd his ſong; while, crouding near,
Each liſt'ning warrior preſs'd his harmony to hear.

LXIII.

" When valiant knights and courtly dames delight
" In feaſts and revelry to paſs the hour,
" Then welcome is the jolly Minſtrel's fight,
" Who glads with melody the vaulted tow'r,
" Or charms with ſtrains divine the feſtive bow'r.
" Whether of love and am'rous deeds he ſings,
" Or of injurious force and vengeful pow'r
" From antient chronicles example brings,
" Ne'er ſounds his voice in vain, ne'er fail his pow'rful [ſtrings.

LXIV.

" O'er hill and valley wand'ring far and wide,
" Unaw'd by toils, by perils unſubdued,
" Well is the patient Minſtrel's ſpirit tried.
" But little heeds he ſuch encounters rude:
" With courage high and conſtancy endued,
" His taſk perform'd, the ready harp he takes,
" And, while the pleaſing ſubject is purſued,
" Extatic rounds of harmony he makes,
" Unlocks the pow'rs of ſong, and all the ſoul awakes.

LXV.

" Now ſings he of the damſel fair and chaſte,
" Whoſe ſire ſevere condemns her conſtant love,
" Compell'd in ſavage wilds her days to waſte,
" 'Thro' trackleſs woods and foreſts wide to rove,
" Protected only by the Pow'rs above.
" Oft does the giant foe her fears alarm;
" Oft is ſhe doom'd th' enchanter's wiles to prove:
" Yet, ſtill ſecur'd from each impending harm,
" She lives to bleſs the youth whoſe heart her beauties [charm.

LXVI.

" Now louder ſtrains the varying ſong requires.
" Of arms he ſings, and of the gallant knight
" Whoſe fearleſs boſom warlike fame inſpires.
" By glory warm'd, array'd in armour bright,
" Foul wrong to quell and worth oppreſs'd to right,
" Dauntleſs he iſſues to the tented field:
" There againſt hoſtile bands he proves his might,
" Well ſkill'd his ſpear to couch, his ſword to wield,
" While routed ſquadrons fly and to his proweſs yield.

LXVII.

" When conqueſt waves her crimſon'd wings on high,
" No pangs of jealouſy his triumph cloud.
" Hark! how around is heard the joyful cry!
" See! as he onward moves, th' exulting croud
" Unite in praiſe and acclamation loud!
" His empire bravely gain'd he haſtes to ſhare
" With her to whom his conſtancy was vow'd:
" Long bleſs'd with mutual love their crowns they wear,
" For valour fam'd the Prince, for matchleſs grace the [Fair."

LXVIII.

As hung the liſt'ning warriors on his ſong
He ſaw the varying paſſions as they roſe,
And mark'd in every face th' emotion ſtrong.
Sudden a melancholy theme he choſe;
And, as he ſung the fallen hero's woes,
The ſympathetic chords he ſoftly preſs'd.
Still, at each mournful modulation's cloſe,
Th' impreſſion ſad pervaded every breaſt,
Each moiſten'd eye the power of melody confeſs'd.

LXIX.

" Behold!" he cried, "low on th' enſanguin'd plain,
" Far from his hoſt, the wounded chieftain lie!
" No pitying hand is found to ſooth his pain,
" No friendly aid to cheer his drooping eye.
" Mark, where the hoſtile band approaching nigh
" To ſome lone tow'r their bleeding victim bear;
" There, of all joy bereft, alone to ſigh,
" Alone to drop the unavailing tear,
" Alone his captive hands tow'rds Heav'n in vain to rear.

LXX.

" See where he waſtes the tedious hours of woe,
" Night's darkeſt horrors round his dungeon ſpread:
" Sullen and deep the angry tempeſts blow,
" And o'er his ſoul increaſing ſorrows ſhed.
" Ye, to whoſe care devolves the duty dread
" At morn and eve his pittance ſcant to deal,
" When tow'rds his melancholy cell ye tread,
" Say, o'er your minds does no compaſſion ſteal,
" Do not your generous hearts a warrior's ſuff'rings feel?

LXXI.

" Ceaſe, Minſtrel! ceaſe," exclaim'd a panting Chief,
" No more on themes like this thy ſtrain prolong.
" Too well, alas! we know the captive's grief;
" Nor need we all the magic of thy tongue
" To paint his hapleſs fate in colours ſtrong.
" Here, 'midſt this caſtle's ſolitary walls,
" Oft does the lonely pris'ner moan his wrong;
" Here, while ſurrounding gloom his ſenſe appals,
" With languid voice for death he oft unpitied calls.

LXXII.

" Ev'n now, while thus we paſs the feſtive hour,
" Know that beneath this roof in bonds is held
" A gallant captive. To his dreary tow'r
" Frequent I mount, by feelings warm impell'd.
" A man more dignified I've not beheld.
" Ne'er from his lips is heard complaint to flow:
" His ſoul undaunted, by dureſs unquell'd,
" Beneath misfortune's yoke diſdains to bow;
" Still beam with fire his eyes, ſtill frowns his martial brow."

LXXIII.

" Alas!" exclaim'd BLONDEL, "what pow'r ſevere
" Condemns him thus to ſolitude and pain?
" Who can refuſe to woe like his a tear,
" Or who his earneſt wiſhes can reſtrain
" Some further knowledge of his fate to gain?"
" Perhaps too much already have I told,"
The Warrior ſaid; "to aſk for more refrain.
" While here our delegated truſt we hold,
" The ſecrets of our charge 'twere treaſon to unfold."

LXXIV.

" No ſecrets of your charge I ſeek to know,"
BLONDEL replied: "yet wherefore thus conceal
" The fate of him, who in redeemleſs woe
" Marks with his ſighs the moments as they ſteal?"
" He who ſhall dare the myſt'ry to reveal,"
Exclaim'd a rugged Chieftain, "from my hand
" Shall ſoon th' effect of his imprudence feel!
" Minſtrel! forbear to preſs thy raſh demand:
" Vainly you queſtion thoſe who form my truſty band."

LXXV.

Thus frowning ſpake the Chief. The liſt'ning throng,
Aw'd by his word, confirm'd his ſtern beheſt.
But ſoon BLONDEL renew'd his lively ſong,
And, as again his harp's full chords he preſs'd,
Eſſay'd the riſing tumult to arreſt.
Of ARTHUR's court he ſang and table round,
Where valiant knights and many a noble gueſt
Illuſtrious dames with roſy chaplets crown'd,
While MERLIN's potent wand the fiends in durance bound.

LXXVI.

Much did the martial band the ſong approve:
But ill the voice of melody avail'd
From the rough Chieftain's boſom to remove
The ſtrong ſuſpicion which his ſoul aſſail'd.
He fear'd, he knew not why, ſome purpoſe veil'd
Which might the Minſtrel to the tow'r have brought;
And, as his working mind the doubt detail'd,
Of dangers dark and ſtratagems he thought,
Of deeply laid deſigns, and plots with peril fraught.

LXXVII.

Soon with addreſs abrupt he ſternly ſaid:
" Minſtrel! tho' much thy ſong delights mine ear,
" Yet muſt not my obſervance be betray'd
" By pleaſure to forget my truſt ſevere.
" Pleaſure, tho' ſweet, may yet be bought too dear.
" Tho' ill th' injunction may your ſtrains requite,
" Yet hence perforce your footſteps you muſt bear.
" The moon now mounting high diſpenſes light,
" And with unclouded rays diſpels the gloom of night."

LXXVIII.

He ſpake. As round his fiery eyes he caſt,
The warriors bow'd. Too well BLONDEL perceiv'd
The apt occaſion of his ſearch was paſt.
As when a huſbandman, his hope deceiv'd,
Surveys his field of it's rich crop bereav'd,
While tempeſts rage and torrents ſweep the ground,
So for his thwarted enterpriſe he griev'd,
So did the Chieftain's voice his ſenſe aſtound,
While from th' obedient crew it quick concurrence found.

LXXIX.

" If ſtern neceſſity forbid my ſtay,
" I bow," replied he, " to the high beheſt.
" Yet, from the Caſtle ere I take my way,
" Receive the thankful homage of your gueſt
" For hoſpitality and needful reſt.
" Warriors, farewell! tow'rd Worms my ſteps I bend.
" Howe'er by labour and fatigue oppreſs'd,
" My midnight travel Heav'n will ſure defend,
" And o'er my darkling path it's ſacred ſhield extend."

LXXX.

The hall he quitted, and the drawbridge paſs'd.
Still ruminating on his Prince's doom,
He ſought the foreſt. As his eye he caſt
Along the outline of th' expanded gloom,
Each tenant of the wood appear'd t' aſſume
Some form fantaſtic, as the midnight glare
With flitting touch it's branches chanc'd t' illume:
Some ghaſtly warrior's mien it now would wear,
Now like ſome monſter gape, or like ſome Gorgon ſtare.

LXXXI.

When a quick-paſſing cloud it's dark veil ſpread,
All ſeem'd to vaniſh in the general ſhade;
But, whenſo'er the moon her radiance ſhed,
Ideal phantoms were again pourtray'd
In ſhapes more ſtrange and horrible array'd,
As if, in Synod there to meet compell'd,
Malicious fiends their noxious gambols play'd,
Shrouded from day and by the ſun unquell'd;
For ne'er his purer beams ſuch viſions dire beheld.

LXXXII.

Thus when on midnight couch ſome fev'riſh wretch
Is doom'd a ſtrong delirium to ſuſtain,
Diſtemper'd dreams their fancied horrors ſtretch,
And whirl their madd'ning influence o'er his brain:
While the black blood impell'd thro' ev'ry vein,
Charg'd with contagion, loads his heaving heart,
His ſuff'ring ſpirit labours with the pain,
'Croſs his ſtrain'd eye-balls fiery ſpectres dart,
He raves and tears his fleſh with wild convulſive ſtart.

LXXXIII.

BLONDEL theſe ſtrange appearances admir'd,
Which weaker boſoms might have chill'd with dread;
But he, whoſe ſoul ſuperior courage fir'd,
Smil'd on the terrors which around him ſpread,
And onward walk'd with firm determin'd tread
To gain the path which wound within the wood.
Yet, ere he left the plain, he turn'd his head,
Again to view the Caſtle as it ſtood,
Sublime in barbarous pride, polluted ſtill with blood.

LXXXIV.

On it's high walls he gaz'd and moat profound,
Which now more vaſt and more tremendous ſhew'd
In gloom obſcure and night's dark mantle bound,
Thro' which in vain their windings he purſued.
But ſoon, from clouds releas'd, the moon renew'd
Her fav'ring light, and, on the weſtern tow'r
Shedding her beams, diſclos'd it's ſummit rude.
More dread it frown'd than at the noon-tide hour,
And with redoubled awe it's turrets ſeem'd to lour.

LXXXV.

" And what if RICHARD there may lie," he ſaid:
" What if the tale which ſtruck my pitying ear
" The cruel miſeries of my King convey'd?
" Be Heav'n my guide! away each idle fear!
" Welcome each horror of yon Caſtle drear!
" To dare it's perils thus I fondly fly!"
Then, where he ſaw the threat'ning turrets rear
Their battlements, he ruſh'd, reſolv'd to try
What fortune might betide, or for his Prince to die.

LXXXVI.

Beneath the tow'ring pile he quickly ſtood.
As it's wide front with warlike emblems deck'd
And far-ſtretch'd range with heedful eye he view'd,
It's height immenſe his expectation check'd.
Now, if ſome recent and o'er-look'd defect
An entrance might afford, the walls around
With eager care he haſten'd to inſpect.
Vain was his toil; no op'ning there he found,
But firm, compact and ſtrong the rugged turret frown'd:

LXXXVII.

Save where aloft, by gratings well ſecur'd,
A ſmall and narrow window he eſpied,
Which to the hapleſs wretch within immur'd
A portion ſcant of light and air ſupplied.
Yet all acceſs it's altitude defied
Not more it's ſtate inviolate maintains
The eagle's neſt on Snowdon's craggy ſide,
Where in ſecluded majeſty he reigns,
And rears his princely brood, and human pow'r diſdains.

LXXXVIII.

Here he conceiv'd the Chief in bondage lay:
But ſtill the fiſſure ſtraight ſo diſtant ſeem'd,
That to the dreary dungeon to convey
His cheering voice impoſſible he deem'd.
No ſounds were heard, nor from the Caſtle gleam'd
The paſſing torches of the wearied guard:
Oppreſs'd by toil they ſlept, and, as they dream'd
Of old encounters and of labours hard,
In ſlumbers deep they loſt the duties of their ward.

LXXXIX.

Impatient the myſterious truth to know,
He caught his harp, and ſtruck a gentle note.
The chord, half-vibrating, ſubdued and low,
Scarce on the midnight breeze appear'd to float.
Softly it ſtole along the tranquil moat,
As when, amid ſome lonely wood's retreat,
Deſponding Philomel attunes her throat
Her melancholy fortunes to repeat,
Her ſong ſhe oft renews with cadence ſad and ſweet.

XC.

He paus'd awhile, but all was mute and ſtill.
Again his harp he ſtruck with firmer hand,
And modulations drew more loud and ſhrill,
Such as were wont, on Judah's holy ſtrand,
With pious rage t' inflame the martial band.
The pow'rful harmony aſcended high,
Thro' the wide air it's influence to expand.
Once more the ſtrong vibration ſeem'd to die,
When from the tow'r was heard a deep and long-drawn [ſigh.

XCI.

The mournful ſound electrified his ſoul:
Thoughtful he ſtood, yet firm and unappall'd.
His cheriſh'd hope now roſe beyond controul,
That here his much-lov'd Monarch lay enthrall'd.
Now to his working fancy he recall'd
The ſcenes of early youth, when on the plain
Of fair Poictou in princely ſtate inſtall'd
The gallant RICHARD held his peaceful reign,
And fram'd the lively ſong, and rais'd the tender ſtrain.

XCII.

'Twas there, ere yet the fatal feuds aroſe
Which chang'd for war's alarms thoſe ſcenes of joy;
That RICHARD oft delighted to compoſe
The varying verſe; to ſing his lady coy
The hour of reſt full oft would he employ.
BLONDEL alone thoſe pleaſing moments ſhar'd;
Full well their common ſong accus'd the boy,
Whoſe wanton malice neither heart had ſpar'd,
And ſtill with practis'd art his venom'd ſhafts prepar'd.

XCIII.

Of theſe a ſweet and well-remember'd air
BLONDEL ſelected, which with fond delight
His Prince had form'd for the capricious fair
Who paid his ardent vows with ſcorn and ſlight:
And thus he ſung---" While to your beauty bright
" I homage pay, and lowly bend the knee,
" Vain are your charms true paſſion to excite:
" Coldneſs but ill with raptures can agree;
" Yet ſtill my patience laſts, while all are ſhunn'd like me."

XCIV.

He ceas'd th' imperfect ſtrain, and fix'd remain'd
In mute expectancy to catch the ſound
Which from the tow'r might come. Deep ſilence reign'd,
When thus a manly voice, in notes profound,
Reſponſive ſung---" No nymph my heart can wound,
" If other captives ſhe attempts t' enſnare,
" And ſheds her ſmiles and graces all around:
" Rather her ſcorn and hatred would I bear,
" Than own her worthleſs ſway, and love with others ſhare."

XCV.

" It is, it is my RICHARD!" cried BLONDEL,
" He lives to crown his faithful people's love!
" Oh! eaſe my tortur'd boſom, deign to tell
" What cruel fate and envious fortune drove
" Our gallant Prince this ſad reverſe to prove?
" Oh let thy welcome voice my ſenſes bleſs!
" Say, can my care, my toils, my life remove
" My Monarch's woe, or aid his deep diſtreſs?
" Say, can my favour'd hand his mighty wrongs redreſs?"

XCVI.

" Thank Heav'n!" replied the Prince, " at length my pray'r
" Hath found acceptance at the Eternal Throne.
" While doom'd to bonds and ſolitary care,
" Oft has my ſad and wearied ſpirit flown
" To that great Pow'r who mercy now hath ſhewn.
" Lov'd friend! and is it then thy voice I hear?
" Amid the horrors of this turret lone
" It comes the ſorrows of my heart to cheer,
" To eaſe my tortur'd breaſt, and calm my anxious fear.

XCVII.

" Much have I lately known of ſhame and pain:
" Severely has th' Almighty's pow'rful hand
" Chaſtis'd my faults, but not chaſtis'd in vain.
" Know, my BLONDEL! as, wreck'd on Auſtria's ſtrand,
" I journey'd to reviſit Albion's land,
" The vengeful LEOPOLD thy maſter ſeiz'd.
" Some months I lay beneath his ſtern command;
" While he, to glut his malice dire well pleas'd,
" Wreak'd on my captive head his fury unappeas'd.

XCVIII.

" Whate'er of contumely could diſgrace,
" Whate'er of want could pang, I then ſuſtain'd;
" But want nor contumely could debaſe
" My conſtant heart; his pow'r I ſtill diſdain'd,
" With patience bore his wrongs, nor e'er complain'd.
" RICHARD might captive be, but ſtill his ſoul
" Free and unmov'd it's dignity maintain'd:
" For ne'er th' immortal ſpirit owns controul;
" Serene and firm it ſtands, tho' thunders round it roll.

XCIX.

" At length to change my fate high Heav'n decreed:
" But yet in change no comfort could I find.
" From LEOPOLD's baſe tyranny tho' freed,
" To bloody HENRY's ſway ſevere conſign'd
" My wayward fortune ſtill was found unkind.
" Oh ſtain to chivalry! oh blot to fame!
" Oh ſtrange contempt of all the ties that bind
" Th' aſſociate warriors of the Chriſtian name!
" Curs'd be your foul deſigns, and laſting be your ſhame!

C.

" But let me not in weak revilings waſte
" The precious moments of our converſe brief.
" My ſoul already feels a fond foretaſte
" Of coming joy, and 'mid my heart-felt grief
" Hope cheering ſmiles and promiſes relief.
" But ah! what ſorrows may be yet in ſtore,
" What miſeries yet unknown and paſt belief!
" Say, my BLONDEL, does ſhe whom I adore
" Yet live, or muſt my heart her cruel loſs deplore?"

CI.

" Her abſent lord lamenting," ſaid BLONDEL,
" In woe the lovely BERENGARIA lives.
" Her moiſten'd eye and heaving boſom tell
" The agony which hope protracted gives:
" Her gentle ſpirit with her ſorrows ſtrives;
" Like the poor dove, whoſe mate no more returns,
" From bliſs foregone ſhe preſent pain derives,
" Still with a pure and conſtant flame ſhe burns,
" Droops her dejected head, and loſt in anguiſh mourns."

CII.

" Thy words," return'd the Prince, " like ſov'reign balm
" O'er my rack'd ſoul their healing influence ſhed.
" Proceed, BLONDEL! my painful doubts to calm:
" Does my baſe brother ſtill rebellion ſpread?
" Does PHILIP, nurs'd in frauds, in treaſons bred,
" Confed'rate ſtill his purpoſe vile provoke?
" Say, are my troops to fame and conqueſt led,
" Or check'd by foreign foes, their ſpirits broke,
" Yield they to Gallic force, and bear th' inglorious yoke?"

CIII.

" If," ſaid BLONDEL, " his charge the ſhepherd leave,
" The hungry wolf upon his flock will prey.
" So JOHN, well-vers'd in cunning to deceive,
" When far his noble brother was away,
" Diſdain'd his great vicegerents to obey.
" By ſubtle workings and encounters rude
" He ſeiz'd ſuch caſtles as defenceleſs lay,
" And, urg'd by treach'rous France, his courſe purſued
" To ſnatch at England's crown, and bathe her fields with [blood.

CIV.

" But ſoon the ſpirit of the nation roſe.
" Tho' ſome miſled in error's mazes rov'd,
" Falſe to themſelves, and to their country foes,
" Yet Engliſh loyalty untainted prov'd.
" By gen'rous ſcorn and indignation mov'd,
" They ruſh'd the royal ELINOR to join,
" And grace the banner of their King belov'd.
" With her their pow'rful efforts they combine,
" And ſoon the rebel chiefs their conqueſts muſt reſign.

CV.

" Such are the fortunes of your ſuff'ring realm.
" Meantime, your faithful Engliſh urge their pray'r,
" That RICHARD ſoon may re-aſſume the helm;
" And royal ELINOR, with pious care,
" Studious the means of ſafety to prepare,
" Her truſty meſſengers thro' Europe's bound
" To ſeek their King commiſſions to repair.
" Of theſe BLONDEL with bleſt ſucceſs is crown'd,
" Well are his toils repaid, his King, his friend, is found."

CVI.

" It glads my woe-worn heart," the Prince replied,
" That England to herſelf and King is true.
" May my ungrateful brother's guilty pride
" Full retribution meet and vengeance due!
" May Gallia's perjur'd King his treach'ry rue!
" Grant me, ye fav'ring Powers! theſe bonds to break;
" Then, when allow'd the traitor to purſue,
" Injurious PHILIP thro' his realm I'll ſeek,
" Nor ceaſe, 'till on his head my juſt revenge I wreak.

CVII.

" But ah! how weak my threats! my anxious mind
" Vainly it's torments ſeeks by words t' aſſuage.
" Torn from his native foreſts and confin'd
" The lordly lion thus exhauſts his rage,
" And tears with fury impotent his cage.
" BLONDEL! I charge thee ſeek the Engliſh coaſt,
" Report my wayward fortunes, and engage
" My faithful Barons to prepare their hoſt,
" Their Monarch to reclaim, to win my freedom loſt.

CVIII.

" In friendſhip's warm and vivid colours paint
" The ſuff'rings of your King: their gen'rous zeal
" Will urge them to conclude my baſe reſtraint.
" Tell them, to Engliſh virtue I appeal.
" Their RICHARD's woes when Engliſh boſoms feel,
" Thouſands will ruſh to vindicate his wrong,
" His honour to aſſert, his wounds to heal:
" His foes to check reſiſtleſs will they throng,
" Bold in the ſacred cauſe, in loyal feelings ſtrong.

CIX.

" Haſte, my BLONDEL, to England's court repair.
" The waſting night now quits her high domain,
" And o'er th' horizon wide the morning fair
" Approaches faſt to re-aſſume her reign.
" Haply ſome ſtranger paſſing o'er the plain
" May mark thy ſtation, or my guard ſevere,
" Obſerving thee, thy progreſs may reſtrain.
" Adieu, my friend! thy courſe to England ſteer,
" To all who love their lord my beſt remembrance bear."

CX.

" Nor day, nor night my ſlacken'd courſe ſhall ſee,"
Return'd BLONDEL; " to England's court I go,
" Of ills diſdainful while inſpir'd by thee.
" My welcome voice their Monarch's fate ſhall ſhew,
" And, as their breaſts with cordial pity glow,
" Doubt not their hands the ready ſword will wield.
" No ſleep theſe eyes, theſe limbs no reſt ſhall know,
" 'Till, by my words to vengeful ardour ſteel'd,
" Your Barons well array'd ſhall croud the martial field.

CXI.

" Then, when their valour ſhall have gain'd the prize,
" And traitors mourn their merited defeat,
" When victory o'er the gallant RICHARD flies,
" And England's Monarch fills his rightful ſeat,
" Let fame th' attachment of your friend repeat.
" Farewell, lov'd Prince! may angels be thy guard,
" May ſeraphs hover o'er thy dread retreat,
" Lighten thy woes, and eaſe thy ſuff'rings hard!
" Soon will propitious Heav'n thy conſtancy reward."

CXII.

He ſaid, and from the Caſtle bent his way.
Now from the eaſt the riſing ſplendour glow'd,
And o'er the duſky ſky brought on the day:
The tinted radiance o'er th' horizon flow'd,
While bluſhing morn with roſy fingers ſtrew'd
On every herb and flow'r ambroſial dew.
Tow'rds the thick wood impatiently he ſtrode,
His minſtrel's garments there to ſhroud from view,
And in his palmer's weeds his travel to renew.

CXIII.

Dark ſhew'd the foreſt, yet no more the trees
Thoſe horrid ſhapes and ghaſtly forms diſplay'd,
Which, as high waving to the midnight breeze,
His troubled fancy lately had pourtray'd.
Airy and light they wanton'd o'er the ſhade,
While, 'midſt their foliage hid, on every bough
Their rounds fantaſtic birds unnumber'd play'd,
Breathing in accents loud or murmurs low
Th' inſtinctive ſtrain of love, th' inviolated vow.

CXIV.

BLONDEL, delighted with the tuneful choir,
The path which led within the wood purſued.
There he reſum'd his pilgrim's meek attire,
And, haſt'ning back, prepar'd with zeal renew'd
T' atchieve the perils of his travel rude.
As thro' Heav'n's arch the ſun aſcended high,
Gilt by it's rays again the tow'r he view'd,
Where fate ordain'd his much-lov'd King to lie.
In mute ſuſpenſe he gaz'd, and heav'd the frequent ſigh.

CXV.

Thus when, from Afric's hapleſs regions torn,
The trembling victim of colonial crimes
To unknown ſcenes of wretchedneſs is borne;
Oft does his mind recur to happier times,
Oft does his fancy trace his native climes,
His parent's tenderneſs, his children's love,
And each fond tie which feeling ſouls ſublimes:
But preſent pangs th' illuſion ſoft remove,
He wakes from dreams of bliſs his tyrant's pow'r to prove.

CXVI.

Acroſs his mind ſuch ſad reflections glanc'd,
As on the tow'r his ling'ring eyes he bent:
Awhile he penſive ſtood, as one entranc'd;
But reaſon ſoon her aid conſoling lent:
With ſtep reſolv'd acroſs the heath he went,
Nor ſtopp'd, 'till, reaching Antwerp's proud domain,
By ceaſeleſs cares and labour nearly ſpent,
He dar'd the perils of the ſea again,
With welcome tidings charg'd to eaſe his country's pain.

END OF BOOK III.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Blondel's ſucceſs being known, the Queen ſummons a Council---Leiceſter is charged with the defence of Normandy---Mortimer, Pembroke, and Blondel are commiſſioned to demand of the Emperor the King's releaſe---Their expedition---They learn that the Princes of the Empire, hearing of Richard's captivity, had compelled the Emperor to call a Diet, for the purpoſe of negociating his releaſe---They arrive at Worms, and have an audience of the Emperor---Belial appears to Henry---Commencement of the Diet---Richard is brought before it---The Emperor ſtates his charges againſt him.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK IV.

I.

WHILE thus BLONDEL with ceaſeleſs ardour wrought,
Againſt domeſtic foes, whoſe fury dread
T' o'erwhelm their too-long harraſs'd country ſought,
Their warlike bands the faithful Barons led.
Far was the ſcourge of deſolation ſpread:
Throughout the land, with wild vindictive ſway,
Their influence dire aſſociate dæmons ſhed,
And, as the rebels march'd in ſtern array,
Their cry portended death, and ruin mark'd their way.

II.

On ev'ry ſide was heard the trump of war:
High in the air unnumber'd banners wav'd,
And ſhew'd their rich emblazonments afar.
The gen'rous ſteed no more his fleet limbs lav'd
In lake or ſtream; the conflict rude he brav'd,
Arch'd his high neck, and ſhook his flowing mane:
The Chanfron rich and Poitrinal engrav'd
Firm and erect he bore; with proud diſdain
He ſcal'd th' impending cliff, or ſcour'd along the plain.

III.

As when, at eve's approach, the Alpine ſwain
Sounds from his deep-ton'd tube th' accuſtom'd lay,
To call his ſtragglers from the graſſy plain,
Th' obedient flock his warning note obey;
No more 'midſt flow'ry meads his lambkins play,
His goats no longer o'er the mountains roam,
Bound o'er the hills and on their ſummits ſtray,
While far beneath them thund'ring torrents foam:
They own their maſter's voice, and ſeek with him their home.

IV.

So, when was heard their Chieftain's welcome call,
With loyal feelings and attachment true
To every caſtle ſtrong and moated hall
The zealous vaſſalry of England flew.
With weapons there ſupplied and armour due,
Each gallant leader train'd his eager band:
Before him as they paſs'd in long review,
He felt with tranſports freſh his heart expand,
Ardour illum'd his eye, and hope his boſom fann'd.

V.

Recruited thus, no more FITZ-PETER check'd
The gen'rous impulſe which his forces warm'd.
He taught the fierce LLEWELLYN to reſpect
The laws of war: where'er his power alarm'd
The tranquil ſeat of innocence unarm'd,
Dauntleſs he ruſh'd the victims weak to ſave.
In ev'ry quarter where the foemen ſwarm'd,
They fled confus'd before his legions brave,
Or fell beneath his ſword, and found an early grave.

VI.

From Trenta's verdant meads, where wav'd aloft
The hoſtile ſtandards with barbaric pride,
As if at England's pow'r they madly ſcoff'd,
He drove the rude invaders; far and wide
Their purple gore the fertile vallies dy'd.
Nor leſs from Luna's ſtream with peerleſs might
He chas'd the caitiffs who her arms defied,
Till, once more gaining Snowdon's craggy height,
They hid their recreant heads, and mourn'd their hapleſs [plight.

VII.

Nor leſs prevail'd the now augmented hoſt
Of brave BRYWERE: the rebel bands he ſought,
And check'd with hand ſevere their daring boaſt.
Vain were the arts by fiends inſidious taught,
And fruitleſs all the ſtratagems they wrought:
From Thames's bank their weaken'd force retir'd.
Where'er with loyalty indignant fraught
He turn'd his courſe, by his example fir'd,
England's bold youth to deeds of hardihood aſpir'd.

VIII.

Yet ſtill on Nottingham's and Windſor's tow'rs
The rebel ſtandards flew. Theſe to inveſt
With unremitting zeal he led his pow'rs,
On ev'ry ſide the harraſs'd foe diſtreſs'd,
And either ſiege with ceaſeleſs ardour preſs'd.
But, tho' oft-times advantages he gain'd,
Still, unſubdued by toil and want of reſt,
His fierce aſſaults the rebel hoſts ſuſtain'd,
And brave, tho' guilty, ſtill his proffer'd terms diſdain'd.

IX.

While thus he worthily employ'd his force,
A Courier, hot with travel, to his tent
With haſte impatient ruſh'd. His panting horſe,
Still ſmarting from the ſpur, by labour ſpent,
And white with foam, confeſs'd his high intent.
He wav'd his hand, and, leaping to the ground,
" Chieftain!" cried he, " by ELINOR I'm ſent,
" Throughout your ranks to ſpread the joyful ſound,
" That royal RICHARD lives, that England's King is [found."

X.

Th' aſſembled croud the welcome tidings hail'd;
Thro' ev'ry rank ſoon ſpread th' exulting cry,
And tranſport wild and extacy prevail'd.
Thus, when in wintry night to ſtubble dry
Their flaming brands induſtrious hinds apply,
O'er the wide champaign far extends the blaze;
The wanton element illumes the ſky,
And, while around it's ſplendour it diſplays,
The diſtant villagers in ſilent wonder gaze.

XI.

Soon as the firſt glad tumult was appeas'd,
BRYWERE exclaim'd, " The tidings which you bring
" Of RICHARD's ſafety I have heard well pleas'd.
" From woe fore-gone redoubled tranſports ſpring.
" Now, in the future triumphs of their King
" Let ev'ry brave and loyal warrior ſhare!
" With ſounds of joy let Heav'n's high concave ring!
" And, while the brazen trumpet rends the air,
" It's blaſt ſhall ſtrike our foes with terror and deſpair!"

XII.

Thus bad the Chief. At once throughout the croud
The martial ſymphony far-pealing broke:
The clarion ſhrill, the trumpet's clangor loud,
The echoing horn, the drum's redoubling ſtroke,
Join'd in exulting chorus to provoke
The grateful hymn of praiſe from every tongue.
It's fervid ſtrain their pious ardour ſpoke;
And ſtill, as roſe the deep-impaſſion'd ſong,
They bleſs'd the pow'r ſupreme, th' avenger of their wrong.

XIII.

While thus the joyful band their thanks expreſs'd,
The Courier to BRYWERE at length explain'd
BLONDEL's long dubious yet ſucceſsful queſt:
How, in diſguiſe, and under ſemblance feign'd,
To dread Trivallis he admiſſion gain'd,
And how, tho' baffled in his firſt eſſay,
He learn'd that there his Monarch was detain'd.
As thus he ſpoke, tears oft would force their way,
And oft a riſing ſigh his feelings would betray.

XIV.

But ſoon as nature's tribute he had paid,
He check'd the fond effuſion of his grief,
And thus the purpoſe of his charge diſplay'd.
" The preſence of each wiſe and loyal chief
" The Queen requires, whoſe counſels ſage and brief
" May ſcan th' important criſis of our fate,
" To ſuff'ring RICHARD may inſure relief,
" Save him from HENRY's unrelenting hate,
" And guard from dangers new our agitated ſtate."

XV.

" The great occaſion prompt reſolve demands,"
Replied BRYWERE; " obedient to her will
" To delegated rule I leave my bands,
" And haſte her high injunction to fulfil.
" CHANDOS! be thine the taſk with warlike ſkill
" To hold beleaguer'd ſtately Windſor's tow'r;
" While AUDLEY brave, and gallant SOMERVILLE.
" Direct our cavalry's reſiſtleſs pow'r
" With active vigilance on ev'ry ſide to ſcour.

XVI.

" SAVILLE, renown'd in war! be thine the care
" To Nottingham, where LACY preſſes cloſe
" The nearly-vanquiſh'd rebels, to repair.
" Tell him, that paſt are ſuff'ring England's woes,
" That once again our King ſhall face his foes.
" With freſhen'd ardour and redoubled zeal
" Let him his engines of attack diſpoſe,
" 'Till, 'midſt their ſhatter'd battlements, they feel
" The vengeance of our arms, and for our mercy kneel."

XVII.

He ſaid; and forthwith, vaulting on his ſteed,
To Windſor's heights he bad a ſhort adieu,
And to the court advanc'd with anxious ſpeed.
Acroſs th' extending plains his courſer flew
Uncheck'd, 'till riſing to his earneſt view
He hail'd the walls of London, ſtretching wide
Her circuit vaſt and princely towers to ſhew,
As, with becoming ſtate and ſeemly pride,
Pre-eminent ſhe roſe, and grac'd old Thames's ſide.

XVIII.

Her ramparts high he ſought not now to gain.
Thro' Charing's hamlet paſs'd, his courſer fleet
Soon brought him to the long-ennobled plain,
Where Weſtminſter diſplay'd her regal ſeat,
Of Saxon monarchs the renown'd retreat.
He croſs'd the portal and the halls in haſte
The Queen and England's puiſſant peers to meet,
Where they the means in ſecret council trac'd
To aid their King condemn'd his hours in woe to waſte.

XIX.

Above the reſt, as well her rank became,
The royal ELINOR preſiding ſat,
Guardian of Albion and of RICHARD'S fame.
On either hand the Peers in order'd ſtate
Grac'd the full board, and held their high debate:
The mitred Prelates, by whoſe counſels ſage
The Queen ſtill rul'd; PEMBROKE in battle great,
LEICESTER, who oft had dar'd the Pagan rage,
And MORTIMER well ſkill'd the doubtful war to wage.

XX.

There too MAULEON held his worthy place,
And GRANVILLE bold, who erſt aſſociate wore
The badge of faith religion's cauſe to grace;
NEVILLE renown'd, and REGINALD who bore
The royal ſtandard on Judæa's ſhore,
FITZ-ALLWYN wiſe, and HENRY of Almaigne,
With HUBERT deeply read in antient lore,
And brave BLONDEL, who late with care and pain
Dar'd for his Sovereign's ſake his foreign toil ſuſtain.

XXI.

Theſe, as BRYWERE approach'd, in thought profound
And ſilence deep which rev'rence meet expreſs'd
Liſten'd, as to the Peers aſſembled round
The gallant LEICESTER his diſcourſe addreſs'd.
Sudden he ſtopp'd, and welcome glad confeſs'd.
BRYWERE return'd his greeting with reſpect,
Then pray'd the Earl no longer to arreſt
His purpos'd counſel, whoſe advice correct
Their judgments might decide, their common voice direct.

XXII.

" Doubtleſs," reſum'd the Earl, " the time demands
" That, with advice aſſur'd and counſels ſage,
" With voice unanimous and willing hands,
" We ſhould in this, our country's cauſe, engage.
" Her ſuff'rings, caus'd by elemental rage,
" By plague, by famine, and her Monarch's woe,
" It well becomes our ſtations to aſſuage.
" Let firm reſolve on wiſdom founded ſhew
" The bleſt effects from zeal and loyalty which flow.

XXIII.

" Nor may we Heav'n's kind providence diſtruſt.
" E'en in the dreadful hour, when traitors baſe
" With rude irruption and pretence unjuſt
" O'er England's boſom dar'd their courſe to trace,
" Our righteous cauſe o'erwhelm'd them with diſgrace.
" Where are their conqueſts now? their triumphs high?
" Driv'n from the field, our arms no more they face,
" No more the combat's bloody iſſue try,
" But vanquiſh'd hide their ſhame, and from our legions fly.

XXIV.

" Our ſhatter'd realm no longer treaſons ſhake;
" No more the jarring ſounds of civic broil
" To deeds of foul import the ſoul awake.
" The further taſk, JOHN's black attempt to foil,
" By thine, BRYWERE! and brave FITZ-PETER's toil
" Is happily advanc'd. It now remains
" To check the foes who Normandy deſpoil,
" To free our Monarch from th' inglorious chains
" In which baſe HENRY's pow'r his war-tried limbs retains.

XXV.

" He hopes, and rightly does he deem I truſt,
" That we, whoſe breaſts with loyalty beat high,
" Our King to reſcue from his graſp unjuſt
" With lib'ral hand his ranſom will ſupply.
" Lives there the wretch who would the means deny
" Of ſaving him on whom the ſtate depends?
" I ſee your ſpirits kindling in each eye,
" The patriot flame thro' ev'ry nerve aſcends,
" New ſtrength to England's realm your gen'rous purpoſe lends.

XXVI.

" While ſome to Holy Rome their courſe purſue,
" Let others to imperial Worms repair.
" In terms appropriate, and with firmneſs due,
" Let them our wrongs and juſt demands declare.
" If HENRY to refuſe redreſs ſhall dare,
" Let them defiance and revenge proclaim,
" And ſhake his ſoul with terror and deſpair.
" Tho' bold in guilt, yet, when convicted, tame,
" The tyrant baſe will crouch at England's awful name.

XXVII.

" Thus, while our firſt great duty we fulfil,
" To ſtem the inroads of our Gallic foe
" Twere fit to name ſome Chief of well-tried ſkill,
" Whoſe ample pow'rs may ward the menac'd blow,
" And in the tented field to PHILIP ſhew
" Our Engliſh valour and untainted zeal.
" Oh Queen! to me this enterprize allow:
" The proud oppreſſor ſoon my force ſhall feel,
" Or death by honour crown'd my loyalty ſhall ſeal."

XXVIII.

Thus ſpake the vet'ran Chief. His counſels ſage,
In ſilence heard, ſank deep in every breaſt.
Thus, when o'erpaſt the rattling tempeſt's rage,
As if with awe and wonder ſtill impreſs'd
In calm repoſe all nature ſeems to reſt;
Mute ev'ry breath, and huſh'd each ruder ſound:
While, from his golden chamber in the weſt,
The ſetting ſun with dazzling radiance crown'd
Sheds his tranſcendent beams, and ſpreads delight around.

XXIX.

Immers'd in thought profound the Peers remain'd;
Each eye up-rais'd enraptur'd ſeem'd t' invoke
Th' Eternal Power who England's realm maintain'd,
When thus the Queen th' aſſembly grave beſpoke.
" Illuſtrious Chiefs! to ward th' impending ſtroke
" Which adverſe fortune levell'd at our ſtate,
" Rightly I judg'd this council to convoke,
" Where you, alike in arms and wiſdom great,
" Might for our country's weal with common voice debate.

XXX.

" Sage your advice I deem. Our Gallic foes,
" Who now o'er Normandy's rich province dare
" Urge their fell hate, let Leiceſter's Earl oppoſe.
" While here, with haſte and unremitting care,
" The means of RICHARD's ranſom we prepare,
" Let MORTIMER, commiſſion'd in our name,
" To bloody HENRY proud defiance bear;
" Let him our wrongs and menac'd wrath proclaim,
" And urge him to redeem his proſtituted fame.

XXXI.

" From Rome's dread Pontiff ſuccour to intreat
" Th' important taſk to HUBERT we aſſign.
" If theſe appointments your concurrence meet,
" Let us, while thus our efforts we combine,
" Implore Heav'n's ſov'reign aid. The Power divine,
" Th' immortal guardian of our favour'd iſle,
" Still to our ſupplications will incline;
" Still on our pious energy will ſmile,
" Confirm our patriot zeal, and ſanctify our toil."

XXXII.

Thus ſpoke th' undaunted Queen. With awe impreſs'd
Th' admiring Peers approv'd her counſels ſage,
When MORTIMER th' aſſembly thus addreſs'd.
" In tented fields tumultuous war to wage,
" To dare in battle's front the foeman's rage,
" My time has been employ'd: I boaſt no ſkill
" In ſtate intrigues with courtiers to engage;
" Yet to my Monarch's cauſe devoted ſtill,
" Behold! I ſtand prepar'd your pleaſure to fulfil.

XXXIII.

" To HENRY's court, as wills the Queen, I go:
" But, rude of ſpeech, I fear my terms uncouth
" In ſoft perſuaſion's ſtream but ill may flow.
" Would PEMBROKE, lov'd companion of my youth,
" And brave BLONDEL, renown'd for loyal truth,
" Join to my hearty zeal their pow'rful aid,
" My path perplex'd their eloquence will ſmooth;
" Well ſhall our country's wrongs be then diſplay'd,
" And England's menac'd wrath in terrors be array'd."

XXXIV.

Thus MORTIMER. In kind and courteous guiſe,
As honour'd by his choice, the warlike pair
Spoke their aſſent to grace his enterpriſe.
And now their arms and followers to prepare,
As well their rank became, employ'd their care.
An hundred bold and vet'ran knights they choſe
To form their ſquadron and their toil to ſhare,
Who oft, in conflict with their Pagan foes,
On Judah's plains had learn'd their fury to oppoſe.

XXXV.

As o'er the Kentiſh plains their way they took,
While their white plumes high wav'd from every creſt,
Their gallant ſteeds, whoſe hoofs the champaign ſhook,
With neighings loud their eagerneſs expreſs'd,
And, as if conſcious of their purpos'd queſt,
Urg'd their fleet courſe, and proudly ſpurn'd the ground.
Towards Dover's port their travel they addreſs'd,
Where ſhelter'd by the cliffs that tower'd around,
In happy hour arriv'd, their ready barks they found.

XXXVI.

Clear was the ſky, and fav'ring was the gale.
The buſy mariners their anchors weigh'd,
And ſtretch'd with dext'rous hand the flowing ſail:
The curling billows round the veſſels play'd,
While, on the top-maſt's giddy height array'd,
Courting the breeze the blood-red pennants flew:
The pilot's ſkill the gliding barks obey'd,
And, as loud caroll'd the obſervant crew,
Old England's white-rob'd coaſts receded from their view.

XXXVII.

Now ſank the ſun beneath the weſtern wave,
While, in calm majeſty, the queen of night
From Heav'n's high arch her ſilv'ry luſtre gave,
Tinging the waters with her radiance white.
The crouded warriors hail'd her welcome light;
And PEMBROKE, as the deck he ſlowly pac'd,
With MORTIMER diſcours'd of many a fight,
And many a combat's varied feats he trac'd,
Where the enſanguin'd croſs by victory had been grac'd.

XXXVIII.

Far from the reſt, immers'd in thought profound
BLONDEL, regardleſs of their converſe, ſat.
He caſt his eyes the tranquil ſcene around,
Recalling all that had occurr'd of late,
When, to inveſtigate his Monarch's fate,
He croſs'd the ſea, and ſought Germania's ſtrand.
Of dread Trivallis and of Auſtria's hate
He mus'd; and much the preſent perils ſcann'd,
Which menac'd his lov'd Lord from ruthleſs HENRY's [hand.

XXXIX.

As with impatience in his mind he turn'd
How his enlargement he might beſt obtain,
His breaſt with hopes and fears alternate burn'd,
With op'ning joy, and oft recurring pain.
Unable now his feelings to reſtrain,
He join'd th' aſſociate Chiefs. In converſe deep
They paſs'd the night, till o'er th' empurpled main
Freſh from the eaſt the morn began to creep,
And the bright ſun thro' Heav'n commenc'd his progreſs [ſteep.

XL.

The crew exulting hail'd his cheerful ray,
And, as their ſails the fav'ring zephyrs ſwell'd,
The nimble barks purſued their deſtin'd way.
Soon the rich coaſts of Flandria they beheld,
Where, charg'd with Europe's wealth, the princely Scheld
His ample tribute to old ocean pours.
O'er his broad ſurface by the gale impell'd,
Well pleas'd they gaz'd upon his fertile ſhores,
Where nature's hand diſplay'd her variegated ſtores.

XLI.

On Antwerp's quay they haſten'd now to land.
Soon, from their toils refreſh'd, the Chieftains drew
In duly order'd rank the gallant band,
And, their high purpoſe anxious to renew,
Urg'd their fleet ſteeds their travel to purſue.
With vig'rous courſe they held their eager queſt;
And now to Flandria's plains they bad adieu,
And o'er Germania's ſpreading regions preſs'd,
While loyalty and zeal inſpir'd each gen'rous breaſt.

XLII.

O'er hill and valley they purſued their way,
Now ſkirting Rhine's broad ſtream, where ſeated high,
In rude ſublimity and wild array,
Unnumber'd caſtles brav'd th' inclement ſky,
Now paſſing o'er the fertile vales which lie
On either bank, with corn and vineyards fair.
As ſtill they journey'd on, they chanc'd deſcry
A troop array'd in habits gay and rare,
Whoſe banners wide unfurl'd wav'd proudly in the air.

XLIII.

On theſe were ſeen the Magi who ador'd
The Babe Divine, who from his heav'nly throne
Deſcending, deign'd ſalvation to afford,
Whoſe humble roof the eaſtern ſtar had ſhewn.
Before the well-arm'd band there rode alone,
With ſtole of white and rochet rich bedeck'd,
The princely Biſhop of far-fam'd Cologne.
His ſilver'd hairs and countenance erect
Announc'd his worth, and claim'd well-merited reſpect.

XLIV.

Gladly the Engliſh knights the prince beheld,
And, to o'ertake him, with augmented haſte
Acroſs the plain their courſers they impell'd.
The prelate, as their near approach he trac'd,
Which ſpoke ſome high intent, more ſlowly pac'd;
But, when their ſtandard he diſtinctly ſaw,
Which the enſanguin'd croſs ſuperbly grac'd,
Emblem of CHRIST, and of CHRIST's holy law,
His heart with joy beat high and reverential awe.

XLV.

" Warriors!" he cried, " by Him whom impious force
" On yonder croſs compell'd erewhile to bleed,
" Whither and whence ye bend your purpos'd courſe,
" And why thus arm'd, I pray ye to aread."
" Urg'd by a baſe and moſt unknightly deed,"
Cried PEMBROKE, " and our captive King to aid,
" Towards HENRY's court from England we proceed.
" Too long the tyrant has his power diſplay'd,
" Too long has mourn'd our Prince by treach'ry foul be-
[tray'd.

XLVI.

" In me," and as he ſpake his helm he rais'd,
" PEMBROKE, your friend and comrade lov'd behold;
" Yon puiſſant knight, in armour black encas'd,
" Is MORTIMER, in many a fight grown old,
" And he, with ſcarf of green, BLONDEL the bold."
Forthwith the Prince, his friend rememb'ring well,
Stretch'd forth his arms, and much rejoic'd t' infold
His brave compeer, while tears of tranſport fell,
As mutually they ſought of paſt events to tell.

XLVII.

" Well pleas'd, illuſtrious knights!" the Prelate cried,
" The purpoſe of your miſſion I have heard.
" Tho' HENRY may attempt his guilt to hide,
" Your King's releaſe no more ſhall be deferr'd.
" Germania's potentates their faulchions gird;
" Moguntia's Prince, of Cleves the potent Earl,
" Saxonia's Duke, and Brunſwick's Chief rever'd,
" Their banners high indignantly unfurl,
" And 'gainſt the tyrant baſe their joint defiance hurl.

XLVIII.

" For, tho' with watchful care and jealous heed
" Henry his pris'ner's ſtate forlorn conceal'd,
" At length the hateful and unknightly deed
" By Heav'n's immediate guidance was reveal'd.
" Auſtria's ſtern Duke, whoſe heart by vengeance ſteel'd
" Detain'd the gallant Prince in harſh dureſs,
" Compell'd to ſickneſs and to pain to yield,
" Obey'd the voice, which urg'd him to confeſs
" His guilt, and when too late contrition to expreſs.

XLIX.

" Forthwith Germania's peers, in numbers ſtrong,
" Call'd on their Chief the cauſes to aſſign
" Which led him thus your injur'd King to wrong.
" With them my warmeſt efforts I combine;
" And haſten now at Worms their bands to join,
" Where in the Diet, with to-morrow's light,
" We mean to proſecute our great deſign.
" I little need your ardour to incite,
" Or urge you in the taſk your efforts to unite."

L.

Th' attentive warriors his diſcourſe approv'd,
And, ſtill the means diſcuſſing how they beſt
Might eaſe the ſuff'rings of their King belov'd,
Heedleſs of toil, and negligent of reſt,
Their vig'rous ſteeds inceſſantly they preſs'd,
'Till to th' imperial ramparts they drew nigh,
What time the ſetting ſun approach'd the weſt,
And miſty clouds acroſs th' encrimſon'd ſky,
Betok'ning night's approach, in varied forms 'gan fly.

LI.

" Here," ſaid the Prince, "awhile, brave knights! remain:
" 'Twere right ſome fitting meſſenger to ſend,
" An audience from the monarch to obtain;
" While I prepare, with many a gen'rous friend,
" Such aid as beſt may ſuit your views to lend.
" Well pleas'd will they your worth diſtinguiſh'd greet,
" And gladly will they on your ſteps attend,
" When with the proud oppreſſor firſt ye meet,
" Of England's juſt complaint and RICHARD's wrongs to [treat."

LII.

Thus ſaying, to the gate his courſe he bent,
While BASSET, by the chieftains charg'd to bear
Notice of their approach and high intent,
To HENRY's preſence haſten'd to repair.
Meantime, the warriors, with becoming care,
Diſcuſs'd the points which Cologne's Prince had told,
And ſought the means moſt aptly to declare
The hoſtile purport of their miſſion bold,
Should ſtill injurious force complete redreſs withhold.

LIII.

Their gen'rous boſoms burn'd with loyal flame,
And proud defiance ſat on every brow,
When from the gate forth iſſuing BASSET came.
Approaching near, he bent with rev'rence low,
Then thus began: " Illuſtrious chieftains! know
" Imperial HENRY charges me to ſay,
" He waits with much impatience, 'till you ſhew
" Why to his preſence thus you take your way,
" And why your ſtandards wave in menacing array."

LIV.

His words indignantly the Chiefs receiv'd,
Suſpecting that with machinations new
The treaſons, which he foully had atchiev'd,
He purpos'd ſtill unfated to purſue.
Yet ſtay'd they not their courſe: in order due
Through the throng'd town they gallantly advanc'd.
When to the royal palace near they drew,
O'er its wide front their eyes admiring glanc'd,
Where the materials rich the workman's ſkill enhanc'd.

LV.

As from their foaming ſteeds the chiefs deſcend,
The courtly heralds haſt'ning from the gate,
Upon their ſteps obediently attend,
'Till to the hall they came, where thron'd in ſtate,
Expecting their approach, the Emp'ror ſat,
And round him, forming an auguſt divan,
Aſſembled Princes ſtood his will t' await.
Throughout their ranks approving murmurs ran,
When, ſtretching forth his hand, thus brave BLONDEL be-
[gan.

LVI.

" Charg'd by the powers, who now of Albion's land
" The watchful cares of government ſuſtain,
" Before this preſence dignified we ſtand,
" To ſtate our wrongs, and juſtice to obtain.
" Our cauſe is good, nor can our ſuit be vain:
" For, tho' oppreſſion may awhile diſplay
" Her impious force, and honour foully ſtain,
" Immortal truth will vindicate her ſway,
" And guilt's receſſes dark illumine with her ray.

LVII.

" By us our country ſpeaks: in England's name,
" Her Monarch's freedom from injurious thrall,
" And full redreſs from thee we boldly claim.
" If, deaf to conſcience, you reject our call,
" Think on the woes, which may thy ſtate befal
" From England's arms and congregated pow'r:
" Let her denounc'd revenge thy ſoul appal;
" And timely deprecate the fearful hour,
" When for her injur'd King her vengeance ſhe ſhall ſhow'r."

LVIII.

" Free welcome, Chiefs!" replied the Prince, " receive:
" Yet, while your preſence dignifies my court,
" You muſt allow me, noble Sirs! to grieve,
" That, truſting to a vague and falſe report,
" A charge of deep and horrible import,
" Moſt foreign to my ſoul, you raſhly bring.
" Thus does ſuſpicion ſtill the truth diſtort;
" Thus calumny expands her treach'rous wing,
" On unſuſpecting worth her venom'd darts to fling.

LIX.

" You talk of guilt, and of your Monarch's wrong.
" Tho' confident your terms, yet I reſpect
" The rights which to your character belong,
" And, tho' miſus'd, your perſons will protect.
" Thus ſtands the truth. When, in Dalmatia wreck'd,
" Your warlike King by Auſtria's Duke was ſeiz'd,
" I deem'd it wrong th' occaſion to neglect,
" Which offer'd vengeance for my friend deceas'd,
" For moſt unknightly deeds, and crimes yet unappeas'd."

LX.

As from his eye keen indignation flaſh'd,
And anger ting'd his cheek with vivid hues,
To earth ſtern MORTIMER his gauntlet daſh'd:
" Thy proofs," he cried, " I dare thee to produce!
" It ill becomes thee baſely thus to uſe
" The Chriſtian champion, who, when paltry fear
" Urg'd thee thy foul omiſſion to excuſe,
" Dar'd on Judæa's ſhores the croſs to bear,
" And from the Pagan foe his trophies proud to tear."

LXI.

" When on the hoary front time's with'ring hand,"
HENRY replied, " has ſtrew'd the marks of age,
" We might expect to meet with ſelf-command,
" With courteous bearing, and reflection ſage,
" Whoſe ſteady calmneſs might attemper rage,
" And check the rebel paſſions as they riſe.
" I mean not, Chieftain! wordy war to wage:
" When in ſmall compaſs the diſcuſſion lies,
" Unſeemly warmth the want of argument implies.

LXII.

" 'Tis true, your Monarch in my pow'r I hold;
" And, did th' occaſion ſuit the cauſe t' explain,
" Eaſy it were with reaſons manifold
" The juſtice of my conduct to maintain.
" But ſuch details would now be made in vain:
" For know, brave Knights! ere to my court you came,
" I pledg'd my word to yonder princely train,
" That they, appreciating your Sov'reign's blame,
" Should on his guilt pronounce or juſtify his fame.

LXIII.

" To-morrow's ſun will view th' aſſembly meet.
" Then to Germania's chiefs my charges grave,
" Detail'd and full, I purpoſe to repeat.
" Then ſhall your Monarch free admiſſion have,
" To plead his cauſe, his high renown to ſave,
" And from imputed wrongs himſelf to clear.
" There too your preſence equally I crave,
" That you the ſolemn argument may hear,
" And of the Diet's voice a juſt report may bear."

LXIV.

While with ambiguous phraſe the tyrant ſpoke,
And half the truth diſclos'd and half conceal'd,
From the ſurrounding Peers a murmur broke,
Which indignation ill repreſs'd reveal'd.
Thus, fable ſays, beneath Phlegrëa's field,
When earth's impriſon'd ſons with giant force
Attempt t' eſcape and arms again to wield,
While rocks on rocks impos'd forbid their courſe,
Far thro' the caverns deep reſound their threat'nings hoarſe.

LXV.

Again to ſpeak bold MORTIMER eſſay'd;
But PEMBROKE, who a quick advantage ſpied
From HENRY's craft, prevented him, and ſaid,
" Whether to truth or falſehood be allied
" Thy ſpecious plea, we need not now decide.
" We hold thee pledg'd the cauſes to detail
" Why to our King enlargement is denied:
" The Diet's judgement will remove the veil
" Which treach'ry foul has weav'd, and juſtice will prevail.

LXVI.

" HENRY! farewell; we confidently count
" To-morrow here our injur'd King ſhall ſtand:
" Then, when his ſuff'rings to their full amount
" Shall be recorded, and his virtues ſcann'd,
" Expect us to renew our juſt demand."
He ceas'd. The Princes courteouſly aroſe,
And led the Chieftains to rejoin their band;
For now departing day had reach'd its cloſe,
And ſleep from mortals claim'd his tribute of repoſe.

LXVII.

Her ſilent reign now ſolemn midnight held,
And from her poppies ſoft oblivion ſhed,
As high her cloudy chariot ſhe impell'd,
And deep her ſhadows o'er th' horizon ſpread.
The conſcious tyrant on his lofty bed
Alone partook not of the gen'ral reſt:
From his ſtill wakeful eye-lids ſlumber fled,
While ſtrong conflicting paſſions tore his breaſt,
And ſhame, revenge and fear his lab'ring mind oppreſs'd.

LXVIII.

Vainly to court her foſt'ring aid he tried;
But ſhe, tho' oft invok'd, her calm repoſe
To his ſtill agitated ſoul denied.
Thro' the deep gloom ideal phantoms roſe,
And flitting forms, as if denouncing woes,
Quick gliding by his couch terrific paſs'd,
And groans were heard, and agonizing throes.
Starting, around his eager eyes he caſt
To trace their courſe obſcene, then ſank with dread aghaſt.

LXIX.

A clammy ſweat his trembling limbs bedew'd,
And wide diverging ſtood his briſtling hair,
While conſcience her appalling charge renew'd,
Shook her keen whip, and urg'd him to deſpair.
With horror ſtruck, he would have breath'd a prayer:
But ere his tongue the impulſe new obey'd,
He heard the ſound of pinions thro' the air,
And ſtraightway at his ſide appear'd a Shade,
Of outline undefin'd, as if in clouds array'd.

LXX.

It ſeem'd as though reſembling human form,
Of ſize gigantic and imperial mien,
Black and confus'd, as when thro' wintry ſtorm
A mountain vaſt in miſt obſcure is ſeen,
When brooding tempeſts robe it's ſummits green,
And o'er it's brow contending meteors play.
From what appear'd it's head flaſh'd light'nings keen,
Caſting around a blue ſulphureous ray,
Which fill'd the tyrant's ſoul with terror and diſmay.

LXXI.

Waving what ſhew'd a hand, around him broke
In fearful chorus thunders loud and deep,
While thus with accents harſh the viſion ſpoke.
" HENRY! attend---from thoſe receſſes ſteep,
" Where Heav'n's eternal foes their ſtation keep,
" LO! BELIAL comes. While now my leader's foes
" Expect the harveſt of their toils to reap,
" And RICHARD's thraldom fondly hope to cloſe,
" Mark my beheſt, and learn their efforts to oppoſe.

LXXII.

" Let others for the ſubſtance ſhadows claſp!
" But let more certain joys thy ſoul invite
" A preſent good and triumphs ſure to graſp.
" Enjoy the vaſt ineffable delight,
" To cruſh thy rival, his renown to blight,
" To blaſt his glories with eternal ſhame.
" If ought there need thy vengeance to excite,
" Compare with thine his far-extending fame,
" Till thy vex'd boſom own the agitating flame.

LXXIII.

" What if, on ſome remote and hoſtile ſtrand,
" Far from thy throne, and from thine empire torn,
" Fate had condemn'd thee to a tyrant's hand?
" Would not thy mind reſentment deep have borne?
" Would not remembrance' ſharp and goading thorn
" Have urg'd thee to a retribution ſtrong?
" Could'ſt thou forgive the ſtern oppreſſor's ſcorn,
" Or check, when able to revenge thy wrong,
" Thy rage matur'd by pains, and nurs'd by ſuff'rings long?

LXXIV.

" Think then, if RICHARD ſhould his throne regain,
" Should he once more o'er England's pow'rful ſtate,
" Grac'd by renown, and fluſh'd with conqueſt reign,
" Think on the ills which may thyſelf await.
" Conſult thy heart to eſtimate his hate.
" If that ſhall warn thee of expected harm,
" Prevent thy ruin ere it be too late:
" Let not unfounded hopes ſuſpicion charm,
" Tempt thee to yield thy prey, thy fury to diſarm.

LXXV.

" Immortal Powers with thee their efforts join,
" And me, their active miniſter, they ſend
" To aid thy cauſe and proſper thy deſign,
" Still on thy ſteps with watchful care t' attend,
" Still thy vindictive meaſures to befriend,
" And for to-morrow's proof thy ſoul to ſteel.
" Then o'er thee ſhall my fav'ring wings extend;
" I will inſtruct thee with the Peers to deal,
" And ſkilfully the truth in myſtery to conceal.

LXXVI.

" Then with a firmneſs which becomes thy pride,
" Arouſe thee, Prince! th' expecting Chiefs to meet,
" And on thy victim's fortunes to decide.
" Think how immenſe the prize, revenge how ſweet:
" Still more reflect, that now there's no retreat
" From inſtant judgment but ſubmiſſion baſe.
" Firſt weigh the horrors which attend defeat,
" Then let thy fancy all the triumphs trace,
" Which, when thy rival falls, thy victor brows ſhall grace."

LXXVII.

No more he added. Trembling and amaz'd
The Prince in breathleſs agony remain'd,
As on the phantom eagerly he gaz'd.
It vaniſh'd, and again deep ſilence reign'd.
HENRY ere long his fortitude regain'd;
And, confident of more than mortal aid,
By neither pity nor remorſe reſtrain'd,
The dictates of th' imperious fiend obey'd,
While in new falſhoods cloath'd, his charges he array'd.

LXXVIII.

The ploughman harneſs'd now his luſty team,
And ſlowly o'er the glebe purſued his way;
Now from th' horizon glanc'd the morn's grey beam,
And o'er repoſing nature ſhot it's ray;
The early lark, her homage glad to pay,
Caroll'd her hymn, and, pois'd on outſpread wing,
Hail'd the reſplendent harbinger of day,
Who gaily roſe, charg'd by high Heav'n to bring
To ſuff'ring England joy and freedom to her King.

LXXIX.

Scarcely as yet his emanations bright
Had ting'd the lofty tow'rs of Worms with gold,
And ſcarcely yet, arous'd from ſlumbers light,
Her gates the careful warders 'gan t' unfold
When from their couches ſprang the Chieftains bold.
With gen'rous zeal their patriot boſoms beat,
And much they yearn'd their Sov'reign to behold,
As on they paſs'd Germania's Peers to meet,
Who now aſſembled ſtood their wiſh'd approach to greet.

LXXX.

One common purpoſe fill'd each gallant heart;
With ardour emulous and feelings high
Each ſought his aid and counſel to impart.
But brief their converſe: ſoon the trumpet's cry,
With piercing note re-echoing to the ſky,
Announc'd th' imperial preſence, and aloud
Proclaim'd that now th' eventful hour was nigh.
The Chieftains heard, and thro' th' admiring croud
Advanc'd in ſplendid rank and with demeanour proud.

LXXXI.

Before the palace, in well order'd ſtate
And long-protracted line, the guard was plac'd,
The Princes of the empire to await:
Their war-tried limbs in armour were encas'd,
And helms with plumes ſurcharg'd their temples grac'd.
With decent awe their enſigns to the ground
Graceful they lower'd as on the Chieftains paſs'd,
While from their brazen tubes th' martial ſound
Symphonious roſe and ſpread rich harmony around.

LXXXII.

Now op'd the maſſive portals, to diſcloſe
The vaulted hall, where, beneath arches wide,
Seats after ſeats high elevated roſe,
And grac'd with lengthen'd rank each ſpacious ſide.
Above the reſt, with purple ſplendour dy'd,
O'er-canopied was ſeen th' imperial throne,
Bedeck'd with laviſh pomp and gaudy pride;
Enchas'd in gold, full many a precious ſtone
Reſplendent beam'd, and far with dazzling luſtre ſhone.

LXXXIII.

The Peers aroſe the Chieftains to ſalute,
But ſoon their ſtations re-aſſum'd, impreſs'd
With deep ſuſpenſe and expectation mute,
While angry glances from each eye confeſs'd
The feelings ſtrong which throbb'd in ev'ry breaſt.
HENRY, who his intended wrong to cloak
His face in counterfeited ſmiles had dreſs'd,
With hand outſtretch'd attention now beſpoke,
And thus with ſtudied phraſe the general ſilence broke.

LXXXIV.

" No common topics now your doom abide;
" No partial int'reſts your decrees demand.
" Convok'd the fate of empires to decide,
" Before your bar a captive King will ſtand,
" Whoſe warlike fame thro' Judah's diſtant land
" Renown has grac'd with eulogy ſublime.
" Me, all averſe, imperious calls command
" To charge this Monarch, once our Europe's prime,
" With many a foul offence and moſt unknightly crime.

LXXXV.

" Fain would I ſhun the taſk I now fulfil:
" Yet honour's voice and duties ſtrict compel
" With influence potent my reluctant will
" On guilt preſum'd and recreant deeds to dwell.
" Should he my weighty charges anſwer well,
" My ſuffrage, Princes! ſhall with your's unite:
" But ſhould ſtrong proof your judgment ſure impel
" His varniſh'd and untrue defence to ſlight,
" On his attainted head let vengeance ſtern alight."

LXXXVI.

He ceas'd. Forthwith the gates wide-op'ning flew.
All gaz'd, when, with an awe-commanding air,
The martial King advancing met their view.
His pallid cheek denoted paſt-gone care,
And unconfin'd his flowing auburn hair
With many a ringlet looſe his temples crown'd:
Erect he ſtood, as if his foes to dare;
And, as with conſcious majeſty around
His piercing eyes he caſt, indignantly he frown'd.

LXXXVII.

As when, purſuing her accuſtom'd way,
The paſſing moon obſcures the orb of light,
And hides with mantle dark his noon-tide ray,
The ſad Peruvian on Pichinca's height,
Mourns his great parent overwhelm'd in night;
But, ſoon as 'gins retire th' invader dread,
With wild acclaim he hails the victor bright,
Exulting marks his beams reviving ſpread,
Renew the day, and round ætherial ſplendour ſhed.

LXXXVIII.

Such was the feeling of each gallant Chief,
When firſt the Champion of the Croſs they view'd,
Still great in woe, ſtill dignified in grief,
And ſtill by adverſe fortune unſubdued.
The Tyrant now aroſe. His boſom rude
The cordial power of pity ne'er confeſs'd:
But, with a look which hate vindictive ſhew'd,
And geſture fierce which kindling rage expreſs'd,
Thus with imperious tone th' aſſembly he addreſs'd.

LXXXIX.

" At length, moſt noble Peers! the hour is come,
" When England's King, whom groſs offences ſtain,
" Before your bar auguſt awaits his doom.
" To lend awhile your calm attention deign,
" When of high crimes and treaſons I arraign
" Yon recreant Prince. With confidence I aſk,
" And truſt your patient hearing to obtain,
" While briefly I perform my painful taſk,
" To tear from guilt's baſe front her hypocritic maſk.

XC.

" Let not his valour or his warlike fame
" Your judgments to undue compaſſion lead:
" 'Tho' paſt deſerts may your indulgence claim,
" Yet juſtice ſtill with greater force ſhould plead.
" When thus to ſtate my charges I proceed,
" On your impartial verdict I rely.
" Religion's rights for vengeance intercede,
" Inſulted monarchs for redreſs apply,
" And to high Heav'n aſcends my murder'd kinſman's cry!

XCI.

" Firſt then, of treaſon RICHARD I accuſe,
" In that, regardleſs of my ſov'reign right,
" By ſpecious arts and ſcandalous abuſe
" He aided TANCRED my juſt hopes to blight.
" From me that traitor, on pretences light,
" Apulia's throne and Sicily withheld,
" Mock'd at my vengeance, and diſdain'd my might;
" Yet would my pow'r his duty have compell'd,
" Had not the Engliſh Prince his arrogance upheld.

XCII.

" On him, who ſolemn faith and ſervice ſwore,
" I unſuſpecting my reliance plac'd,
" And look'd that he my kingdoms would reſtore:
" But little gueſs'd I, that, by fraud debas'd,
" By int'reſt warp'd, and by deceit diſgrac'd,
" My falſe ally my deadly foe had join'd!
" Too late his foul contrivances I trac'd,
" When my fair claim reluctant I reſign'd,
" And yielded to their force and armament combin'd.

XCIII.

" Next I accuſe him, that, inflam'd with pride,
" And prompted by ambition unreſtrain'd,
" He dar'd his hoſtile bands tow'rds Cyprus guide.
" The iſle to royal ISAAC appertain'd:
" There my ally and noble kinſman reign'd,
" Not leſs for courteſy, than arms renown'd,
" 'Till, with invaſion rude and purpoſe feign'd,
" Occaſion fit the faithleſs RICHARD found,
" To ſpoil his peaceful realm, and ſpread diſmay around.

XCIV.

" Forgetful of the ſacred badge he wore,
" The Chriſtian cauſe to ſuccour he delay'd,
" To glut his fury on a Chriſtian ſhore.
" The Iſle he ſeiz'd: it's Prince a captive made,
" And, as if bent the purple to degrade,
" Th' imperial Chief in bonds he dar'd to hold,
" And from his coaſts inſultingly convey'd.
" Since when, induc'd by ſordid thirſt of gold,
" His ill-acquir'd domain to ſtrangers he has ſold.

XCV.

" Such were the proud exploits of England's Chief,
" When to Judæa's too-long ſuff'ring ſtrand
" With ſimulated zeal he bore relief.
" Mark now, how well he uſed his high command,
" When, by th' inſidious projects he had plann'd,
" The guidance of their armaments he gain'd.
" He rul'd the Chieftains with an iron hand,
" Slighted their counſels, their advice diſdain'd,
" And with oppreſſion ſtrange his tyranny maintain'd.

XCVI.

" I mean not, Princes! to narrate at large
" The crimes which each cruſader bold muſt know:
" But one unknightly deed I needs muſt charge.
" At Aſcalon, contempt and hate to ſhew,
" Into the mote obſcene he dar'd to throw
" The flag of Auſtria's Duke, his arms defac'd,
" And---can I ſpeak ſuch horrors!---with a blow
" His matchleſs worth and high renown diſgrac'd,
" And from the rampart's height the vet'ran warrior chas'd.

XCVII.

" To your own hearts I boldly make appeal.
" The foul indignity each gen'rous peer
" With ſympathetic energy muſt feel.
" If ſov'reign rights and honour ye revere,
" Unite the much wrong'd Auſtria's fame to clear,
" And from reproach his mem'ry to releaſe!
" Oh! to yon bright and empyrean ſphere
" May fav'ring Seraphs mounting in the breeze
" Your high reſolve convey his ſpirit to appeaſe!

XCVIII.

" On crimes like theſe 'tis irkſome to enlarge:
" Still more unwillingly I now commence
" Yet graver guilt on England's King to charge.
" Bound as he was ſtrict juſtice to diſpenſe
" To all who join'd their forces in defence
" Of Paleſtine oppreſs'd by foemen rude,
" On ſlight occaſion, and on weak pretence
" With brave MONTFERRAT he diſpute renew'd,
" And with unceaſing hate the valiant Chief purſued.

XCIX.

" Princes! to you his excellence was known,
" His martial proweſs, and his virtues high!
" Dear to my blood, and neareſt to my throne,
" Oft for his hapleſs fate I've heav'd a ſigh,
" Oft has the tear of anguiſh fill'd my eye.
" Oh ſainted hero! from th' angelic choir,
" Where far beyond the azure-tinted ſky
" Thou reign'ſt with cherubim, my voice inſpire
" With force proportionate and more than human fire.

C.

" Much injur'd youth! nor worth, nor actions brave,
" Nor high renown in many a combat gain'd,
" Thy valued life from treach'rous guilt could ſave!
" Know, Princes! when at Acre he remain'd,
" Amid the Aſiatic hills there reign'd,
" In ſtate barbaric and ſecluded pride,
" A ſavage Chief, by many a murder ſtain'd:
" All foreign force his rocks abrupt defied,
" While o'er the neighb'ring realms he ſpread deſtruction [wide.

CI.

" The Antient of the Mountain is he call'd:
" Aſſaſſins fierce his bloody throne ſurround,
" Who, as he orders, bold and unappall'd,
" Their votive boſoms ſcruple not to wound,
" Or from ſome craggy ſummit to the ground
" With force precipitous themſelves to throw.
" Thus ſuperſtition could their ſouls confound,
" And thus perverted loyalty could ſhew
" Exceſſes great as thoſe from anarchy which flow.

CII.

" When, by reſentment urg'd or mov'd by hate,
" He ſought ſome rival Chieftain to moleſt,
" Forth ruſh'd his deadly miniſters of fate.
" Remorſeleſs fury ſteel'd each rugged breaſt;
" Diſdaining perils, negligent of reſt,
" With fix'd reſolve their purpoſe they purſued,
" Nor ceas'd their foul enthuſiaſtic queſt,
" 'Till o'er their victim's proſtrate corſe they ſtood,
" And ſtamp'd their tyrant's law in characters of blood.

CIII.

" Such was the rule of this inhuman Prince,
" And thus his ſlaves, ſubſervient to his will,
" Aſpir'd their mad attachment to evince,
" Ruſh'd from his mount his mandates to fulfil,
" And dar'd the blood of Chriſtian Chiefs to ſpill.
" Could England's King with theſe himſelf connect?
" Commander of the Chriſtian armies ſtill,
" Obſerve the watchful care, the zeal correct,
" With which th' aſſociate bands he labour'd to protect!

CIV.

" My fault'ring tongue can ſcarce complete its taſk,
" Scarce can my ſad and wounded ſpirit tell
" The truths which juſtice and affection aſk.
" But, though unwillingly I yet compel
" Your minds on deeds ſo horrible to dwell,
" Imperious truth commands me to proclaim,
" That, prompted foully by the powers of Hell,
" RICHARD, forgetful of his priſtine fame,
" Join'd with th' Aſſaſſin Prince in bonds of guilt and [ſhame.

CV.

" Oh fatal union! oh tranſcendent guilt!
" On the rever'd and conſecrated coaſt
" Where for loſt man our Saviour's blood was ſpilt,
" Behold the leader of the Chriſtian hoſt,
" To virtue, decency, religion loſt,
" With Heav'n's remorſeleſs foe confed'rate ſtand!
" Forgetful of his high and vaunting boaſt,
" With him myſterious ſtratagems he plann'd,
" And urg'd, where malice led, his deadly-working hand.

CVI.

" Soon were the fruits of their alliance known.
" CONRAD's deſert, in many a perilous fight
" And many a harſh encounter bravely ſhewn,
" They baſely fought with murder to requite.
" When deep were ſpread the ſhades obſcene of night,
" Their treach'rous daggers drank his princely gore!
" To realms above his ſpirit wing'd it's flight,
" And, torn from us, who ſtill his loſs deplore,
" Moſt damning proofs of guilt to Heav'n's tribunal bore!

CVII.

" On him, my honour'd heir, my kinſman dear,
" Forgive, illuſtrious Peers! if I beſtow
" The heart-felt tribute of a falling tear!
" Oh! that with this ſad narrative of woe
" My taſk might end! alas! I ſtill muſt ſhew
" How England's Prince, in dark alliance join'd
" With Europe's bitt'reſt and moſt ſavage foe,
" In guilt aſſociate, and to honour blind,
" To ſtamp the Chriſtian cauſe with infamy combin'd.

CVIII.

" When CONRAD thus by treaſon ſtruck expir'd,
" Againſt the life of him whoſe pow'rful hand
" The Gallic ſceptre ſway'd they next conſpir'd.
" Their baſe attempt atrociouſly they plann'd,
" While bravely combating on Judah's ſtrand
" The King engag'd in many a conflict rude,
" And led to victory his intrepid band.
" Foil'd in their firſt eſſay, they ſoon renew'd
" Their plan accurs'd, and him with bloody zeal purſued.

CIX.

" Tho' by allegiance to preſerve him bound,
" His Sov'reign's foul deſtruction RICHARD wrought.
" When, grac'd with triumphs and with glory crown'd,
" His native ſhores again the Monarch ſought,
" Aſſaſſins dire, with vengeful fury fraught,
" Still on his progreſs perſever'd to wait.
" But Heav'n their treaſons to confuſion brought,
" Oppos'd its ſhield to ward the ſtroke of fate,
" And ſav'd from menac'd death the pride of Gallia's ſtate.

CX.

" Think not that on preſumptions ill defin'd
" I charge yon captive, or on ſlight pretence.
" This as his reaſon Gallia's King aſſign'd,
" That now, compell'd to arm in ſelf-defence,
" Againſt the Norman ſtate his force immenſe
" To vindicate his injur'd rights he leads.
" No ſtudied phraſe, no laviſh eloquence,
" That Monarch's provocation ſurely needs:
" Beyond the pomp of words moſt forcibly it pleads.

CXI.

" Now your attention to a crime I call,
" With unheard guilt and tenfold horrors dy'd,
" Which ev'ry Chriſtian boſom muſt appal.
" In vain the rage of Pagans you defied,
" Vain was your toil your gallant bands to guide
" Thro' ſcenes of blood to glory and to fame!
" Fruitleſs indeed and impotent your pride!
" The boaſtful RICHARD crowns your worth with ſhame,
" And leagues with SALADIN to ſtigmatize your name!

CXII.

" Ye holy plains! where for a guilty world
" A willing ſacrifice our LORD expir'd,
" Where oft the Chriſtian potentates unfurl'd
" Their banners high, and, with pure ardour fir'd,
" By deeds of worth to heav'nly bliſs aſpir'd!
" Ye walls! immortaliz'd in ſacred ſong,
" Where prophets ſpake, where hymn'd the bard inſpir'd!
" Loud as your griefs, and as your inſults ſtrong,
" Proclaim your fate ſevere, your aggravated wrong!

CXIII.

" When Europe ſtruggled to redeem your loſs,
" In the great enterpriſe he frontleſs join'd;
" With hypocritic zeal aſſum'd the croſs,
" And dar'd with vows prophan'd his ſoul to bind.
" Then, even then, with SALADIN he ſign'd
" A truce, by which the Chriſtian arms he foil'd,
" Abandon'd Heav'n, Jeruſalem reſign'd,
" Blaſted the high renown for which we toil'd,
" And left Judæa's ſhores degraded and deſpoil'd!

CXIV.

" Princes! to you the pris'ner's fate I leave,
" And with due def'rence your decree await.
" If for MONTFERRAT foully ſlain you grieve,
" If for my wrongs, and thoſe of ISAAC's ſtate,
" For Auſtria's honour, for Religion's fate,
" And PHILIP's juſt complaint, your hearts expand,
" Let judgment ſtern ſucceed your wife debate!
" So ſhall your fame on laſting record ſtand,
" And injur'd Heav'n appeas'd again ſhall bleſs our land!"

CXV.

Thus with indignant air and accents high
The Tyrant ſought his foul deſign to cloak,
While with extended arms and uprais'd eye
He ſeem'd eternal vengeance to invoke.
Silent the Chieftains ſat: no murmur broke
The deep attention which engag'd each breaſt,
As RICHARD, with a look which ſcorn beſpoke,
And mien compos'd which fortitude expreſs'd,
Thus with impreſſive voice th' aſſembled Peers addreſs'd.

END OF BOOK IV.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Richard commences his Defence---He ſtates the origin of the Cruſade---his league with Philip---his expedition to Meſſina, and tranſactions there---his progreſs to Cyprus---and his conqueſt of that Iſland.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK V.

I.

'AMID th' afflictions of my fate ſevere,
' In this my ſpirit conſolation knows,
' That here, illuſtrious Princes! I appear.
' The ſport of fate and of inſulting foes,
' Long have I ſtruggled with augmenting woes,
' And ſadly told the melancholy hour.
' Now on your truth and juſtice I repoſe:
' No more oppreſſion and tyrannic pow'r
' On innocence oppreſs'd indignities ſhall ſhow'r.

II.

' Soldier of CHRIST, when to Judæa's coaſt
' With lively faith and confidence I led
' T' avenge his cauſe my conſecrated hoſt,
' I look'd for perils and reverſes dread.
' There, while the Saracenic legions fled,
' The labours of my ſuff'ring friends I ſhar'd,
' With them I triumph'd and with them I bled:
' When honour call'd, impending fate I dar'd,
' Nor e'er in adverſe hour of Heav'n's ſupport deſpair'd.

III.

'But ſtill, rememb'ring man's condition frail,
'When moſt ſucceſsful, then I chiefly ſtrove,
'Leſt pride o'erweening ſhould my ſoul aſſail.
'Oft as I ponder'd on my SAVIOUR's love,
'From him I learn'd with conſtancy to prove
'Whate'er of ill might on my courſe await,
'To bow with def'rence to the Pow'r above,
'Whoſe will almighty regulates our fate,
'And guides with preſcience juſt our variegated ſtate.

IV.

'Yet little deem'd I, that misfortune's hand
'Should e'er ſo low my dignity reduce,
'That here debas'd and menac'd I ſhould ſtand;
'That thus, with licence wild and foul abuſe,
'Yon recreant tyrant ſhould my worth traduce,
'Blaſt my deſerts, and vilify my fame!
'Illuſtrious Chiefs! a warrior's warmth excuſe:
'Your patience lend, while thus with gen'rous ſhame
'The falſehoods of his charge atrocious I proclaim.

V.

'With full reply his venom'd ſpeech to meet,
'I look to your indulgence for ſupport.
'When with unbluſhing front he dares repeat
'Each idle calumny, each vague report,
'By envy fabricated to diſtort
'The glory which he ever fear'd to ſeek,
'Needs muſt I to a chain of facts reſort,
'Which to your hearts will ſtrong conviction ſpeak,
'Prove his aſſertions falſe, his labour'd comments weak.

VI.

'Thus then, as ſuits a Soldier and a King,
'My plain unvarniſh'd ſtory I commence.
'I need not to your recollection bring,
'How SALADIN, with inſolent pretence
'Of aggravated wrongs and high offence,
'His barbarous force againſt Judæa led,
'Or how, permitted vengeance to diſpenſe,
'Throughout her coaſts he deſolation ſpread,
'While from his conq'ring arm our Chriſtian warriors fled.

VII.

'To Europe ſoon th' unwelcome rumour came,
'And now to all the Chriſtian world was known
'How SALADIN had triumph'd in our ſhame.
'The plains where TANCRED erſt had gain'd renown,
'Where GODFREY fought and BALDWIN won a crown,
'Where pure religion's ſtandard they had plac'd,
'Yielded to Pagan force: abaſh'd, o'erthrown,
'No more the routed bands the victor fac'd,
'But with diſaſtrous flight their priſtine worth diſgrac'd.

VIII.

'Each gen'rous warrior's heart partook the grief;
'One ſpirit ſeem'd to animate the brave,
'To ſuff'ring Paleſtine to bear relief,
'Her ſad remains from impious ſway to ſave,
'Or ſhare with her loſt ſons a common grave.
'To all who ruſh'd their efforts to employ,
'The holy Pontiff abſolution gave,
'And held forth pledges of eternal joy,
'Wreaths of immortal palm, and bliſs without alloy.

IX.

'Twas then, illuſtrious Chiefs! that FREDERICK bold,
Who both in worth and dignity excell'd,
Stood forth his ſacred banners to unfold.
England my venerable Sire beheld,
By pious zeal and feelings high impell'd,
Aſſume the croſs and for the war prepare.
Nor was the Gallic Monarch then withheld,
By thoſe baſe views which ſince engroſs'd his care,
The dangers of the ſea and of the field to ſhare.

X.

My boſom too the fervid ſpirit caught:
I felt the noble flame; my mounting ſoul
Renown from enterpriſe and danger ſought.
Oft as from pomp and crowded courts I ſtole,
O'er my aſpiring heart without controul
Her ſway enthuſiaſtic glory ſpread:
Like the young courſer, to th' appointed goal
Ardent I look'd; while, by warm fancy bred,
Of triumphs yet to come hope flatt'ring viſions ſhed.

XI.

And ſoon the ſacred croſs adorn'd my breaſt:
Of hardy warriors an intrepid band
To ſhare my fortunes and my perils preſs'd.
I view'd their troops in lengthen'd order ſtand,
Mark'd with delight their martial zeal expand,
And gaz'd enraptur'd on their proud array.
All was prepar'd, when Heav'n's reſiſtleſs hand
From England's throne my father ſnatch'd away,
And bore his gallant ſoul to realms of endleſs day.

XII.

'On me devolv'd his ſtate, and all the pains
'And cares of empire now my thoughts requir'd.
'From Frontevault, where o'er his mourn'd remains
'I dropt the tear by filial grief inſpir'd,
'To where my mother, ſorrowing and retir'd,
'Her days had long conſum'd in hopeleſs care,
'I flew: with rev'rence and affection fir'd
'Her bonds I broke, and bad her now prepare
'With me th' imperial rule of Albion's crown to ſhare.

XIII.

'Soon as my brows it's orb majeſtic grac'd,
'I firſt fulfill'd the rights which kindred claim'd,
'And, as their rank became, my brethren plac'd.
'Fit regents of my kingdom next I nam'd:
'Then to the point where all my wiſhes aim'd,
'Religion's cauſe, I turn'd my ardent thought.
'Soon as my gen'rous purpoſe I proclaim'd,
'Their tributary aid my Barons brought,
'And for the diſtant war with care unceaſing wrought.

XIV.

'All meaner thoughts their holy zeal diſdain'd;
'More and more full our army daily grew,
'When, her polluted wings with ſlaughter ſtain'd,
'Her flowing veſtments wet with bloody dew,
'Fame from Cilicia's diſtant region flew:
'Her blaſting trumpet pierc'd th' attendant gloom:
'In notes of woe announcing horrors new,
'Of FREDERICK's fate ſhe told and hapleſs doom,
'Who ſunk in Cydnus' ſtream found there a wat'ry tomb.

XV.

'With unavailing tears his fate we mourn'd;
'But tender ſentiment ere long gave place
'To the ſtrong flame which in our boſoms burn'd.
'Conſcious we felt of merited diſgrace,
'Should we delay th' inſulting foe to face,
'Who now, from FREDERICK's loſs become more bold,
'Prevail'd the Chriſtian armaments to chaſe.
'Each Chief his long-retain'd poſſeſſions ſold,
'And his paternal lands in haſte exchang'd for gold.

XVI.

'The Gallic King, who, ere theſe tidings came,
'With watchful pains had preparation made,
'With me combin'd his purpoſe to proclaim.
'In martial pomp his ſtandard he diſplay'd,
'While many a vaſſal who his ſway obey'd
'His ardent band from ev'ry quarter drew.
'On Seine's fair banks, in armour bright array'd,
'They paſs'd in long and terrible review,
'And form'd preſages high of joy and triumphs new.

XVII.

'Nor leſs ſincere and ſanguine was my hope.
'PHILIP I knew, magnificent and brave,
'By nature fram'd with war's dread front to cope:
'The pledge of worth which youth's firſt bloſſoms gave,
'Foſter'd by early care and counſels grave,
'And now in manhood's prime to ripeneſs grown,
'Beſpoke him born Judæa's land to ſave.
'I deem'd he well would dignify his throne,
'And fondly ſcann'd his truth and ardour by my own.

XVIII.

'At Vergelay we met; there, in the fight
'Of that Great Pow'r our inmoſt thoughts who knows,
'Our mutual faith and ſacred vows to plight,
'With common arms the Pagans to oppoſe,
'And with united zeal to face our foes.
'Theſe pious rites accompliſh'd, to complete
'Our meditated enterpriſe, we choſe
'In two diviſions to conduct our fleet,
'And in Meſſina's port, where TANCRED rul'd, to meet.

XIX.

'From fair Provence, by favouring gales impell'd,
'Our veſſels proudly cut the billows green:
'The heights of Corſica we ſoon beheld,
'While more remote, Sardinia's hills were ſeen.
'We ſought the narrow ſtraights which intervene,
'And, as on either hand their coaſts we view'd,
'Their promontories vaſt we ſteer'd between.
'Soon far behind we left their ſummits rude,
'And tow'rds Sicilia's iſle our proſp'rous courſe purſued.

XX.

'Nought for a while we ſaw but ſea and ſky:
'At length, when night's dominion dark prevail'd,
'And hid th' horizon, flames aſcending high
'Shot thro' the air, and heaven's high arch aſſail'd:
'Anon, in clouds and murky darkneſs veil'd,
'The lab'ring moon confeſs'd ſome potent ſpell;
'Of ſuff'ring ſpirits who their torments wail'd
'Groans ſeem'd to burſt, with many a fearful yell
'Of fiends eſcap'd from chains of agonizing hell.

XXI.

'But ſoon ſuperior wonders broke around.
'Thro' the deep gloom uproſe with ſwift aſcent
'A fiery column. With appalling ſound
'Burſting, acroſs the black expanſe it ſent
'Mid light'nings fierce it's horrible content.
'Myriads of glowing rocks with headlong force
'Plough'd up the waves and ocean's caverns rent;
'While from ſome diſtant hill, with thunders hoarſe,
'A flaming torrent mark'd it's deſolating courſe.

XXII.

'At wary diſtance on the ſcene ſo dread
'Gazing, the inauſpicious iſles we paſs'd,
'While ſtill around us fiery ſhow'rs were ſpread,
'And Strombolo, from out his caverns vaſt,
'With giant force a maſs ignited caſt.
'And now, approaching the Sicilian ſhore,
'Scylla's dire whirlpool we beheld aghaſt;
'Her madd'ning rage the foaming waters tore,
'While wild Charybdis ſtorm'd re-echoing to her roar.

XXIII.

'Between theſe gulphs our wary pilots ſteer'd,
'And ſoon Meſſina's walls with turrets crown'd,
'Superbly riſing from the ſea, appear'd.
'The Gallic fleet at anchor there we found.
'From the high walls and ſpreading camp around,
'Shouts of delight our ſafe arrival hail'd.
'As from the maſts our canvaſs we unbound,
'Foregone events we mutually detail'd,
'And preſent joy and hope of new ſucceſs prevail'd.

XXIV.

'To you, illuſtrious Peers! it well is known,
'That when by Heav'n's decree, in luckleſs hour,
'Death ſnatch'd the royal WILLIAM from his throne,
'Th' uſurper TANCRED ſeiz'd upon his pow'r,
'And, to avoid the payment of her dow'r,
'His widow'd Queen, my ſiſter dear, compell'd
'To ſeek a refuge in Palermo's tow'r,
'Where with attendants few, in durance held,
'Hardly her feeble force his bold aggreſſion quell'd.

XXV.

'The tyrant's baſe deſign my preſence check'd;
'My gallant force with trembling awe he view'd,
'And feign'd to greet my landing with reſpect.
'Yet ſtill his ſchemes perfidious he purſued:
'While with diſſembled rancour he renew'd
'His proffers inſincere, he ſtrove to lead
'The ſavage populace by inſults rude
'With England's bands contentions high to breed.
'Too ſoon th' uſurper found his faithleſs plan ſucceed.

XXVI.

'Vain would it be and needleſs to relate
'The inſults, which my ſuff'ring hoſt ſuſtain'd
'From TANCRED's dark attempt and covert hate.
'At length provok'd, with fury unreſtrain'd
'They roſe in arms: awhile the croud maintain'd
'Th' unequal fight; but ſoon, diſpers'd and chas'd,
'They fled, while we Meſſina's ramparts gain'd.
'There our victorious ſtandards high we plac'd,
'By triumphs unforeſeen and unfought glory grac'd.

XXVII.

' Soon did report the combat's fate proclaim.
' When PHILIP, ſkill'd a double face to wear,
' To hail my conqueſt deep diſſembling came.
' He prais'd our warlike ſkill and puiſſance rare,
' And, while he tried with flatt'ring phraſe t' enſnare
' Our unſuſpecting hearts, the ſplendid gain
' By Engliſh proweſs earn'd he ſought to ſhare.
' But all his arts and blandiſhments were vain:
' Our Chiefs indignant heard, and anſwer'd with diſdain.

XXVIII.

' With gen'rous warmth and feelings high inſpir'd,
' They ſwore untouch'd and ſacred to defend
' The treaſures which their valour had acquir'd,
' 'Till TANCRED to my juſt demands ſhould bend.
' The brave SABLOEL I decreed to ſend,
' Commiſſion'd with th' uſurper falſe to treat
' Of paſt-gone wrongs, and our debate to end:
' While PHILIP, anxious ſtill my views to cheat,
' Burgundia's Duke diſpatch'd his labours to defeat.

XXIX.

' Vainly to hide theſe dark attempts he ſought;
' And doubtleſs fatal our diſpute had grown,
' Had not SABLOEL from th' uſurper brought
' Submiſſion, and his ſuit that what was done
' I would paſs over, and impute alone
' To popular phrenzy and miſguided zeal:
' My ſiſter's claim he urg'd me to make known,
' Which, doubly told, he vow'd without appeal
' To re-imburſe, and thus our recent breach to heal.

XXX.

'I bad him prove by deeds his fair intent.
'Forthwith twice twenty thouſand marks he paid,
'And to my camp my widow'd ſiſter ſent.
'When thus the recent ferment was allay'd,
'Full retribution firſt I freely made
'To ſuch as throng'd my clemency to crave;
'And then the gold, which TANCRED had defray'd,
'Their faithful ſervice to reward, I gave
'In ample donative to my companions brave.

XXXI.

'While Diſcord thus from our confed'rate hoſt
'With baffled purpoſe took her diſtant flight,
'In princely order to Sicilia's coaſt
'A fleet approach'd. We hail'd the welcome ſight,
'And, hurrying to the ſtrand, with fond delight
'Theſe arms the miſtreſs of my heart embrac'd.
'In bloom of youth and pomp of beauty bright
'Meſſina's walls my BERENGARIA grac'd,
'While Love and Hymen ſcenes of joy approaching trac'd.

XXXII.

'Her from the preſence of Navarre's good King,
'Whoſe pious cares her mind to worth had train'd,
'My royal mother had engag'd to bring.
'Her ſon to meet all perils ſhe diſdain'd:
'And now, with filial gratitude unfeign'd,
'To my kind parent I my thanks addreſs'd.
'Ere long my lovely bride's conſent I gain'd,
'And, as my eager ſuit I fondly preſs'd,
'Her half-retiring charms my raptur'd ſenſes bleſs'd.

XXXIII.

'Now ceas'd to blow the equinoctial gales;
'Our mariners refreſh'd for action burn'd,
'Their anchors heav'd, and ſpread their flowing ſails.
'To reach fair England, which her abſence mourn'd,
'All intermediate toils my mother ſpurn'd:
'While, their high purpoſe anxious to conclude,
'The Gallic legions to the ocean turn'd
'Their lofty prows; with confidence renew'd
'Tow'rds Acre's port their courſe they cheerfully purſued.

XXXIV.

'Thus have I told what fortunes here befel.
'Illuſtrious Chiefs! on HENRY's charge decide:
'On falſehoods longer I diſdain to dwell,
'But in your honour and known truth confide.
'Now from Meſſina's port, in martial pride,
'Our fleet prepar'd it's progreſs to reſume:
'In gallant rivalry our warriors vied;
'Far beam'd each caſque, high wav'd each nodding plume
'And ſhouts of joy foretold the Pagan's bloody doom.

XXXV.

'Twice ſixty barks, with martial youth replete,
'Which each it's Chieftain fam'd in war obey'd,
'Compos'd our vaſt and well-appointed fleet.
'Aloft their varied pennons were array'd,
'Their oars reſponſive 'mid the billows play'd,
'Their prows reſplendent ſhone with burniſh'd gold;
'While in loud notes, more ſweet by diſtance made,
'The echoing trumpet, and the clarion bold
'Join'd their harmonious ſtrains, and drums redoubling
[roll'd.

XXXVI.

' But harſh was the reverſe, which wayward fate,
' As if to thwart our expedition bent,
' On England's puiſſant fleet decreed t' await.
' As paſt the Rhodian coaſt it proudly went,
' A ſouthern blaſt it's dreary caverns rent,
' And o'er us with ungovern'd fury burſt:
' Their ſavage aid the mounting billows lent;
' With deadly force they roll'd and rage accurs'd,
' And far o'er ocean's face our ſhatter'd barks diſpers'd.

XXXVII.

' The ſun now ſet oppreſs'd by many a cloud:
' Darkneſs acroſs the deep her mantle threw,
' While light'nings pale and thunders hoarſe and loud
' Burſt thro' the gloom, and ſea fowls madly flew,
' As if with dread appall'd and terrors new.
' The ſtorm beyond the courſe of nature ſeem'd,
' Wilder the waves, more horrible their hue;
' Now ſheets of flame, now torrents o'er us ſtream'd,
' And vengeful dæmons howl'd, and fiends exulting ſcream'd.

XXXVIII.

' When firſt the angry tempeſt round us rag'd,
' And when the ſea, from it's receſſes torn,
' With Heav'n's black cope tremendous warfare wag'd,
' I left the galley, where my Queen forlorn
' In ſilence wept and pray'd for coming morn,
' And in a light bark, on whoſe topmaſt's height
' A flaming cenſer blazing far was borne,
' I ſought the means to guide my fleet aright,
' Amid th' inclement waves and perils of the night.

XXXIX.

'Tho' others thus my motions could remark,
'I of their courſe could no obſervance keep.
'Wrapt in ſuſpenſe, diſconſolate and dark,
'I plough'd with lab'ring prow the foaming deep;
'And if, at times, impell'd by billows ſteep,
'Some ſtraining bark approaching hail'd us near,
'The mounting ſea ruſh'd in with ſudden ſweep,
'And left us combating it's influence drear,
'To drive as fortune will'd, a prey to doubt and fear.

XL.

'Thus, worn with toil, exhauſted and diſtreſs'd,
'We meaſur'd out the tedious hours of night.
'When morn approach'd, the tempeſt ſank to reſt,
'The wild waves fell, and o'er th' horizon bright
'The riſing ſun diſclos'd his cheering light.
'As 'mid my comrades on the deck I ſtood,
'And o'er the wide ſea ſtretch'd my wiſtful ſight,
'Diſpers'd around my ſcatter'd fleet I view'd,
'Whoſe ſhiver'd maſts and ſails beſpoke their ſuff'rings rude.

XLI.

'Anxious their Sov'reign's ſtandard to rejoin,
'The Chiefs eſſay'd my ſtation to explore,
'And form'd, as chance preſcrib'd, a haſty line.
'Ah! think what pangs my tortur'd boſom tore,
'When the proud galley which my conſort bore,
'And thoſe which bold DUBOIS, and HARCOURT brave,
'And valiant TURNHAM held, I ſaw no more.
'As heaving ſtill roll'd on each foaming wave,
'To me it ſeem'd t' announce their inauſpicious grave.

XLII.

' Two days paſs'd on with progreſs ſad and ſlow;
' And tho' fond fancy, 'midſt our heart-felt pain,
' Viſions of flatt'ring hope would ſometimes ſhew,
' And ſtrive o'er grief aſcendency to gain,
' Still unſubdued the tyrant held her reign.
' When the third morn with new-born ſplendour glow'd,
' A bark was ſeen, which o'er the diſtant main
' It's ſpreading ſails aloft appear'd to croud,
' While with inceſſant ſtrokes it's oars the ocean plough'd.

XLIII.

' A branching palm with imitative ſhade
' O'er-canopied it's prow, while high in air
' It's flag the bearings of DUBOIS diſplay'd.
' Watchful we mark'd the crew with ſed'lous care
' Their quicken'd progreſs tow'rds my veſſel bear,
' While their brave Chief their vig'rous efforts preſs'd.
' Now to my deck he haſten'd to repair,
' And, with a look which inward pain confeſs'd,
' Me eager to receive his tidings thus addreſs'd.

XLIV.

" From proud Limazzo and the Cyprian coaſt
" I come, great King! ill tidings to unfold.
" When late the ſtorm diſpers'd your ſhatter'd hoſt,
" And howling winds, and waves which madly roll'd,
" Forbad your fleet it's deſtin'd courſe to hold,
" O'er the wild ſea as fate preſcrib'd we drove:
" The tempeſt's rage our deſtiny controul'd;
" With the fierce elements in vain we ſtrove,
" While billows yawn'd beneath, and thunders roll'd above.

XLV.

" Soon as the night's dark ſhadows were diſpell'd,
" And morn's firſt tints proclaim'd approaching day,
" A rugged ſhore far-ſtretching we beheld,
" Where rocks, high tow'ring with their ſummits grey,
" The foaming billows laſh'd with ruthleſs ſway.
" As roſe the ſun, before us on the ſtrand
" We ſaw two veſſels which diſmaſted lay:
" Part of their ſuff'ring crews had reach'd the land,
" While ſome the roaring ſurf ſtill ſtruggled to withſtand.

XLVI.

" With painful ſympathy awhile we gaz'd;
" But ſoon the waves our lab'ring veſſel caught,
" And, as aloft their threat'ning heads they rais'd,
" They ſeem'd with inſtant death and ruin fraught.
" Undaunted yet, our ſtern direct we brought
" To meet the mounting ſea which broke around,
" And with ſuch firmneſs and ſucceſs we wrought,
" That, thro' the rocks on ev'ry ſide which frown'd
" Paſſing, within the port at length we refuge found.

XLVII.

" To aid our ſuff'ring friends we now repair'd:
" To HARCOURT firſt we needful ſuccour gave,
" Brave TURNHAM next, who his misfortunes ſhar'd,
" My zealous crew contributed to ſave
" From ocean's fury and a briny grave.
" Of thoſe, who crouded round the veſſels wreck'd,
" Food and protection we eſſay'd to crave:
" Tho' fierce their looks, and ſavage their aſpect,
" They ſeem'd by pity mov'd our miſeries to reſpect.

XLVIII.

" While thus on ſhore we ſought to reſt awhile,
" With haſten'd ſteps ſome to Limazzo went,
" Where ISAAC dwelt, the tyrant of the iſle.
" Urg'd by the hope of gain, with foul intent
" A ruffian band of plunderers he ſent.
" As we beheld them pouring o'er the plain,
" On deeds of rapine and deſtruction bent,
" Anxious we ſought ſome ſafe retreat to gain,
" Where our exhauſted troop their ſtation might maintain.

XLIX.

" Not far from where my veſſel I had moor'd,
" An antient caſtle ſtood: on every ſide
" It's walls a rock precipitous ſecur'd,
" And with rough front hoſtility defied.
" Thither with rapid courſe our Chieftains hied;
" While with my comrades I again eſſay'd,
" As fav'ring now appear'd the wind and tide,
" To gain my bark: our canvaſs we diſplay'd,
" And ſoon the ready helm the pilot's hand obey'd.

L.

" Nor uſeleſs did our timely caution prove.
" Scarce had we left th' inhoſpitable ſtrand,
" When the baſe herd, whom hope of plunder drove,
" Seiz'd on our ſhatter'd barks with felon hand.
" Their prey ſecur'd, with many a flaming brand
" Amid the ſails and timbers fire they ſpread;
" While near them we beheld the Tyrant ſtand,
" Who urg'd them to complete their purpoſe dread,
" And with incitements ſtrong their impious fury fed.

LI.

" Fluſh'd with ſucceſs, and fir'd by hope of prey,
" He now advanc'd the caſtle to aſſail,
" And on the walls his engines 'gan to play,
" When, gently wafted by the ſouthern gale,
" Acroſs the waves appear'd a diſtant ſail,
" Which ſeem'd approaching faſt the treach'rous iſle.
" Himſelf of this expected prize t' avail,
" The Tyrant bad his ſavage troops awhile
" Forego their rude attack, and intermit their toil.

LII.

" Ere long, advancing nearer to the ſhore,
" The royal ſtandard waving high we view'd,
" And hail'd the bark which BERENGARIA bore.
" It's tatter'd ſails the tempeſt's fury ſhew'd,
" While unſuſpicious ſtill the crew purſued
" To falſe Limazzo's port their eager way.
" Thither the tyrant led his caitiffs rude,
" Prepar'd by force the lovely Queen to ſtay,
" Should vain his efforts prove her caution to betray.

LIII.

" With careful heed his progreſs I remark'd.
" Soon as the purpoſe of his march I gueſs'd,
" In a light ſkiff I inſtantly embark'd,
" And to the Queen my rapid courſe addreſs'd.
" As her departure earneſtly I preſs'd,
" An Envoy from the ſubtle Tyrant came,
" Who in ſmooth terms imparted his requeſt,
" That, truſting to his hoſpitable fame,
" She on his iſle would land, and needful ſuccour claim.

LIV.

" Aware of what th' inſidious Prince deſign'd,
" With phraſe becoming, and in courteous guiſe,
" The Queen his proffer full of guile declin'd,
" But for her bark and crew requir'd ſupplies,
" Which for their wants immediate might ſuffice.
" Meantime we ſought the outward port to gain,
" Leſt ISAAC, tempted by the glorious prize,
" And finding his perfidious proffers vain,
" Might try by impious force our Sov'reign to detain.

LV.

" With diligence we therefore ſought the coaſt,
" Where on it's craggy rock the caſtle roſe,
" Whoſe friendly walls contain'd our ſhipwreck'd hoſt,
" By the fierce iſlanders beleaguer'd cloſe.
" There, while ſecure from our perfidious foes
" The Queen, fatigued by toils, preferr'd to ſtay,
" Fearful of what the Tyrant might propoſe,
" I deem'd it beſt, great Prince! without delay
" To ſeek your fleet, and prompt intelligence convey."

LVI.

' As thus DUBOIS with eager accents ſpoke,
' My heart beat high with rage, and thro' the croud,
' Who felt for England's wounded glory, broke
' Indignant ſhouts and acclamations loud.
" Comrades!" I cried, " againſt th' uſurper proud
" The force reſiſtleſs of your vengeance bear!
" If e'er your hearts with martial ardour glow'd,
" To aid my gen'rous enterprize prepare!
" Let ev'ry warrior haſte his Monarch's cauſe to ſhare!"

LVII.

'Scarce had I ended, when each Chieftain brave
'The impulſe felt, and forth his weapon drew,
'The Tyrant to chaſtiſe, his Queen to ſave.
'Low bending on their oars, th' obedient crew
'Plough'd the green waves and o'er their ſurface flew.
'When the bright ſun had reach'd the midway ſky,
'And the bold hills of Cyprus met our view,
'They ſeem'd with freſhen'd zeal their ſtrokes to ply,
'And thro' their ranks aroſe an animating cry.

LVIII.

'Nor fruitleſs prov'd their ardour: we purſued
'Our courſe, 'till near Limazzo's rocky coaſt
'The wiſh'd-for galley of my Queen I view'd.
''Till now, by cares of more import engroſs'd,
'I had not notic'd that of all my hoſt
'One bark alone with mine had kept it's courſe,
'Which brave MAULEON led: far interpos'd
'Between us and our tempeſt-ſtricken force,
'Now ſeen no more, the ſea maintain'd a wide divorce.

LIX.

'Of this my gallant band took little heed:
'Still on the royal bark their eye they kept,
'And, now approaching, with augmented ſpeed
'And force renew'd the foaming waves they ſwept.
'Impatient on the galley's deck I leap'd,
'And, as my arms embrac'd my lovely bride,
'With mingled extacy and grief ſhe wept,
'And told of perils on the ocean wide,
'And dangers threat'ning yet from gloomy ISAAC's pride.

LX.

'As when, in April's changeful month, a ſhow'r
'Softly deſcending cheers the thirſty plain,
'Exhauſted nature owns its genial pow'r,
'And, as around him ſprouts the various grain,
'Expected harveſts greet the thankful ſwain:
'So, when the tears from BERENGARIA fell,
'My heart their influence own'd; with high diſdain
'And kindling wrath I felt my boſom ſwell,
'And love and honour call'd th' uſurper baſe to quell.

LXI.

'But, as unequal ſeem'd my weaken'd force,
'I deem'd it beſt, ere yet to arms we came,
'To mild perſuaſion firſt to have recourſe.
'I therefore ſent BLONDEL, who in my name
'Might urge the tyrant to redeem his ſhame
'By reſtitution to our plunder'd crews:
'But if, of juſtice negligent and fame,
'To grant my ſuit he proudly ſhould refuſe,
'I threaten'd on his iſle my vengeance to unlooſe.

LXII.

'Prepar'd alike for peace or war we ſtood,
'When from the ſhore return'd, BLONDEL thus ſpoke.
"Fierce is the tyrant, and his language rude:
"As if diſdaining his deſigns to cloak,
"And as if anxious vengeance to provoke,
"He warn'd me thence, and, with inſulting air,
"Threaten'd to bring your hoſt beneath his yoke:
"Tell your young King, he cried, my troops prepare
"Fit greeting, if to land his puny force he dare!"

LXIII.

" 'Tis well," I cried; " ſince thus he braves his fate,
" The warfare that he threatens let us wage!
" Of gentler means no longer hold debate:
" The die is caſt; of conqueſt I preſage;
" Our cauſe is juſt, and from th' uſurper's rage
" No Engliſh ſpirit can derive alarm,
" Or with ſuperior numbers fear t' engage.
" In BERENGARIA's cauſe, brave Chieftains arm!
" Beauty with honour joins your gen'rous ſouls to warm!"

LXIV.

' As thus I ſpoke, the Chiefs my ardour caught,
' And haſtily their preparations made,
' As if with more than human valour fraught.
' Nor ſlight the peril: in the port were laid
' Five ſtately gallies martially array'd,
' And mann'd with crews inur'd to naval fight:
' While on the ſhore, drawn up in long parade,
' Appear'd the tyrant's guards, whoſe armour bright
' Glitter'd with burniſh'd gold and ſhot reflected light.

LXV.

' Himſelf we ſaw: far beaming on his head
' A caſque he wore, while o'er his cuiraſs wide
' The ſhaggy trophy of a wolf was ſpread;
' His faulchion's room an iron mace ſupplied,
' Studded with ſpikes, which oft with barb'rous pride
' He rear'd on high; a courſer he beſtrode
' Of ſize ſurpaſſing, whoſe enſanguin'd ſide
' He ceas'd not with his rowel ſharp to goad,
' As thro' the lengthen'd ranks imperiouſly he rode.

LXVI.

'Meantime we ſeiz'd ſome boats, which on the ſtrand
'Unguarded lay; in theſe a choſen crew
'I plac'd, and gave MAULEON the command.
'Theſe, high in courage tho' in numbers few,
'I bad their vig'rous courſe to ſhore purſue,
'And boldly with th' uſurper battle join,
'Ere from delay his force more num'rous grew;
'While I my movements might with their's combine,
'To cover their deſcent and aid their bold deſign.

LXVII.

'Scarce had they on this enterpriſe embark'd,
'When from the harbour, where the gallies lay,
'The Cypriot Chiefs their deſtination marked.
'In numbers bold, they doubted not to ſtay
'Their purpos'd courſe, and, as an eaſy prey,
'Before the Tyrant to conduct them bound.
'With confidence advancing in array,
'While high aroſe the trumpet's martial ſound,
'On ev'ry ſide they ſpread their ample force around.

LXVIII.

'Soon as th' unequal conflict I deſcried,
'For quick attack I inſtant order gave:
"Now," cried I, "ſhall your Engliſh worth be tried!
"Heedleſs of peril, let us ruſh to ſave
"From danger imminent our comrades brave;"
'Nor more---intent their gen'rous zeal to prove,
'Our vig'rous crews cut thro' the yielding wave,
'And with redoubling emulation ſtrove,
'Till in the adverſe barks our well-arm'd prows they drove.

LXIX.

'My galley with the Cypriot Chief engag'd:
'And now, our grapplings fix'd, and clinging cloſe,
'With mutual hate we dubious warfare wag'd.
'While from each bark a cloud of arrows roſe,
'And rival warriors, ſtruggling to oppoſe
'The rude attack, the tide of carnage ſwell'd,
'I leap'd undaunted 'mid the crouded foes.
'This when BLONDEL and REGINALD beheld,
'Their ſwords o'er heaps of ſlain a paſſage free impell'd.

LXX.

'Now Engliſh valour found an ample field:
'For ſoon againſt their foes my crew prevail'd,
'And drove them the conteſted poſt to yield.
'Mounting the deck, their King they loudly hail'd,
'And with reſiſtleſs energy aſſail'd
'The adverſe hoſt. Nought could withſtand their force,
'Nor helm their ſtrokes ſuſtain'd, nor cuiraſs mail'd;
'Around us lay full many a breathleſs corſe,
'While others found a grave beneath the billows hoarſe.

LXXI.

'My vengeful arm the Cypriot Chief had felt:
'And now the ſmall remainder of their crew
'Submiſſively for grace and pardon knelt.
'Granting their boon, we caſt around our view,
'And ſaw the Engliſh flag which proudly flew
'On board the galley which DUBOIS engag'd,
'In ſign of conqueſt and of triumph new:
'While with three veſſels LACY combat wag'd,
'Who join'd in rude attack with fury unaſſuag'd.

LXXII.

'Thither our courſe with eager haſte we turn'd:
'To aid his ſuff'ring friends with equal zeal
'DUBOIS advanc'd. With tranſport we diſcern'd,
'Where'er brave LACY rais'd his fatal ſteel,
'The hoſtile ranks in wild confuſion reel:
'Nor with leſs valour did his gallant band
'Their leader's brave example ſeem to feel;
'As if ſucceſs hung on his ſingle hand,
'Each warrior forward preſs'd th' aſſailants to withſtand.

LXXIII.

'By turns the adverſe hoſts the barrier paſs'd,
'And from the veſſel's ſides, where rag'd the fight,
'Full many a gallant combatant was caſt,
'And ſank beneath the foaming waves in night.
'Forthwith my bark, advancing on the right,
'It's hoſtile prow againſt one veſſel drove,
'While on the left, DUBOIS, with ſtrenuous might
'Another grappling, forc'd it to remove,
'And fairly match'd with him more equal war to prove.

LXXIV.

'Ere long, the party which oppos'd my courſe,
'Compell'd by hard neceſſity, gave way,
'And, like a torrent, whoſe reſiſtleſs force
'O'ercharg'd with wintry rains no mounds can ſtay,
'We burſt in fierce and terrible array.
'Now conqueſt our ſucceſsful efforts crown'd:
'The vanquiſh'd hoſt confeſs'd our pow'rful ſway:
'While their imploring hands in chains we bound,
'With acclamations loud we made the air reſound.

LXXV.

'DUBOIS, who quickly our ſucceſs perceiv'd,
'His efforts now redoubling, thro' the foe
'A bloody paſſage to their deck atchiev'd.
'When as we ſaw the Cypriot flag drawn low,
'We felt our breaſts with treble ardour glow,
'And, onward ruſhing, to brave LACY's aid
'A pow'rful ſuccour we prevail'd to throw.
'Thro' the oppoſing band our way we made,
'And on the vanquiſh'd bark our ſtandard broad diſplay'd.

LXXVI.

'The gallant LACY on the deck we found:
'With conqueſt fluſh'd, by glorious toil untir'd,
'And grac'd with many an honourable wound,
'For further action ſtill his ſoul aſpir'd.
'The vet'ran's gen'rous ardour we admir'd;
'But to MAULEON now our thoughts we turn'd,
'Whoſe peril imminent our aid requir'd.
'Cloſe by the ſhore his party we diſcern'd,
'Which onward preſs'd as if the tyrant's force it ſpurn'd:

LXXVII.

"Comrades!" I cried, "well has your warlike ſkill
"Thus far prevail'd to check the tyrant's hand.
"It now remains freſh duties to fulfil:
"Behold MAULEON and his valiant band,
"Who, reckleſs of the forces which withſtand
"Their bold attempt, preſs onward to the fight,
"And ſeek in danger's front the hoſtile ſtrand.
"Chieftains! your country's cauſe demands your might,
"Let England and SAINT GEORGE your gen'rous zeal [incite."

LXXVIII.

'Rous'd by my pow'rful call, acroſs the main
'With vigour freſh my crew their courſe purſued,
'And ſwept the ſea the Cyprian ſhore to gain.
'Soon, near at hand, the bloody ſcene we view'd.
'As bold MAULEON 'mid the conflict rude,
'His high command with calm compoſure gave,
'I felt my ſoul with ardour new endued.
"Thus, thus," I cried, "all perils let us brave!"
'And plunging from the deck I buffetted the wave.

LXXIX.

'Deep in the foaming element I ſank,
'By cuiraſs ſteel'd and weighty arms impell'd,
'And largely of the briny flood I drank:
'Yet ſtill the water's whelming force I quell'd,
'And thro' the billows which above me ſwell'd
'With vig'rous arm and dauntleſs heart I broke.
'Riſing above them, I BLONDEL beheld,
'Who, true to me and friendſhip, dar'd provoke
'The madd'ning ocean's rage and fate's impending ſtroke.

LXXX.

'His welcome voice my ſtagg'ring ſenſes cheer'd,
'His hand my frame o'erſpent with toil ſuſtain'd:
'Tow'rds brave MAULEON's hoſt our courſe we ſteer'd,
'Which now, 'mid clouds of darts the ſhore had gain'd,
'And doubtful ſtrife 'gainſt countleſs foes maintain'd.
'With doubled energy the waves we beat,
'Till to the ſtrand we came by ſlaughter ſtain'd,
'Where, driven by force ſuperior to retreat,
'Th' intrepid Chieftain ſtood and brav'd the combat's [heat.

XXXI

[illegible]

XXXII

[illegible]

XXXIII

As when amongst a herd of timorous deer
A lion rushes, from his puissance dread
They fly dispers'd, their speed increas'd by fear;
So, where around our weapons terror spread,
The adverse combatants disbanding fled.
More fiercely still we urg'd their quicken'd course,
Their bloody torrents, and o'er heaps of dead;
While groans and shrieks, and exclamations hoarse,
In chorus dire proclaim'd our desolating force.

LXXXIV.

'Meantime, bold HARCOURT from his craggy height
'Beheld the fortune of the field revers'd,
'And urg'd his band to ſhare the perilous fight.
'Forth from his caſtle furiouſly he burſt:
'His ſword the adverſe combatants diſpers'd,
'And hew'd his glorious way my force to join.
'Nor leſs in deeds of knightly proweſs vers'd,
'Brave TURNHAM ſtrove his efforts to combine,
'And, emulous of fame, broke thro' the Cypriot line.

LXXXV.

'Now blaz'd with tenfold rage our martial heat;
'Now, to our val'rous efforts forc'd to yield,
'The vanquiſh'd foe more quickly 'gan retreat,
'Relinquiſhing the wide enſanguin'd field,
'When, fiercely graſping his enormous ſhield,
'And waving high in air with menace proud
'His mace with ſpikes o'ercharg'd and doubly ſteel'd,
'The Tyrant forward rode: he check'd the croud,
'And thus with mad'ning wrath inflam'd he cried aloud.

LXXXVI.

"Oh loſt to honour, loyalty and fame!
"Ye worſe than coward females, to diſgrace
"By flight ignoble your forefathers' name!
"Dread ye yon remnant of an hoſt to face,
"That thus like ſheep your trembling courſe ye trace?
"Turn! or from me expect the death ye fly!
"Your King, alone, without your ſuccour baſe,
"Dares on his own intrinſic worth rely,
"Nor needs your aid to ſnatch the palm of victory!"

LXXXVII.

'His potent threats the fugitives recall'd,
'Who, gath'ring round him, pale and doubtful ſtood,
'On either hand with preſent fear appall'd.
'When ſtill he found our fortune we purſued,
'And ſaw his legions ſhun the conteſt rude,
'He ſpurr'd his vig'rous ſteed, and, like a wave
'Whoſe giant maſs o'ertops the circling flood,
'Onward he ruſh'd, the chance of war to brave,
'And, negligent of life, his fame and crown to ſave.

LXXXVIII.

'His gen'rous courſer bore him to the coaſt,
'With fetlocks deep in blood of Cypriots dyed.
'When as he ſaw the ſmall but daring hoſt,
'Whoſe matchleſs valour had his arms defied,
'High ſwell'd his boſom with indignant pride.
"Are theſe the foe who mock our pow'rful ſway?
"Can theſe our warlike force oppoſe?" he cried,
"Thus of their lives the forfeit ſhall they pay,
"And on their limbs ſhall wolves and hungry vultures [prey!"

LXXXIX.

'He ſaid, and aim'd at me his murd'rous mace.
'On my uplifted ſhield with iron bound
'And hides well-ſtretch'd the ſturdy blow took place.
'I felt it's mighty force my ſenſe confound,
'While he, again his weapon whirling round,
'Prepar'd to ſtrike. I caught th' occaſion brief,
'And on his ſinewy thigh infix'd a wound.
'Now with redoubled fury rag'd the Chief,
'His eye-balls glar'd, and groans confeſs'd his inward [grief.

XC.

'Again his pond'rous mace on high he heav'd,
'And ſtruck with fell intent, but ſtruck in vain:
'Harmleſs it fell, on my broad ſhield receiv'd.
'But now my truſty ſword his courſer's mane
'And neck deep-piercing, mad with ſudden pain
'He rear'd, he plung'd, and o'er the valley ſwept
'As if diſdainful of his barbed rein.
'No longer now his ſeat the Tyrant kept:
'With vengeance fir'd to earth indignantly he leap'd.

XCI.

'Undaunted ſtill he fought his willing foe,
'His ſtrength entire, his fury ſtill unſpent.
'Now match'd more equally, full many a blow
'On either helm right manfully we lent,
'While, on our combat fearfully intent,
'Each adverſe hoſt in mute amazement ſtood.
'We ſtruck, we parried, riſing now, now bent,
'And ſteadily maintain'd th' encounter rude,
'Hot with the glorious toil, our armour ſtain'd with blood.

XCII.

'At length the Tyrant aim'd a furious ſtroke,
'Which, on my ſhield deſcending, thro' the hide
'And ſolid frame with ſteel ſurmounted broke.
'I caſt the fragments o'er the champaign wide,
'And with my biting faulchion's edge replied,
'Ere from the blow he could his mace regain.
'The trenchant blade pervaded deep his ſide;
'A crimſon flood forth-burſting dyed the plain,
'Stagg'ring he fell, and writh'd with agonizing pain.

XCIII.

'I leap'd upon him as he proſtrate lay,
'And bad him, if he life or ſafety ſought,
'To yield himſelf to my ſuperior ſway.
'But neither threats nor riſk he heeded ought:
'No more his ſenſes, all aſtounded, wrought,
'But his wan cheeks, and once commanding brow
'The ſaffron hue of death appear'd t' have caught.
'As vanquiſh'd thus and faint I view'd my foe,
'I felt my melting heart with pity's impulſe glow.

XCIV.

"Bear him," I cried, "from off th' enſanguin'd field,
"Bind up his wounds, and give him preſent aid!"
'Forthwith, out-ſtretch'd on his capacious ſhield,
'Him bleeding ſtill th' obedient warriors laid,
'And to my bark acroſs the ſtrand convey'd.
'The Cypriot hoſt, in wild confuſion ſpread,
'Still more by ISAAC's hapleſs doom diſmay'd,
'To ſhun impending vengeance trembling fled,
'Abandoning their arms, as chance or fortune led.

XCV.

'To proud Limazzo's walls their ſteps we chas'd,
'Where, anxious to eſcape their threaten'd fate,
'Th' affrighted fugitives repair'd in haſte.
'At their approach the warders op'd the gate;
'But, 'mid the narrow port, with fierce debate
'Cloſe throng'd they ſtood, unable to proceed,
'While thoſe without, afraid our force t' await,
'Preſs'd on with clamours rude and fatal ſpeed,
'Which ſerv'd but freſh alarm and conteſts new to breed.

XCVI.

'Cloſe at their heels we urg'd th' aſtoniſh'd crew,
'Who now deſpairing, fled on either hand.
'Their hoſt diſpers'd we ſtopp'd not to purſue,
'But ſuffer'd them unnotic'd to diſband,
'While to attempt the gate I gave command.
'My comrades bold with vig'rous onſet ruſh'd;
'And ſoon, for none their fury could withſtand,
'With hopes of fame and glorious conqueſt fluſh'd,
'The thickly crouded maſs with force reſiſtleſs cruſh'd.

XCVII.

'In vain the warders tried the gates to cloſe:
'Without, within, a phalanx cloſe appear'd,
'Alike intent their efforts to oppoſe.
'While friend and foe thus equally they fear'd
'With freſh aſſault our arms a paſſage clear'd.
'Shouts of exulting tranſport rent the air,
'As on the rampart we our banner rear'd,
'T' invite our friends our triumphs new to ſhare,
'By valour well redeem'd from anguiſh and deſpair.

XCVIII.

'Straightway deſcending from their barks we ſaw
'Our ready mariners, and at their head
'DUBOIS employ'd his hoſt in line to draw.
'Onward he march'd, while by the hand he led
'My BERENGARIA, who with fearful tread
'And trembling limbs acroſs the plain advanc'd,
'Yet ſtrew'd with ſlain and ſtill with carnage red:
'Doubtful and ſad around her eyes ſhe glanc'd,
'Now to ſoft pity mov'd, by terror now entranc'd.

XCIX.

'Ill did her ſoul with ſuch dread ſcenes accord:
'Her gentle ſpirit, while the victor's hand
'Scatter'd diſmay, the ſtern beheſt abhorr'd,
'Which made him thus humanity withſtand.
'But ſoon as, quitting the terrific ſtrand,
'I fondly bad her in Limazzo reſt,
'She felt her heart with new delight expand;
'Smiling ſhe claſp'd me to her panting breaſt,
'And overpaid my toils, by love and beauty bleſs'd.

END OF BOOK V.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Richard continues his defence---he ſtates the capture of Chariclæa, daughter of the Emperor Iſaac---his interview and reconciliation with her father---his progreſs to Paleſtine---his engagement with a Saracenic veſſel---and his arrival and firſt tranſactions at Acre.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK VI.

I.

'SOON as the morning gleam'd with radiance new,
'Forth from the walls his band MAULEON led,
'The vanquiſh'd hoſt of Cypriots to purſue.
'With eaſe he trac'd them whereſoe'er they fled;
'For diſmal were the veſtiges, and dread,
'Which mark'd their fatal courſe acroſs the plain.
'The ways were ſtrew'd with corſes of the dead,
'And bleeding warriors, who, convuls'd with pain,
'Rent Heav'n with fruitleſs cries, and ſought relief in vain.

II.

'While tow'rds Nicoſia he his march impell'd,
'Our well-appointed fleet, too long detain'd,
'Before Limazzo anchor'd we beheld.
'No longer now by want of force reſtrain'd,
'I urg'd the gen'rous Chiefs, who much complain'd
'That fate forbad them our renown to ſhare,
'T' attempt the glorious toils which yet remain'd.
'My mandate they obey'd: with inſtant care
'And emulating zeal they 'gan for war prepare.

III.

'Againſt Candaria, whoſe commanding height
'O'er-aw'd the northern plain, and mock'd it's foes,
'The valiant TANCARVILLE led forth his might.
'Chermias, which on the weſt embattled roſe,
'With leaguer to ſurround bold GRANVILLE choſe.
'Here, as we learn'd, the Tyrant ſtern had plac'd
'His lovely daughter in ſeclusion cloſe,
'Who, tho' with youth and charms ſuperior grac'd,
'Her tedious hours was forc'd in ſolitude to waſte.

IV.

''Gainſt Famaguſta, which the eaſtern coaſt
'Sublimely guarded, LEICESTER's puiſſant Chief
'And brave FIERTE march'd their pow'rful hoſt.
'Here, when old TEUCER chid his comrades grief,
'And bad them chaſe with wine their ſorrows brief,
'As exil'd 'croſs th' Ægean gulph they ſail'd,
'The friendly port afforded them relief:
'No more his home relinquiſh'd he bewail'd,
'A ſecond SALAMIS by Heav'n approv'd he hail'd.

V.

'Succeſs their various enterpriſes crown'd.
'In every quarter of the vanquiſh'd iſle
'Wealth long amaſs'd our joyful warriors found,
'To deck their triumphs and reward their toil.
'But theſe contemptible they held and vile,
'Compar'd to her, who from the Chermian tower
'GRANVILLE exulting led. Her temper'd ſmile
'And eyes yet gliſt'ning with a briny ſhower,
'Won every heart to own fair CHARICLÆA's power.

VI.

‘ Scarce nineteen ſummers had their circuit made,
‘ Since Heav’n to Cyprus gave this jewel rare.
‘ Celeſtial ſweetneſs o’er her features play’d,
‘ And, ’mid the treſſes of her auburn hair,
‘ Love ſpread his toils beholders to enſnare.
‘ Her eyes beſpoke the candour of her ſoul;
‘ While her commanding mien, her graceful air,
‘ And modeſt bluſhes o’er the ſenſes ſtole,
‘ Inſpir’d reſpect, and held the heart in ſoft controul.

VII.

‘ When GRANVILLE firſt his beauteous captive brought,
‘ With courteous bearing, to the cool retreat,
‘ Where with my BERENGARIA I had ſought
‘ A refuge from the noon-day’s ſultry heat,
‘ Her gentle heart with conſcious feelings beat.
‘ The faſt-receding blood her cheeks forſook,
‘ Fearful ſhe ſeem’d our keen regards to meet,
‘ But gazing with an half-averted look,
‘ Her tender limbs with awe and apprehenſion ſhook.

VIII.

‘ As I remark’d the workings of her breaſt,
‘ And how with terror indignation ſtrove,
‘ Thus courteouſly the Princeſs I addreſs’d.
“ No more let anxious doubts your ſpirit move:
“ From Engliſh valour ſtill ſhall beauty prove
“ The kind attentions which may grief aſſuage.
“ For us tho’ fortune wreaths triumphant wove,
“ No warfare we with lovely females wage:
“ We own their ſway ſupreme, and in their cauſe engage.”

IX.

' Her agitation though my words appeas'd,
' Still o'er her varying cheek ſoft bluſhes crept,
' And ſpoke the terror which her ſoul had ſeiz'd.
' My gentle Queen, who ſilence yet had kept,
' Now riſing, tow'rds the ſorrowing maiden ſtept,
' And kindly ſtrove her anguiſh to diſarm.
" Lady!" ſhe cried, as ſtill the ſuff'rer wept,
" Let no uneaſy thoughts thy fears alarm:
" No rude invader here my lovely charge ſhall harm.

X.

" No more the days which youth conſigns to joy
" Loſt to the world in ſolitude conſume:
" Thoſe precious hours more worthily employ.
" No harſh injunctions now thy beauties doom,
" Unknown and unadmir'd, to waſte their bloom:
" Henceforth be free, to better hopes awake!
" Again, ſweet maid, thy winning ſmiles aſſume!
" Exert thyſelf for BERENGARIA's ſake,
" And as my friend with me of happineſs partake."

XI.

' The royal maiden, as adown her cheek
' The tear by gratitude excited fell,
' With falt'ring accents thus eſſay'd to ſpeak.
" In vain, great Queen! of coming joys you tell:
" In vain you ſtrive my ſorrows to diſpel.
" What joys, alas! can my ſad boſom know,
" On what gay ſcenes of pleaſure can I dwell,
" When, ſtripp'd of empire and condemn'd to woe,
" My father's hours in grief and cruel ſuff'rings flow!

XII.

" Ah! if ſincerely you of comfort ſpeak,
" For his relief exert your ſov'reign ſway;
" Conſole his woes, his cruel bondage break.
" Then, whereſoe'er our fate may point the way,
" Reſign'd I'll follow, and it's laws obey:
" My watchful cares his waning life ſhall ſmooth,
" Cheer his diſtreſſes, and his pains allay;
" Content to dedicate to him my youth,
" To ſhare his fortunes hard, his wounded ſoul to ſooth."

XIII.

' She ſaid, and ſank on BERENGARIA's breaſt.
' I ſhar'd the feelings of my lovely bride,
' Which ſoft compaſſion and regret expreſs'd,
' And thus with cheerfulneſs aſſum'd replied.
" When beauty ſues, her boon is ne'er denied.
" Your wiſh your father's freedom ſhall atchieve,
" By raſhneſs forfeited and barbarous pride.
" Let him from you the precious gift receive:
" A pious daughter's worth his errors ſhall retrieve."

XIV.

' I ceas'd, and gave BLONDEL an earneſt charge
' To haſten to the fleet, and from dureſs
' The captive Monarch ſtraightway to enlarge.
' The Princeſs ſtrove her feelings to confeſs,
' And look'd the thanks her tongue could ill expreſs,
' While from her eyes again fond tears burſt forth:
' Yet ſtill her ſpirit ſtruggled with diſtreſs,
' As if endow'd with ſenſe of conſcious worth,
' From innate powers deriv'd and dignity of birth.

XV.

'To ſooth her anguiſh BERENGARIA tried,
'And, while ſhe preſent reſignation taught,
'The balm of hope with tenderneſs applied.
'And now freſh ſtrength th' afflicted maid had caught,
'When from the fleet BLONDEL returning brought
'Her father ſtill in chains of ſilver bound.
'Her looks impatiently the Monarch ſought,
'Who, feeble yet and languid from his wound,
'As ſlowly he advanc'd with indignation frown'd.

XVI.

'Soon as the hall he reach'd, with anxious ſpeed
'Fair CHARICLÆA flew to his embrace:
'With ready hands his limbs from bonds ſhe freed,
'And gaz'd with ſmiles enraptur'd on his face.
'He, ſtill reſentful of his late diſgrace,
'In ſullen ſilence met her ſpeaking glance:
'His eye, dark ſcowling, yet appear'd to trace
'The deep remembrance of his foul miſchance,
'Which ſeem'd his lofty ſoul to hold in ſpeechleſs trance.

XVII.

'His ſtern regard appall'd the bluſhing maid,
'Who, not unmindful of his pride untam'd,
'Stood trembling, of his violence afraid.
'After a pauſe, ſhe tenderly exclaim'd,
"Let not, oh Sire! my duteous care be blam'd;
"Look on your daughter, who from England's King
"Sought your releaſe: fortune perhaps has fram'd
"Approaching joy, time may new comforts bring,
"And bliſſes unforeſeen from preſent woe may ſpring."

XVIII.

" Talk not to me," replied the gloomy Chief,
" Of joys which Heav'n forbids my ſoul to know,
" Nor mock with expectations vain my grief.
" For me no more the ſource of bliſs ſhall flow,
" But, thro' a lengthen'd perſpective of woe,
" Deſpair and horror on my path ſhall wait.
" I ſpurn the mercies of a taunting foe!
" Tho' ſtripp'd of empire and purſued by fate,
" Still ſhall remembrance live and regiſter my hate."

XIX.

' This ſaid, he ſeem'd as if by rage impell'd
' The gentle pleader from his ſight to drive,
' Who kneeling at his feet his garment held.
' Pain'd by the ſcene, and anxious to revive
' Some hope which yet might conſolation give,
" Prince!" I exclaim'd, " againſt reſiſtleſs doom
" It ill becomes heroic worth to ſtrive:
" 'Midſt winter's ſtorms we look for ſummer's bloom,
" When nature, freed from chains, her ſplendour may re-
[ſume.

XX.

" So, when her murky veil misfortune ſpreads,
" Heav'n works unſeen our bleſſings to renew,
" And joys unhop'd-for o'er our dark courſe ſheds.
" Still ſhall my courteſy your hate purſue,
" Still will I ſtrive your rancour to ſubdue
" By gentle bearing and demeanour fair.
" For England's King, to knightly proweſs true,
" When hoſtile bands no more his vengeance dare,
" From ſorrow's wound delights the rankling ſhaft to tear."

XXI.

‘ With that his half-reluctant hand I caught.
‘ His eyes, which varying paſſions ſpoke, he rais'd,
‘ And, as if loſt in agitating thought,
‘ Awhile in ſilence on my face he gaz'd.
‘ At length he cried, “ Could memory be eras'd,
“ Could I forget, that, fall'n from Cyprus' throne,
“ I ſtand before thee humbled and diſgrac'd,
“ My feeling breaſt thy courteſy might own,
“ And thankfully receive the favours thou haſt ſhewn.

XXII.

“ But recollections ſtill too ſtrongly wake;
“ Nor can I yet the ſtate from which I fell
“ From my torn mind on thy injunction ſhake.
“ No more attempt my anguiſh to diſpel!
“ My wounded ſoul on grief delights to dwell:
“ Corroding ſorrows there their empire hold,
“ And vengeful furies, hot from deepeſt hell,
“ There rear their ſnakes, their ſcourges dire unfold,
“ And agonize my heart with vengeance uncontroul'd.”

XXIII.

‘ He ceas'd, and ſought his eyes ſuffus'd to cloak.
‘ Still in our ears his horrid accents rung,
‘ And terror ſtrange in every breaſt awoke,
‘ When, ſudden, round the maid his arms he flung,
‘ And on her neck in ſpeechleſs anguiſh hung:
‘ Then ſtarting cried, as her fair form he view'd,
“ Oh Chariclæa! to reverſes young!
“ Oh hapleſs victim! muſt misfortune rude
“ In thy fall'n parent's fate thy innocence include?

XXIV.

" Say, can thy ſtrength oppoſe affliction's tide?
" Canſt thou the world's proud contumely bear?
" Or is thy ſoul with conſtancy ſupplied
" To meet the ills which coming years may ſhare?
" May'ſt thou forget, to ſave thee from deſpair,
" What bleſſings fortune once for thee combin'd,
" Nor what thou art with what thou waſt compare!
" Ah! may'ſt thou, to the paſt and future blind,
" In apathy ſecure, to mis'ry be reſign'd!"

XXV.

' His further utterance flowing tears denied.
' Fair CHARICLÆA bow'd with due reſpect,
' And thus in accents dignified replied.
" Tho' heav'nly juſtice may our faults correct,
" It's foſt'ring hand will innocence protect.
" Unconſcious of imputed crime, my ſoul
" Can on the paſt with confidence reflect,
" And truſts that Heav'n will ſtill my fate controul,
" And in it's mercy deign my ſuff'rings to conſole.

XXVI.

" Ceaſe then, my father, for your child to grieve,
" Nor let ideal woes your boſom rend.
" If humbly we it's chaſtiſement receive,
" Heav'n to our hearts it's healing balm will ſend,
" And with it's diſpenſations mercy blend.
" Already, ſafe from violence your child
" In England's Queen has found a gentle friend,
" Whoſe kind compaſſion and attentions mild
" Have to the ſtroke of fate my feelings reconcil'd."

XXVII.

' She ſaid, and ſmiling with angelic grace
' She caught my BERENGARIA to her breaſt,
' And fondly held her in a cloſe embrace,
' While ſhe the maiden tenderly careſs'd,
' And the warm feelings of her heart expreſs'd.
' ISAAC intently gaz'd. The paſſions high
' Which rack'd his ſoul his varying cheek confeſs'd;
' His rugged brow relax'd, he heav'd a ſigh,
' And ſympathetic drops ſtood quiv'ring in his eye.

XXVIII.

" Nature!" he cried, " thy pow'rful ſway I own!
" The paſſing dream which held my ſtubborn mind,
" Thanks to my daughter's conſtancy, is flown.
" Oh CHARICLÆA lov'd! like thee reſign'd,
" Tho' galling chains theſe vanquiſh'd limbs may bind,
" Tho' ſad and painful may my moments flow
" From ſocial commerce and mankind confin'd,
" Thy dear remembrance ſhall relieve my woe,
" And, taught by thee, my ſoul ſhall conſolation know."

XXIX.

" Think not," I cried, " that ſuch ſhall be thy fate.
" The gen'rous ſouls of Engliſhmen diſdain
" To urge beyond the battle's proof their hate.
" We ſcorn to ſhew our pow'r by giving pain.
" No galling fetters ſhall thy limbs reſtrain,
" No inſults ſhall thy feeling boſom rend.
" Prince! if in Paleſtine renown to gain
" Thy heart incites thee, as my honour'd friend
" I call thee in our cauſe thy puiſſant aid to lend.

XXX.

" Then, when the glorious enterpriſe we ſhare,
" When honour's call united we obey,
" Be this our conteſt, this our only care,
" On Acre's towers our banners to diſplay,
" Through unbelieving hoſts to hew our way,
" And ſtill aſſociate danger's front to prove:
" While BERENGARIA fondly ſhall eſſay,
" By every art which anguiſh can remove,
" Thy daughter to protect with all a mother's love."

XXXI.

" Right nobly haſt thou ſaid," the Prince replied:
" I feel thy worth ſublime, and think with ſhame
" Of my own faults and over-weening pride.
" My gratitude thy knightly proffers claim;
" Henceforward let renown my breaſt inflame,
" Let thy example bright my valour fire
" Beneath thy banners to atchieve fair fame,
" To chivalry's neglected meed aſpire,
" And worthily fulfil what honour's laws require."

XXXII.

' He ſaid, and caught me in his out-ſpread arms.
' The lovely CHARICLÆA ſmiling gaz'd,
' And beam'd reſplendently with bluſhing charms,
' As with pure vows tow'rds Heav'n her hands ſhe rais'd.
' Now to the hall our willing ſteps we trac'd,
' Where by my lovely bride the royal maid
' And her brave Sire reſpectfully I plac'd.
' To laſting friendſhip we oblations made,
' Nor roſe, till night had wrapt th' horizon wide in ſhade.

XXXIII.

‘ Here, Princes! for a moment deign to pauſe,
‘ And mark the ſtatements fraudful and untrue,
‘ With which yon Tyrant props his worthleſs cauſe.
‘ Thoſe Engliſh knights, whom 'mongſt ye now I view,
‘ Partook my toils, and ISAAC's treaſons knew.
‘ Let them declare if I have ought miſtold:
‘ If not, with confidence and def'rence due
‘ Permit me, Chiefs! in conſcious virtue bold,
‘ My falſe oppreſſor's wrongs yet further to unfold.

XXXIV.

‘ Now were again our pennons high diſplay'd:
‘ From Famaguſta, where in order due
‘ And princely ſtate our gallies were array'd,
‘ Once more we ſought our progreſs to renew.
‘ Quickly acroſs the green expanſe we flew:
‘ Sidon we paſs'd, by fav'ring gales impell'd;
‘ Scandalion's lofty tow'rs next met our view,
‘ And ſoon proud Acre's ramparts we beheld,
‘ Where rag'd the fiend of war unfated and unquell'd.

XXXV.

‘ Thoſe high-deſerving Peers, whoſe gen'rous zeal
‘ Led them on Paleſtine's enſanguin'd plain
‘ To vindicate by arms the Chriſtian weal,
‘ It would but ill become me to detain,
‘ By repetitions or deſcriptions vain
‘ Of Acre's vaunted ſtrength and ramparts high.
‘ When of her tow'rs no veſtige ſhall remain,
‘ The deeds there wrought ſhall lofty themes ſupply,
‘ To grace th' heroic page and charm poſterity.

XXXVI.

'If Priam's fate, and once imperial Troy,
'Now known no more, or only known to fame,
'Immortal HOMER's numbers could employ;
'If deathleſs verſe could conſecrate it's name,
'And bear ACHILLES' worth and HELEN's ſhame
'Beyond the ravage of conſuming time:
'Our Chriſtian warriors future bards may claim,
'Whoſe grateful ſuffrage and approving rhime
'Their triumphs may record with energy ſublime.

XXXVII.

'Though envy now our well-earn'd wreaths may blaſt,
'Though foul detraction may our worth obſcure,
'And o'er our deeds her veil envenom'd caſt,
'The Muſe's voice ſhall our renown ſecure,
'And valour's meed for ages ſhall endure.
'Oh thought tranſporting! heroes yet unborn
'The ſacred ſong to virtue ſhall allure,
'Shall lead them pleaſure's flow'ry paths to ſcorn,
'And with unfading praiſe their mem'ry ſhall adorn!

XXXVIII.

'When from the bonds, in which diſaſtrous fate
'Had long the vanquiſh'd potentate detain'd,
'Victim of Pagan inſolence and hate,
'His freedom royal LUSIGNAN regain'd,
'Far from Jeruſalem, where once he reign'd,
'A refuge ſafe in Tripoli he ſought;
'There for awhile ſecurely he remain'd,
'His boſom torn with agonizing thought,
'And recollections dire with grief and horror fraught.

XXXIX.

'Thither with zeal fraternal GODFREY led
'From Europe's diſtant clime a valiant hoſt:
'Thro' Greece and Syria ſoon his influence ſpread,
'And many a chieftain flock'd to Judah's coaſt,
'Prompted to check th' inſulting victor's boaſt,
'And to the ſuff'ring King to furniſh aid.
'Their force united ſoon a band compos'd,
'Which cheerfully LUSIGNAN's voice obey'd,
'And for approaching war their preparations made.

XL.

'As when, at morn's freſh call, the buſy ſwarm
'Forth iſſuing haſte their labours to renew,
'Where'er the ſun extends his influence warm
'The eager race their various taſks purſue,
'And taſte the flow'ry ſweets yet moiſt with dew:
'So throng'd the warriors of the Chriſtian name,
'When dauntleſs at religion's call they flew,
'Their ſuff'ring brethren to redeem from ſhame,
'To aid their weaken'd cauſe, and prop their tott'ring fame.

XLI.

'Recruited thus, the valiant Chiefs diſdain'd
'In inactivity their hours to waſte:
'The heights of Acre rapidly they gain'd,
'Their engines dire of war in order plac'd,
'Spread their wide camp, and far their leaguer trac'd.
'From his high tow'rs bold CARACOS ſurvey'd
'Their hoſt, as onward they advanc'd in haſte:
'And, as he fitting preparations made,
'Heard their loud cries and mark'd their numbers undiſ-
[may'd.

XLII.

'Full worthily he held the great command.
'His watchful care, ere SALADIN yet reign'd
'Or yet had ſtretch'd his rule o'er Egypt's land,
'To deeds of hardihood the hero train'd.
'Him, when the reins of empire he had gain'd,
'The grateful monarch as his ſureſt guide
'And cloſeſt in his confidence retain'd,
'And now o'er Acre and it's region wide,
'Won by his puiſſant arm, he nam'd him to preſide.

XLIII.

'Twelve thouſand choſen troops his rule obey'd,
'Whom monſter-breeding Africa had ſent,
'With varied arms and barbarous pomp array'd,
'From every quarter of her wide extent.
'There their tough bows the ſwarthy Nubians bent,
'The ſwift Numidians ruſh'd their ſwords to wield,
'With thoſe whom Nile within his ſtreams had pent,
'And thoſe, who rov'd o'er parch'd Augela's field,
'And whom in deſerts rude wild Barca had conceal'd.

XLIV.

'Such were the bands which Acre's towers contain'd,
'To war familiar, and now doubly bold
'From all the recent triumphs they had gain'd.
'LUSIGNAN's force ſuperior numbers told:
'As his brave Chiefs their banners proud unroll'd,
'Twice thirteen thouſand warriors grac'd their line.
'THURINGIA's lord the multitude controul'd,
'By gen'ral ſuff'rage choſen to combine
'Their congregated force, and lead their great deſign.

XLV.

' While thus the Chriſtian hoſt their leaguer held,
' And ſtrove more cloſely ſtill the town t' inveſt,
' Their fierce aſſaults bold CARACOS repell'd;
' And, tho' by long-continued toils diſtreſs'd,
' Tho' by the dread of Famine's ſcourge impreſs'd,
' Whoſe dire approach his army's zeal unnerv'd,
' He yet prevail'd their ardour to arreſt:
' Right ſteadily his charge the Chief preſerv'd,
' Nor ceas'd his gen'rous toils, nor from his duty ſwerv'd.

XLVI.

' Yet fate appear'd his efforts to oppoſe:
' For now the meagre Fiend, with Death combin'd,
' Pour'd on his band her deſolating woes:
' Weak and emaciated the warrior pin'd,
' His faulchion dropp'd, his weighty ſhield reſign'd;
' From the high ramparts which the fortreſs crown'd,
' The languid Chieftains, on their ſpears inclin'd,
' Caſt many a fond and anxious look around,
' But no expected aid, no conſolation found.

XLVII.

' At length, his deſp'rate fortunes as he ſcann'd,
' And conſcious that his now exhauſted hoſt
' No more the Chriſtian puiſſance could withſtand,
' To yield the town and abdicate the coaſt
' With deep reluctance CARACOS diſpos'd.
' Commiſſion'd brave THURINGIA's lord to greet,
' A Herald haſten'd to the Landgrave's poſt,
' And proffer'd the ſurrender to complete,
' Were liberty ſecur'd, and life, and ſafe retreat.

XLVIII.

'Oh! that of war's viciſſitudes aware,
'And leſs by viſionary hopes abus'd,
'The Chief had granted theſe conditions fair!
'Oh! that by views fantaſtic unſeduc'd
'The ſmiles of fortune he had wiſely us'd!
'But, from the foe's diſtreſs preſumptuous grown,
'With arrogance all treaty he refus'd,
'And vow'd, depending on his force alone,
'On heaps of Pagans ſlain to plant LUSIGNAN's throne.

XLIX.

'Now rag'd the war with aggravated hate:
'Each day the fortunes of the foe grew worſe,
'And CARACOS, urg'd on by menac'd fate
'His high command more ſtrictly to inforce,
'In deſperation found his ſole reſource.
'But vain his utmoſt efforts would have prov'd,
'If, thither bending rapidly his courſe,
'Great SALADIN, to aid his friend belov'd,
'Had not tow'rd Acre's walls his hoſt tremendous mov'd.

L.

'As, when the ſun in fiery Cancer reigns,
'The Nile, green-mantling, half-exhauſted, flows,
'And gaſping Egypt mourns her arid plains;
'Soon as the torrents charg'd with melted ſnows
'Swell the glad ſtream, and far their ſlime depoſe,
'Plenty and joy her laughing fields adorn,
'Nature with vigour renovated glows,
'And fruitful Ceres from her copious horn
'Scatters her gifts profuſe, and gilds the waving corn:

LI.

'So, to the bands 'mid Acre's ramparts pent
'Their puiſſant King's approach propitious ſeem'd.
'As o'er the hills their anxious glance they bent,
'A long-drawn line of helms and cors'lets gleam'd,
'As if prolific earth with warriors teem'd,
'And Cadmus till'd again his Theban field.
'Heedleſs of want, of triumphs now they dream'd:
'With force renew'd each Chieftain brac'd his ſhield,
'And fought with hand infirm his truſty ſword to wield.

LII.

'On Turo's heights encamp'd the welcome hoſt,
'And from it's ſummit ſtretch'd in order due,
'Till in the plain it's ſloping ſides were loſt.
'Not XERXES, when he led his motley crew
'In barb'rous pomp, ſuch multitudes could ſhew,
'As here the banners of their tribes unroll'd,
'And girt the mountain with their long review.
'The Perſian Prince their numbers might have told,
'But vain the effort now to count the warriors bold.

LIII.

'Amid the leaders, firſt in rank and name
'MIRALIS brave his ſtandard proud diſplay'd:
'Him, his firſt born, already known to fame,
'O'er Egypt's realm the King had ruler made.
'MELCALEZ next, who thoſe rich diſtricts ſway'd
'Where rapid Tigris rolls his princely courſe,
'And whom the bleſt Arabia's coaſt obey'd,
'Careleſs alike of pity and remorſe,
'Led to the camp his vaſt and far-collected force.

LIV.

'Next SAFADIN, the brother of the King,
'From Syria, where his wide command he held,
'Haſten'd his ſplendid armament to bring.
'With him fierce TECADIN his march impell'd:
'The ſtouteſt Chiefs of Perſia he excell'd,
'And 'gainſt the holy croſs with ceaſeleſs rage
'And hate exhauſtleſs his rude boſom ſwell'd:
'He vow'd exterminating war to wage,
'And with LUSIGNAN'S blood his fury to aſſuage.

LV.

'From Turcomania and Curdiſtan's bound
'BELLEGEMIN his hardy vet'rans brought.
'There too FALKEDIN, royal youth, was found,
'Whom SALADIN the uſe of arms had taught,
'And who in Mauritania's clime had fought
'The ſwarthy bowmen who his rule confeſs'd.
'The general impulſe bold CORAZIN caught:
'As his quick courſe from Aſcalon he preſs'd,
'High beat with vengeful hopes his enterpriſing breaſt.

LVI.

'With theſe CAŸSAC from Armenia's plain
'To aid the cauſe his num'rous legions led:
'There bold KAHADIM brought his warlike train,
'Whoſe cruel ſway and domination dread
'O'er Galilee and Cœloſyria ſpread:
'There too the fierce BEDREDDIN was deſcried;
'To him, 'mid wild Arabia's deſerts bred,
'The King had giv'n o'er Judah to preſide,
'And on his martial ſkill with confidence relied.

LVII.

'While thus from Africa and Aſia ſwarm'd
'The varied bands, and on the lengthen'd height
'Of Turo and of Mahumeria form'd,
'Beyond the plain, which on the left and right
'Spread it's wide ſurface fit for open fight,
'And gently trended to the ſea-girt coaſt,
'The Chriſtian chieftains had encamp'd their might,
'To each allotted his appointed poſt,
'And in well-order'd rank their armament diſpos'd.

LVIII.

'LUSIGNAN on the north his legions plac'd,
'And many a gallant knight and warrior brave
'The royal ſtandard of the Red Croſs grac'd.
'DE VESCY's banners there were ſeen to wave,
'Who, fill'd with zeal Judæa's realm to ſave,
'Had left Burgundia's hills with vineyards crown'd:
'There too, no more in Garonne's ſtream to lave
'His manly limbs, PONTINIAC bold was found,
'Not leſs for valour's meed than courteſy renown'd.

LIX.

'With MONTMIRAIL advanc'd the fam'd DES BARRES;
'Them from their youth fair Picardy had rear'd
'And friendſhip's bonds united them in war.
'Near them the enſigns of DES BRENNES appear'd,
'With thoſe of hoary GLANVILLE, long rever'd
'As England's legal arbiter and guide:
'Unus'd to conflicts rude, ſoon as he heard
'The ſacred call, he caſt his robes aſide,
'And clad in iron mail the Pagan wrath defied.

LX.

' Nor leſs with rev'rence for the cauſe inſpir'd
' Did holy BALDWIN there his proweſs ſhew.
' When HENRY firſt with gen'rous pity fir'd
' Conven'd his bands to face th' inſulting foe,
' He felt his heart with pious ardour glow;
' His patriarchal duties he reſign'd,
' And turn'd tow'rds Paleſtine his footſteps flow,
' Truſting on that bleſt ſhore a grave to find,
' Where his great Maſter erſt aton'd for all mankind.

LXI.

' ST. WALERIC there was ſeen, a puiſſant peer,
' Of high deſcent and antient Norman race;
' SACEY, whoſe heart ne'er felt ignoble fear,
' And many a valiant Chief, who ſought to grace
' The ſacred enterpriſe and death to face.
' Theſe all concurr'd brave GODFREY to reſpect,
' Who, fill'd with ardour glory's path to trace,
' And Judah's throne from ruin to protect,
' Aſpir'd on Acre's walls his ſtandard to erect.

LXII.

' Near theſe, but ranging further to the weſt,
' Their glitt'ring front the Piſan troops diſplay'd,
' Who young VERVONI's lib'ral ſway confeſs'd:
' And next, the hoſt which SFORZA's voice obey'd,
' Cloſe to the ſea their wide encampment made.
' Far from their native plains, for them no more
' Lombardia ſmil'd, no more, beneath her ſhade,
' Tranquil they cull'd benignant nature's ſtore:
' Rous'd by religion's call they ſought the hoſtile ſhore.

LXIII.

'Where on the eaſt tow'rd Acre's walls incline
'The Mahumerian heights, the German band
'In deep array drew up their puiſſant line.
'THURINGIA's banners there were ſeen t' expand;
'Who, urg'd by glory, from their diſtant land
'Had led the champions of the Chriſtian name,
'In climes remote, and on a foreign ſtrand,
'To reap the harveſt of immortal fame,
'And Judah's ſuff'ring realm to vindicate from ſhame.

LXIV.

'In ſnowy robes which half their mails conceal'd,
'On which the ſanguine croſs was proudly ſhewn,
'Their war-tried ranks the Templars bold reveal'd.
'With them, not leſs to glory's records known
'For deeds of worth and honour bravely won,
'The Hoſpitallers dar'd the Pagan fight:
'O'er their cuiraſſes, which reſplendent ſhone,
'Their coats of arms they wore of ſcarlet bright,
'Emblem of holy zeal, adorn'd with croſſes white.

LXV.

'Next to their poſt his ſtation CONRAD held,
'Where bold MUSARDO o'er the ocean frown'd,
'And with his craggy front the tide repell'd.
'Encamp'd with him the valiant Danes were found.
'The leaguer wide their force aſſociate bound,
'Which tow'rds the land was now completely clos'd;
'While num'rous gallies, far diſpers'd around,
'With vigilance unceaſing watch'd the coaſt,
'Leſt ſuccours might arrive for famiſh'd Acre's hoſt.

LXVI.

' But fortune now deceiv'd their ſage intent.
' Wafted by fav'ring breezes, to the ſhore
' A potent fleet it's courſe commanding bent,
' Which SALADIN's imperial ſtandard bore.
' Thirty huge gallies, laden deep with ſtore
' Of corn and wine from Egypt's rich domain,
' Into the town prepar'd relief to pour.
' Our weaker armament eſſay'd in vain
' By many a ſtout attempt their progreſs to reſtrain.

LXVII.

' Diſcomfited, and forc'd to quit the coaſt,
' Our fleet retir'd, while from the crouded wall
' A gen'ral ſhout proclaim'd the victor's boaſt.
' No longer hunger's agonizing call
' Prevail'd their ſtricken ſenſes to appal;
' No more, when cloſe the Chriſtian ſquadrons preſs'd,
' They fear'd by want ingloriouſly to fall:
' Plenty again their fainting Chieftains bleſs'd,
' And hopes till now unknown cheer'd every warrior's [breaſt.

LXVIII.

' Nor baſeleſs prov'd the viſions they had form'd.
' While from their ramparts, fluſh'd with ſudden joy
' And ardour new, tumultuouſly they ſwarm'd,
' While, their beſiegers eager to annoy,
' Their camp to pillage, and their works deſtroy,
' They ſtrove with rancour and revenge unquell'd,
' Stern SALADIN ne'er ceas'd his force t' employ.
' Now in their turns, in leaguer cloſely held,
' By two oppoſing hoſts the Chriſtians were impell'd.

LXIX.

'So in the ſeas which Africa embrace,
'When hoſts of finny tyrants thro' the deep
'The perſecuted Exocætus chaſe;
'His courſe aërial ſhould he try to keep,
'And o'er the waves with moiſten'd wing to ſweep,
'Unnumber'd birds of prey his flight await:
'Pois'd in the air, or plung'd 'mid billows ſteep,
'Where'er he turns he meets impending fate,
'And nature's doubled gifts augmented riſk create.

LXX.

'Whate'er diſtreſs from war's alarms could ſpring,
'Whate'er of torment, want and ceaſeleſs care
'To pang the ſoldier's gallant heart could bring,
'The bold Cruſading hoſt was doom'd to bear.
'The ſad recital willingly I ſpare
'Of all the horrors which they long ſuſtain'd,
'When famine rear'd her ſcourge, and black deſpair
'Throughout their camp with ſway remorſeleſs reign'd,
'And the laſt dregs of woe from miſery's chalice drain'd.

LXXI.

'But the great Pow'r from mortal ken conceal'd,
'Which thus the web of agony had weav'd,
'Pitying at length, their ſuff'ring ſpirits heal'd.
'Gueſs their delight, when, from ſuſpenſe reliev'd,
'From hunger's fangs and ling'ring death repriev'd,
'Within their port the long-expected aid,
'Promis'd by Europe's Princes, they receiv'd;
'When Auſtria's Duke his banner there diſplay'd,
'And there the well-ſtor'd fleet of PHILIP was array'd!

LXXII.

'While thus on Acre's field the ſtrengthen'd hoſt
'Their conteſt with the Pagan force renew'd,
'From Cyprus tow'rds Judæa's blood-ſtain'd coaſt
'With ardent hope my progreſs I purſued.
'Now near at hand appear'd her mountains rude,
'When, from the north approaching to the ſhore,
'A lordly veſſel, arm'd for war, I view'd,
'Which SALADIN's imperial enſigns bore,
'And o'er the yielding waves it's courſe majeſtic wore.

LXXIII.

'As, 'mid the humbler tenants of the plain,
'Some venerable oak is ſeen to riſe,
'His giant limbs the winter's ſtorms diſdain,
'The whirlwind's rage his ample bulk defies,
'And o'er his head the blaſt innoxious flies:
'So, with our leſſer veſſels when compar'd,
'Tremendous ſeem'd this moving caſtle's ſize,
'Which nought for barks ſo diſproportion'd car'd,
'But held it's way as if our hoſtile force it dar'd.

LXXIV.

'While we amaz'd its force immenſe ſurvey'd,
'Lo! from the port approaching to our fleet,
'A well-mann'd galley it's ſwift progreſs made.
'With vig'rous ſtrokes her oars the billows beat,
'And plough'd the deep our armament to meet.
'When near at hand, thus loudly cried the Chief:
"Your preſence, mighty Prince! I come to greet,
"Whoſe welcome aid enſures our quick relief
"From aggravated woes and long-protracted grief."

LXXV.

' Then, leaping on the deck, " I come," he cried,
" A boon from brave LUSIGNAN to implore.
" Yon ſtately veſſel, which with barbarous pride
" And ſtreamers gay is haſt'ning tow'rds the ſhore,
" From Baruth comes, deep charg'd with copious ſtore
" Of arms and darts for the beleaguer'd band.
" Theſe it awaits a moment fit to pour
" Into the town, when, as their Chief has plann'd,
" Our hoſt ſhall be compell'd his forces to withſtand.

LXXVI.

" Of twice ſix hundred troops conſiſts their hoſt,
" Who, to perform their plighted vow intent,
" Now, in their Monarch's preſence, ſeek the coaſt,
" To reinforce their friends in Acre pent.
" On you, great Prince! by Heav'n propitious ſent,
" LUSIGNAN and his Peers reliance place:
" They truſt that, on renown and glory bent,
" Your zeal the glad occaſion will embrace
" To meet th' inſulting foe, and England's ſtandard grace."

LXXVII.

" Friend of my youth, and brother erſt in arms!
" Renown'd DU MIRLE!" I cried, " the great deſign
" With hope of fame my panting boſom warms!
" Thy boon is granted: haſten to rejoin
" Judæa's King: tell him, tho' fiends combine
" With Pagan force their purpoſe to attain,
" Mine the attempt ſhall be, the conqueſt mine;
" That England's flag ſhall ſtill triumphant reign,
" And Engliſh valour ſtill controul the hoſtile main!"

LXXVIII.

' As thus I ended, my companions brave
' Impatient ſtood, expecting my beheſt:
' Each ſought pre-eminence of riſk to crave,
' And ev'ry eye, and ev'ry look confeſs'd
' The ardour kindling in each warrior's breaſt.
' Well pleas'd I mark'd the general influence ſpread,
' And thus, while gently I their zeal repreſs'd,
' Their gen'rous zeal from ſenſe of honour bred,
' And ſtrove by temper'd phraſe to calm their minds, I ſaid.

LXXIX.

" When on your valour, oft in perils ſhewn,
" And now arous'd to action, I reflect,
" Your equal claims to enterpriſe I own.
" Yet, tho' each bold aſſociate I reſpect,
" Impartial judgment muſt my choice direct,
" And ſound diſcretion regulate my will,
" Such of my valiant Chieftains to ſelect,
" As, from experience paſt and naval ſkill,
" Seem the impending taſk moſt fitted to fulfil.

LXXX.

" Be thine, renown'd DUBOIS! the chief command,
" The great attempt let CLARE and CAUNVILLE aid,
" And TALEBOR lead on his gallant band.
" Oft 'mid ſurrounding dangers undiſmay'd
" Your manly fortitude has been diſplay'd:
" Mark now, how all along yon mountain ſteep,
" And yon high rampart martially array'd,
" Our crouded foes their anxious ſtations keep!
" Mark! and by deeds of worth immortal glory reap!"

LXXXI.

'I ſaid. The Chiefs, exulting in my choice,
'Repair'd their bold atchievement to purſue,
'And, mindful of their Monarch's cheering voice,
'With doubled energy inſpir'd each crew.
'No breath of wind o'er ocean's ſurface blew,
'No friendly gale the yielding canvaſs ſwell'd,
'While 'croſs the ſtill'd expanſe the gallies flew,
'By vig'rous arms and luſty oars impell'd,
'And ſought the ſhip which yet it's haughty ſtation held.

LXXXII.

'Acroſs the waves as ſturdily they ſwept,
'Stretch'd in a line appear'd each veſſel's prow;
'So evenly their order'd rank they kept.
'But TALEBOR, who when he ſought a foe
'Thought ev'ry intervening minute ſlow,
'Swift as a dart by hand unerring lanc'd,
'Or feather'd arrow ſhot from Tartar's bow,
'Before the reſt intrepidly advanc'd,
'While o'er the deep his bark pre-eminently glanc'd.

LXXXIII.

'Still preſs'd he forward, 'till, approaching cloſe,
'He reach'd the ſhip, which, like ſome mountain vaſt,
'With front tremendous from the water roſe.
'As with ſwift ſtroke beneath it's ſtern he paſs'd,
'The crew, who ſtood in crouded order claſs'd,
'Mocking his bold attempt, with deadly hate
'Enormous ſtones and maſſive jav'lins caſt.
'But neither preſent ills nor threat'ning fate
'Could his firm heart appal, or Engliſh zeal abate.

LXXXIV.

'Onward he ruſh'd, and, 'gainſt her ſide ſublime
'His bark impelling, up the dread aſcent
'He bad his mariners eſſay to climb.
'Obedient to his voice, with bold intent,
'A ſhower of darts upon her deck they ſent,
'Then, bravely mounting, each with ſucc'ring hand
'To aid his ſtagg'ring friend aſſiſtance lent:
'Daring at once the Saracenic band,
'And the deep wat'ry grave which ſeem'd below t' expand.

LXXXV.

'Alike tremendous both! alike contemn'd!
'But ah! alike deſtructive of his hoſt!
'Of ſome their felon darts the progreſs ſtemm'd,
'While ſome, their ſlipp'ry hold and footing loſt,
'Fell headlong: wide the treach'rous deep expos'd
'It's yawning gulphs the warriors to receive,
'Then o'er their cold remains for ever clos'd.
'Bleſt ſhades! for you ſhall mem'ry trophies weave,
'And ſacred be the waves which o'er your corſes heave!

LXXXVI.

'But toils nor riſk the heroes could appal:
'Heedleſs of fate they urg'd their deſp'rate queſt,
'Reſolv'd to vanquiſh or aveng'd to fall.
'Brave TALEBOR I ſaw: before the reſt
'Mounting the deck, the Pagan crew he preſs'd,
'And wild diſmay and horror thro' them ſpread:
'In honour'd death I ſaw him bow his creſt;
'Amid his comrades, who around him bled,
'To Heav'n's eternal joys his gallant ſpirit fled.

LXXXVII.

'We view'd the ſcene with rage and ſorrow fill'd,
'While down each woe-ſtruck Chieftain's pallid cheek
'A flood of tears unconſciouſly diſtill'd.
'When grief at length permitted me to ſpeak,
"Whate'er may chance," I cried, "no feelings weak
"Ought now our noble ardour to reſtrain!
"Let us the foe with force united ſeek,
"For our loſt friends a great revenge obtain,
"And offer to their ſhades a ſacrifice of ſlain!"

LXXXVIII.

'As thus I ſpoke, the trumpet ſignal gave.
'Rous'd by th' inſpiring ſound, my eager crew,
'Urg'd their redoubled ſtrokes: acroſs the wave
'Swift as the wind my bounding galley flew.
'Five more beſides my own, in order due
'Their courſe maintaining, fought the veſſel's ſide,
'And with loud ſhouts the foe's attention drew,
'While, by a circuit more diffuſe and wide,
'Six other potent barks I bad MAULEON guide.

LXXXIX.

'As now more nearly we approach'd the foe,
'Checking our ſpeed their force immenſe we view'd.
'On every hand cloſe-throng'd, above, below,
'Arm'd for the fight th' inſulting Pagans ſtood,
'And wav'd their ſwords yet red with Chriſtian blood:
'Unnumber'd warlike engines rang'd we ſaw,
'With jav'lins charg'd and rocky fragments rude,
'While archers ſtout their bows prepar'd to draw,
'And rais'd horrific cries and yells our ſouls to awe.

XC.

'And ſouls leſs conſtant well might they have ſcar'd:
'But all their ſhew and arrogant parade
'My comrades bold, who oft had perils dar'd,
'With indignation and contempt ſurvey'd;
'And, hot for action, earneſtly they pray'd
'Permiſſion to chaſtiſe the vaunting band.
'Hardly my voice their wild impatience ſtay'd,
'Till I perceiv'd MAULEON near at hand,
'And ready to fulfil the project I had plann'd.

XCI.

'Soon as in equal rank, on either ſide,
'Fronting the adverſe ſhip our ſquadrons lay,
'Thus to my eager friends I loudly cried:
"No longer now your great intent delay!
"Amply the debt of vengeance now repay,
"Which to yon boaſtful Saracens you owe!
"Ply well your oars, nor from your efforts ſtay,
"Till, deeply pierc'd by each invading prow,
"No more it's threat'ning front yon tow'ring bark ſhall [ſhew."

XCII.

'Throughout my hoſt a ſhout of tranſport broke:
'My gallant comrades, on their oars inclin'd,
'Swept o'er the foaming waves with vig'rous ſtroke;
'And, ſwifter than the unimpriſon'd wind,
'MAULEON'S band with us their courſe combin'd.
'Conſcious of our deſign, the Pagan crew,
'Who ev'ry quarter of their high deck lin'd,
'Their weighty jav'lins caſt, their long bows drew,
'And from their engines huge a ſhow'r o'erwhelming threw.

XCIII.

' Nor ineffectual did their efforts prove.
' On Draco's bark, who held by me his rank,
' A rock defcending thro' it's timbers drove,
' And ſpilt in twain the deck: from either bank
' The warriors caſt beneath the billows ſank.
' Rising they ſtruggled with the circling wave,
' And caught each floating oar and ſhiver'd plank,
' Which from the horrors of a briny grave
' Might their exhauſted frames o'ercharg'd with armour [ſave.

XCIV.

' A barber fate betided brave MARTEL.
' As he his poſt intrepidly maintain'd,
' A pond'rous jav'lin on his cuiraſs fell,
' And pierc'd his breaſt: the guſhing blood diſtain'd
' His rich ſurcoat; life's current quickly drain'd;
' A miſt opaque obſcur'd his waning ſight,
' And o'er his frame convuls'd death ſternly reign'd:
' His manly ſpirit, prov'd in many a fight,
' And honour'd in his fall, took it's eternal flight.

XCV.

' The Pagans rais'd a loud exulting cry.
' But brief their triumph: to their veſſel's ſide
' Our well rang'd gallies, now approaching nigh,
' So forcibly their iron prows applied,
' That 'mid her broken timbers, gaping wide,
' With craſh tremendous entrances were made,
' Thro' which impetuous ruſh'd the foaming tide.
' No more our foes their arrogance diſplay'd,
' But deſperation ſeem'd their boſoms to pervade.

XCVI.

'As thro' their mighty bark's capacious hold
'They heard the waters ruſh with fearful ſound,
'A ſudden terror ſeiz'd each warrior bold.
'Hopeleſs of aid they glanc'd their eyes around,
'And, while their cries the dire invader drown'd
'And tore between the decks, they ſtood aghaſt.
'All ſafety ſought, but none a refuge found:
'Some with convulſive gripe embrac'd the maſt,
'And ſome amid the waves themſelves deſpairing caſt.

XCVII.

'Theſe fate ſevere continued to purſue:
'My watchful crew awaited their deſcent,
'And with ſuch aim their bows unerring drew,
'That many a warrior bold to death they ſent;
'While others, by their fruitleſs labour ſpent,
'And by oppreſſing armour downward weigh'd,
'To ocean's ſhadowy caves exhauſted went.
'Without ſucceſs to ſave them I eſſay'd,
'For ill my comrades' rage compaſſion's voice obey'd.

XCVIII.

'But ſoon our wond'ring faculties were call'd
'To mark a ſcene more exquiſite of woe:
'Our ſouls it's dread ſublimity appall'd;
'We wept the victims, and forgot the foe.
'For now the waters, riſing from below,
'Fore-runners of inevitable doom,
'O'er the wide deck in torrents 'gan to flow:
'The ſhrieking warriors, wrapt in tenfold gloom,
'Beneath the billows found their inauſpicious tomb.

XCIX.

'Low ſank the veſſel in th' o'erwhelming deep:
'Awhile the maſts appear'd, on whoſe dread height
'A wretched remnant fought their hold to keep;
'Theſe, with a graſp from deſperation tight,
'The cordage caught, and, ſtiffen'd with affright,
'Rent Heav'n with cries: ſoon 'mid the billows cold
'Ingulph'd they vaniſh'd from our aching ſight.
'Far round the agitated whirlpool roll'd,
'Foaming and black it rag'd with fury uncontroul'd.

C.

'My victor band, as on the wreck they gaz'd
'And mark'd the ſinking foe, of triumph high
'And mad delight a ſhout exulting rais'd:
'Thro' all the fleet, with loud and glad reply,
'Clamours of tranſport ſtrove with our's to vie;
'While from the Chriſtian camp and crouded coaſt,
'In wild but ſolemn chorus, roſe a cry,
'At once expreſſive of their joyful boaſt,
'And ſtriking deep diſmay throughout the Pagan hoſt.

CI.

'While thus applauſe our feelings high enhanc'd,
'For conqueſt well atchiev'd, our puiſſant fleet
'Tow'rds Acre's walls in ſeemly pomp advanc'd.
'Unnumber'd Chiefs ruſh'd on with eager feet,
'And lin'd the ſhores our wiſh'd approach to greet;
'While on the ramparts wide, and mountain's brow,
'Where baffled SALADIN had fix'd his ſeat,
'In mute dejection ſtood th' aſtoniſh'd foe,
'Their faculties abſorb'd in agonizing woe.

CII.

' And now our prows triumphant touch'd the ſtrand.
' As from the bark I leap'd, with earneſt haſte
' LUSIGNAN forward preſs'd and caught my hand:
' Awhile in ſilence he my neck embrac'd,
' Then cried, " Oh Prince! by Heav'n benignant grac'd,
" Welcome, thrice welcome to Judæa's ſhore!
" Her glories long by Pagan wrath defac'd,
" Her fanes polluted by her children's gore,
" Her ſuff'rings and her ſhame ſhe now ſhall weep no more.

CIII.

" Thou com'ſt the friends, who long my weaken'd throne
" Have gallantly ſupported, to relieve:
" To thee for aid they look, from thee alone
" They hope effectual ſuccour to receive.
" Oh! may thy arms our glories loſt retrieve!
" May they from further wrongs, from Pagan ſway,
" Theſe ſacred and inſulted ſhores reprieve! '
" And may'ſt thou, like the gen'rous orb of day,
" Our path perplex'd and dark illumine with thy ray.

CIV.

" The moment is at hand, when Gallia's Prince,
" In whom our confidence is well repos'd,
" Prepares his zeal and proweſs to evince.
" Ere yet your armament had reach'd our coaſt,
" Againſt the forces in the town inclos'd
" Our Chiefs, with gen'ral ſuffrage, had decreed
" That PHILIP ſhould conduct his puiſſant hoſt.
" Still let him on his enterpriſe proceed,
" And may all-gracious Heav'n his ſteps to victory lead!

CV.

" Whate'er Judæa's Monarch may propoſe
" By me ſhall be obey'd," I ſtraight replied;
" My will ſhall ever with his wiſhes cloſe.
" His potent legions oft in perils tried
" Againſt the Pagan force let PHILIP guide:
" May their attack with full ſucceſs be crown'd!
" Yet truſt I that, whatever may betide,
" When danger calls, my comrades may be found
" Not leſs prepar'd for war, nor leſs in arms renown'd."

CVI.

' I ſpoke; and thus, with a contemptuous ſmile,
' The Gallic King rejoin'd; " If right I ween,
" Th' event your fond expectance will beguile.
" What Gallia's ſons can do is yet unſeen;
" In onſet bold, in danger's front ſerene,
" Unaw'd, uncheck'd, they honour's path purſue,
" Nor ineffectual fall their ſabres keen:
" Careleſs of life, and to their ſov'reign true,
" Their fortitude unmatch'd admiring worlds may view.

CVII.

" RICHARD, farewell! your needleſs toils to ſpare,
" And to inſure renown, I haſten hence.
" And you, companions brave! who hope to ſhare
" My glorious harveſt, now your taſk commence.
" Mark how yon tow'rs, the ramparts wide which fence,
" In horrid ſtate and threat'ning grandeur riſe:
" Soon as his genial ſplendour to diſpenſe
" To-morrow's ſun ſhall gild the eaſtern ſkies,
" His all-tranſcendent beams ſhall light us to our prize."

CVIII.

' He ſaid, and tow'rds the camp his footſteps bent.
' The wond'ring Chieftains now aloud expreſs'd
' The painful feelings and ſtrong diſcontent,
' With which his arrogance had fir'd each breaſt.
' But ſoon the riſing tumult was ſuppreſs'd,
' When, forward moving, and with out-ſtretch'd hand,
' Judæa's King and Nobles I addreſs'd:
" While PHILIP haſtens to his warlike band,
" Duties of high import our preſent thoughts demand.

CIX.

" The ſacred Croſs, which as an emblem pure
" Of holy faith and conſtancy we wear,
" Reminds us that, Heav'n's mercies to procure,
" Our hearts ſhould ſtill a ſtrong remembrance bear
" Of Him who knows to puniſh and to ſpare.
" It much behoves us, ere repoſe we ſeek,
" Before His altar to addreſs our prayer,
" With ardent vows and ſupplication meek
" His pardon to implore, His favour to beſpeak.

CX.

" Our thanks we owe, that o'er the ſtormy deep
" He deign'd the foaming billows to compoſe,
" That he permitted us our courſe to keep,
" And bear our ſuccour 'gainſt the Pagan foes.
" Nor ſhould we leſs implore His name for thoſe,
" Who in His ſacred cauſe ſo bravely ſtrove,
" And now as martyrs, bleſt in death, repoſe;
" That endleſs joy and tranſport they may prove,
" And join th' angelic choir of harmony and love."

CXI.

" Oh Prince!" LUSIGNAN cried, " well pleas'd I hear
" The pious dictates of thy grateful heart.
" He who fears GOD can know no other fear.
" To him the battle's front, the foeman's dart,
" Preſent no terrors, and no dread impart;
" Conſcious of aid ſurpaſſing human pow'r,
" At menac'd ills his ſoul diſdains to ſtart;
" Tho' thunders break around and tempeſts lour,
" Thrice arm'd his fate he meets, and braves the threat'ning [hour.

CXII.

" Let us together kneel, together bow:
" Let all our hoſt in grateful homage join
" To that great Pow'r who gave us thee to know.
" In our rude camp no gilded temples ſhine,
" No vaulted roofs our hymns of praiſe confine,
" No white-rob'd prieſts in ſplendid ſtate attend,
" No pealing organs breathe their notes divine:
" Our vows with nature's pureſt incenſe blend,
" And with the mounting gale to Heav'n's high throne [aſcend."

CXIII.

' As thus he ſpake, I ſaw a mournful band,
' With hair diſhevell'd and with arms revers'd,
' In ſolemn rank advancing from the ſtrand.
' As on they came in ſorrow deep immers'd,
' An exclamation loud of anguiſh burſt:
' For brave MARTEL's departed ſoul they pray'd;
' And, as his fam'd atchievements were rehears'd,
' The wound which grac'd his boſom they diſplay'd,
' And ſteep'd with tears the bier on which the Chief was [laid.

CXIV.

'We gaz'd in ſilence on the ſable train,
'Which in lugubrious pomp it's progreſs kept,
'And ſlowly wound along the ſea-girt plain.
'Thro' the ſtill air the trumpet's full note ſwept;
'Now ſwell'd the ſtrain, in death-like pauſe now ſlept,
'As ſadly roſe the melancholy dirge:
'The awful chorus o'er our ſenſes crept,
'While, from the ſhore, the ſtill reſponſive ſurge,
'With hollow murm'rings ſeem'd it's ſympathy to urge.

CXV.

'With meaſur'd cadence and impreſſive ſtate
'They march'd, 'till underneath a pine's green ſhade
'They ſtopp'd, as if our preſence to await.
'As we approach'd, we ſaw a grave new made,
'On either ſide of which were duly laid
'MARTEL's bright armour, while his ſtandard proud,
'His banner, and his flag were high diſplay'd.
'At ſeemly diſtance ſtood th' attentive croud,
'While HUBERT o'er the bier in mute dejection bow'd.

CXVI.

'When to the ſad aſſembly we drew near,
'He gaz'd upon us with a long-drawn ſigh,
'And, vainly ſtruggling to ſuppreſs the tear
'Which ſtood collected in his gliſt'ning eye,
'He thus exclaim'd: "Oh! from thoſe realms on high,
"Where Cherubim th' Eternal's praiſe proclaim,
"And Seraphim in ſongs extatic vie,
"Liſten, brave Hero! while thy deathleſs name
"And patriotic worth we conſecrate to fame!

CXVII.

" High in the records of approving time
" The warrior's proweſs hiſtory ſhall atteſt,
" But higher yet the energy ſublime
" Of thoſe tranſcendent ſouls, who ſink to reſt,
" Mourn'd by the brave, and by their country bleſs'd.
" Thy ſainted mem'ry ſhall ſurvive the tomb;
" Thy deeds ſhall fire the youthful champion's breaſt:
" From thine his virtues ſhall their mould aſſume,
" And chivalry like thine for countleſs ages bloom.

CXVIII.

" Here let the earth thy lov'd remains receive!
" Let friendſhip here her fond memorial place,
" And o'er thy corſe perennial garlands weave!
" Let her record thy truth, thy manly grace,
" Thy valour ſignaliz'd in glory's race!
" And here, while gazing on the verdant mound
" Which o'er thy duſt ſhall heave, let her retrace
" Thy modeſt worth, thy conſtancy renown'd,
" And that illuſtrious end which thy atchievements crown'd!"

CXIX.

' He ceas'd. Again the ſolemn chorus roſe:
' Around the mingling modulation ſpread,
' Soothing our heart-felt ſorrows to repoſe.
" And oh!" they cried, " as here you penſive tread
" 'Mid the proud trophies of the honour'd dead,
" Stop, warrior! and on gallant MARTEL's bier
" With fond remembrance and affection ſhed
" The paſſing tribute of a grateful tear!
" Oh! let your pious grief his gen'rous ſpirit cheer!

CXX.

" Nor be the daring and heroic deed
" Of ſelf-devoted TALEBOR unſung!
" For England's glory he preferr'd to bleed:
" Old in renown, as yet in years tho' young,
" He grac'd the worthy lineage whence he ſprung,
" And won a praiſe beyond the reach of fate.
" Pride of our Iſle! and theme of ev'ry tongue!
" On thee ſhall endleſs eulogies await,
" On thee in life and death alike belov'd and great!

CXXI.

" What tho' no tomb, no conſecrated ground,
" With cuſtom'd rites protect thy honour'd duſt?
" What tho' above thee ocean's waves reſound,
" And tempeſts howl with over-whelming guſt?
" Our mem'ry, faithful to it's ſacred truſt,
" While thus our raptur'd ſouls to Heav'n aſcend,
" Shall ſtamp thy worth and dignify thy buſt:
" Still ſhall regret with admiration blend,
" And glory's choiceſt meed thy deathleſs fame attend!"

CXXII.

' As ceas'd the mournful lay, the Chiefs reſum'd
' Their pious toils, and, wet with many a tear,
' In the cold earth MARTEL's remains inhum'd:
' On the tall pine, which ſpread it's branches near,
' They join'd his ſtandard and his arms to rear.
' As deeply pond'ring ſtood the hoſt around,
' I thus exclaim'd: " ETERNAL FATHER hear!
" Thou, by whoſe aid theſe regions we have found,
" Thou, whoſe almighty hand our enterpriſe has crown'd!

CXXIII.

" Oh! deign with fav'ring eye our zeal to view;
" Grant that, ſtill mindful of thy great deſign,
" To Judah's cauſe and honour's dictates true,
" Our ſpirits warm'd with energy divine
" May glory's call with thy beheſt combine!
" If thy ſupreme, inſcrutable decree
" Should here the period of our lives define,
" Grant that our ſouls, from ſin redeem'd by thee,
" With raptur'd ſaints may ſhare a bleſs'd eternity."

CXXIV.

' As thus I pray'd, my brave companions felt
' Congenial tranſport: on the blood-ſtain'd ground,
' With uprais'd eyes and hands out-ſtretch'd they knelt,
' When lo! we heard upon our right reſound
' A thund'ring peal, and light'nings flaſh'd around.
' Our minds a zeal enthuſiaſtic caught:
' We hail'd the awful and inſpiring ſound
' Which ſeem'd with Heav'n's approving influence fraught,
' And turning tow'rds the camp LUSIGNAN's tents we fought.

END OF BOOK VI.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

Richard deſcribes the Aſſault and Capture of Acre.---Adjournment of the Diet.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK VII.

I.

'ACROSS the ſky the ſhades of ev'ning ſtole,
'The ſun's laſt rays ſcarce ting'd the cloudy weſt,
'And night began to urge her dark controul.
'Silence throughout the camp prevail'd: to reſt
'The Champions of the Croſs themſelves addreſs'd,
'Save, where the Gallic hoſt their arms prepar'd,
'And gave commandment for the morrow's queſt.
'To PHILIP's tent the anxious Chiefs repair'd,
'And with their Prince the cares of preparation ſhar'd.

II.

'There the bold Senechal of rich Champagne,
'JOINVILLE, was found, in many a combat fam'd,
'With MONTMORENCY, D'AVALON, SABRAN,
'And brave DES BARRES, the French ACHILLES nam'd:
'There came NANTEUIL, with martial zeal inflam'd,
'DE MARBY, BEAUJEU, and renown'd SARGINES;
'Theſe of their Monarch's Knights the title claim'd:
'In danger's hour ſtill foremoſt were they ſeen,
'By martial zeal inſpir'd, undaunted and ſerene.

III.

' There MAUVOISIN, grey in encounters grown,
' With VILLEHARDOUIN, haſten'd to appear:
' Theſe follow'd ENGUERRAND, for valour known,
' CHATILLON of the Templars Chief, SANCERRE,
' Impetuous MONTFORT, PONTINIAC, FOUGERES,
' ROUVRAI, unconſcious of approaching fate,
' ST. VALLERY, and CLERMONT puiſſant peer.
' Theſe in the royal tent aſſembled ſate,
' When PHILIP thus commenc'd the dignified debate.

IV.

" Chieftains! it ſuits us well awhile to pauſe,
" Leſt raſhly on a ſervice we proceed,
" Of ſuch importance to the Chriſtian cauſe.
" The fate of thouſands hangs upon the deed.
" To conqueſt if our gallant hoſt we lead,
" The voice of Europe ſhall our efforts hail,
" And fame ſhall grace us with her choiceſt meed;
" But, in our arduous conteſt ſhould we fail,
" Where from contempt and ſhame our ſtandards ſhall we [vail?

V.

" For more than two long years, it well is known
" Acre the Chriſtian forces has withſtood.
" I need not tell what conſtancy have ſhewn
" The Pagan Chiefs, or how, 'mid ſcenes of blood,
" Reduc'd by peſtilence and want of food,
" They unſubdued the chance of war ſuſtain'd.
" In vain THURINGIA, anxious to conclude
" The ſiege protracted, his reſources drain'd:
" His gallant warriors bled, but no advantage gain'd.

VI.

" If thus alone, unaided by their Prince,
" They ſtood the time's rude ſhock, now, doubly bold,
" Againſt our bands their might they will evince,
" Since SALADIN their efforts ſhall behold,
" And ſince, no more by famine's gripe controul'd,
" Freſh combatants their lofty walls defend,
" And hoſts immenſe our leaguer'd force infold,
" Prepar'd, when need requires, their aid to lend,
" And with confed'rate arms freſh ſuccours to extend.

VII.

" Such, and ſo well-appointed is our foe.
" Illuſtrious Peers! no common dangers call
" Your gen'rous ſpirits conſtancy to ſhew.
" The hero's ſoul no perils ſhould appal:
" Whether before yon ramparts high to fall,
" Or grac'd with conqueſt honour's meed to claim,
" Your fathers' glories and your own recal:
" Oh! keep them ſacred from reproach and ſhame,
" And to your ſons tranſmit the record of your fame!

VIII.

" Now, lov'd companions! beſt ſupport of France!
" Now be your zeal and martial proweſs ſeen.
" Ere morning dawn, our ſtately tow'rs advance,
" Our Catapultas huge, and each machine,
" With rocky fragments charg'd and weapons keen,
" To cruſh their walls, and thin their cloſe-throng'd line.
" Their efforts to direct, let bold SARGINES
" With JOINVILLE ſage and brave PONTINIAC join;
" While NANTEUIL and FOUGERES their well-known ſkill
[combine.

IX.

" Should theſe to ſhake the tow'ring heights ſucceed
" And open an approach, be thine, DES BARRES,
" Thy vet'ran legions to th' aſſault to lead.
" Let ROUVRAI and SABRAN thy labours ſhare:
" While VILLEHARDOUIN and BEAUJEU prepare
" To face the Pagans who our camp incloſe.
" Watchful meantime their ſuccours prompt to bear,
" Our other Chiefs ſhall a reſerve compoſe,
" To aid their friends repuls'd, and check th' inſulting foes.

X.

" Now, comrades bold! adieu! let ev'ry Peer
" His orders iſſue for to-morrow's fight,
" Convene his legions, and their ſpirits cheer.
" Soon as o'er yonder hills the dawning light
" Shall glimmer on the brow of duſky night,
" Our great attempt muſt call us to the field.
" Then let our gallant Frenchmen prove their might!
" Let them ST. DENIS cry! their weapons wield!
" Nor ceaſe their bloody toils 'till Acre's ramparts yield!"

XI.

' He ſaid. The Chiefs, retiring from his tent,
' To ſeek their troops, who now repoſing lay,
' With anxious mien and haſten'd footſteps went.
' They, well-diſpos'd the ſummons to obey,
' Shook off light ſlumber, and in dread array
' Their engines huge and rocky fragments plac'd;
' Some drain'd the goblet, ſome retir'd to pray,
' While ſome anew their helms and cors'lets brac'd,
' And, anxious for the proof, their limbs in ſteel encas'd.

XII.

'Now ſank the planets in the weſtern wave,
'While, riſing o'er the hills, the morning ſtar
'Of quick-approaching day his preſage gave:
'O'er Mahumeria's height, as beaming far
'His ſanguine orb denoted bloody war,
'He blaz'd portentous thro' the doubtful gloom.
'Of either hoſt the banners ſtream'd afar,
'And mingling warriors, heedleſs of their doom,
'Ruſh'd thro' the hoſtile camps their ſtation to aſſume.

XIII.

'As when, on ſome unſhelter'd mountain's ſide,
'A ſhepherd ſees the ſky with clouds embrown'd,
'And mantling darkneſs veil th' horizon wide,
'Wrapt in ſuſpenſe, in dread attention bound,
'He hears the ſolemn thunder roll around,
'And trembling gazes on his fleecy care:
'So, ſtruck with awe, we heard the trumpet's ſound
'Throughout the camp invading the ſtill air,
'And ſummoning the Chiefs their battle to prepare.

XIV.

'The lord of day now ting'd the eaſtern ſky.
'As his firſt glowing beams of light he ſhed
'On Acre's battlements and ramparts high,
'We view'd their threat'ning front and turrets dread:
'The widely yawning moat which round them ſpread,
'The outward wall which clos'd it's vaſt extent,
'Flank'd with full many a tow'r, whoſe lofty head
'Frown'd o'er the plain all acceſs to prevent,
'Seem'd againſt Gallia's force a barrier to preſent.

XV.

'Yet more tremendous ſtill the hoſt appear'd,
'Which crown'd their ample range and rugged height.
'Claſhing their arms, their banners proud they rear'd,
'And, as if conſcious of reſiſtleſs might,
'Mock'd at the Chriſtian bands and dar'd the fight:
'While on the hills which girt around the plain,
'Exceeding far the ſtretch of mortal ſight,
'The Pagan Chiefs drew up their warlike train,
'Prepar'd, as need might call, their brethren to ſuſtain.

XVI.

'Such was the ſcene that met our wond'ring eyes,
'Which might the boldeſt warriors have impreſs'd
'With ſentiments of awe and ſtrange ſurpriſe.
'But theſe the ſoul of PHILIP ne'er confeſs'd:
'Whate'er foul paſſions might diſgrace his breaſt,
'It burn'd with glory's bright and hallow'd flame:
'Nor toil nor danger could his zeal arreſt;
'Forth from his tent with ſteps aſſur'd he came,
'And 'midſt his ranks advanc'd, as confident of fame.

XVII.

'And grounded well his ſanguine viſions ſeem'd.
'Far o'er the field, drawn out in gay parade,
'Full fifty thouſand caſques reſplendent beam'd;
'The nobleſt Chiefs of France, in ſteel array'd,
'Their many-blazon'd banners there diſplay'd,
'Eager their Monarch's fortune to partake:
'Their countleſs engines were in order laid,
'Of power the vaſt and ſolid walls to break,
'And from their deepeſt baſe the battlements to ſhake.

XVIII.

' Thro' the extended line glad murmurs broke
' As paſs'd the Gallic King, who, fill'd with joy
' To note their zeal, the warriors thus beſpoke.
" If now your Heav'n-born valour ye employ
" By deeds of worth yon ramparts to deſtroy,
" And on thoſe heights your banners proud to place,
" Renown immortal, fame without alloy,
" And Europe's thanks your enterpriſe ſhall grace,
" Nor ſhall your well-earn'd wreaths oblivious time deface.

XIX.

" To-day begins the harveſt of your hope!
" Let your ſharp faulchions deathleſs honour reap!
" Give to your juſt reſentments ample ſcope!
" The ruthleſs Pagans, who on yonder ſteep
" Their poſt as yet to arms impervious keep,
" Drive from their ſtrong intrenchments: like a flood
" Surcharg'd with wintry torrents, loud and deep,
" Bear on the trembling foe your terrors rude,
" And mark your dread career in characters of blood!"

XX.

' He ſaid. As when o'er Snowdon's long-drawn height
' From ſtruggling clouds the rattling thunder breaks,
' And rolls tremendous 'mid the gloom of night,
' From ev'ry cragg affrighted Echo wakes,
' The lab'ring mountain thro' each cavern ſhakes,
' And, ſtartled by convulſing nature's throes,
' The ſcreaming eagle his lone cliff forſakes:
' So thro' the hoſt a ſhout of tranſport roſe,
' Which breath'd defiance loud and vengeance on their foes.

XXI.

' Each Chieftain haſten'd now his band to join,
' And, as to bold attack or ſafe defence
' Might beſt conduce, to form his martial line.
' We gaz'd intent: but ſhort was our ſuſpenſe,
' For ſtraightway 'gainſt the outward wall immenſe,
' And the high rampart which the town ſurrounded,
' Th' aſſault SARGINES his legions bad commence.
' Drawn to their ſtretch his engines huge reſounded,
' And from their concave beds the rocky fragments [bounded.

XXII.

' Some on the ſlope abrupt were ſeen t' alight,
' Forming deep chaſms, and harrowing up the ground:
' Some ended in the moat their downward flight,
' And with their ſtrokes uncouth diſpers'd around
' The foaming waters from their beds profound.
' But one huge maſs, with elevation dread
' Struck on a lofty tow'r; with horrid ſound
' The tott'ring fabric bow'd it's haughty head,
' Sank to the duſt, and far it's giant ruin ſpread.

XXIII.

' Soon as the wide-extending breach was ſeen,
' SARGINES exclaim'd, " Brave comrades! charge again
" With thunder-dealing rocks each ſtout machine!
" With aim aſſur'd a ſhower deſtructive rain,
" 'Till, from their tow'ring ſummits to the plain,
" The ſcatter'd veſtiges of either wall
" No more your road to victory ſhall reſtrain!
" Now your full force exert, let Acre fall,
" Let Gallia's matchleſs worth the Saracens appal!"

XXIV.

'He ſaid. Forthwith they gave their engines play,
'And once again their dire contents compell'd
'Thro' the reſounding air to cleave their way.
'When their intent brave CARACOS beheld,
'Unaw'd by peril and by toil unquell'd,
'He bad his hoſt return the greeting rude.
'Now, as the adverſe rocks their progreſs held,
'And high their ſtrange and circling courſe purſued,
'It ſeem'd as if with Heav'n the Titans war renew'd.

XXV.

'Their doubling arch the armies view'd aghaſt,
'And breath'd a prayer th' Eternal to invoke
'As o'er their heads the whizzing portents paſs'd,
'When freſh alarm a wonder new awoke.
'Two mighty rocks with ſwift oppoſing ſtroke
'Met in their mid career: with deaf'ning ſound
'Their texture firm the ſtrong colliſion broke;
'In many a ſhatter'd fragment to the ground
'Falling amain, they ſpread their deadly force around.

XXVI.

'Where of the Gallic hoſt the vanguard ſtood
'The pond'rous ſhow'r deſcended: 'mid their rank
'Full many a gaſping warrior fell; their blood
'In copious ſtreams the thirſty herbage drank.
'Struck to the ground the bold PONTINIAC ſank:
'A rugged maſs with deſtination dread
'Cruſh'd his right arm and deeply-heaving flank;
'The ſhades of death his manly brow o'er-ſpread,
'To ſcenes of endleſs bliſs his gen'rous ſpirit fled.

XXVII.

'With ſtill more dire effect, on either ſide,
'Their miſſile charge the adverſe engines ſent,
'Extending ravage, death and havock wide.
'Deſtruction ſure awaited their deſcent:
'The Pagan hoſt before their fury bent;
'The ſtrong entrenchments where their warriors ſwarm'd
'With force reſiſtleſs fearfully they rent,
'Smote the broad ramparts and the mounds deform'd,
'While thro' the town expos'd the madd'ning tempeſt [ſtorm'd.

XXVIII.

'No longer now his zeal DES BARRES ſuppreſs'd:
'He wav'd his oft-tried faulchion in the air,
'And thus with potent voice his bands addreſs'd.
"Comrades! 'tis our's the glorious work to ſhare:
"Now 'gainſt the recreant foe your fury bear,
"And honour's path 'mid ſlaughter'd Pagans trace!
"Succeſs attends on thoſe who bravely dare.
"Let hope of high renown our ſinews brace,
"And may immortal fame our manly efforts grace!"

XXIX.

'Not otherwiſe than when with bellowings hoarſe
'A mountain wave, by ſouthern blaſts propell'd,
'Sweeps o'er the deep with wild reſiſtleſs courſe;
'By many a tributary billow ſwell'd
'It rolls it's foaming maſs with rage unquell'd:
'So from the camp impetuous o'er the plain
'Their march aſſur'd the Gallic legions held,
'And, as they ſought the adverſe heights to gain,
'Scarce could their leader's voice their headſtrong zeal [reſtrain.

XXX.

'Yet, as the tow'ring and firm-rooted rock
'Withſtands the ocean's power, and unſubdued
'His ſtation keeps regardleſs of the ſhock;
'So on the recent breach with carnage ſtrew'd,
'Prepar'd for action and encounter rude,
'Their banners proudly waving in the wind,
'The bold defenders of the fortreſs ſtood;
'While either wall with warriors fierce was lin'd,
'With each his ſep'rate charge by CARACOS aſſign'd.

XXXI.

'NOUREDDIN, who from Nubia's ſultry plain
'Had led his ſwarthy legions, ſtood prepar'd
'The outward wall diſmantled to maintain,
'And on the breach the Gallic fury dar'd.
'Arm'd for the proof with him undaunted ſhar'd
'The dang'rous warfare a determin'd band,
'Who at his call to Acre had repair'd,
'And now, obedient to his high command,
'Spread wide their threat'ning front the Chriſtians to withſtand.

XXXII.

'Far as the ramparts ſtretch'd their rude extent,
'Was ſeen a long and terrible array
'Of archers who their bows of tough yew bent.
'On every hand appear'd a dread diſplay
'Of warlike engines, while around them lay
'Enormous darts and ſtones, whoſe maſſy weight
'And ſize might fill th' aſſailants with diſmay;
'With every inſtrument, which ranc'rous hate
'Fram'd to complete the work of deſolating fate.

XXXIII.

‘ But all this hoſtile ſhew and ſtern parade,
‘ The Pagans’ menace and their vaunting cry,
‘ On the aſſailants ſmall impreſſion made.
‘ Onward they ruſh’d and rear’d their weapons high,
‘ ’Till to the guarded breach approaching nigh,
‘ The adverſe fronts in conteſt dire engag’d.
‘ Now Slaughter ’gan her bloody work to ply;
‘ Waving her fatal torch Deſtruction rag’d,
‘ And Death his havock urg’d with fury unaſſuag’d.

XXXIV.

‘ Now on the walls he rear’d his ghaſtly form,
‘ And with appalling ſhrieks amid the gloom
‘ Pour’d on the Chriſtian force his ruthleſs ſtorm:
‘ Now, as aloft he ſhook his ſable plume,
‘ His hand obſcene confirm’d their hapleſs doom,
‘ And many a gaſping warrior proſtrate brought,
‘ Whoſe injur’d ſhade, unhonour’d by a tomb,
‘ Still hov’ring o’er the ramparts where he fought,
‘ Laments with wild acclaim the woes which there were [wrought.

XXXV.

‘ Needleſs and painful were the taſk to tell
‘ What Chiefs were then compell’d their breath to yield,
‘ Or who beneath the Pagan vengeance fell,
‘ And with their lives their holy warfare ſeal’d.
‘ Beyond the reſt, high brandiſhing his ſhield,
‘ The brave Des Barres ſpurr’d on his courſer proud,
‘ And held his progreſs o’er th’ enſanguin’d field:
‘ His manly voice proclaim’d defiance loud,
‘ As with horrific grace he chas’d the recreant croud.

XXXVI.

'Cloſe by his ſide the gallant MONTMIRAIL
'Rang'd thro' the adverſe ranks, and far around
'Was ſeen their cloſe-throng'd legions to aſſail.
'For mutual friendſhip as for worth renown'd,
'The kindred Chiefs together ſtill were found;
'One impulſe ſtill aſſociate they confeſs'd,
'And hail'd alike the trumpet's cheering ſound.
'Now, as acroſs the plain their ſteeds they preſs'd,
'Nought could their knightly worth and joint aſſault [arreſt.

XXXVII.

'Soon as the warlike pair NOUREDDIN view'd,
'And ſaw his ſquadrons o'er the champaign chas'd
'Seeking by flight t' eſcape th' encounter rude,
'Vaulting upon his courſer fleet in haſte
'His weighty mace he caught, his vizor brac'd,
'And thus with hurried voice to OSMYN cried:
"Say, ſhall our well-earn'd glories be diſgrac'd?
"Shall yonder knights uncheck'd our force deride,
"And thro' our trembling hoſt ſpread deſolation wide?

XXXVIII.

"Let us together ſeek th' inſulting foe,
"And, in our Prophet confident, unite
"The matchleſs force of Afric's ſons to ſhew!"
'Thus ſpake the Chieftain: from the rugged height
'His foaming courſer bore him to the fight.
'Impell'd by equal fury and diſdain
'OSMYN his word obey'd: with footſteps light
'His fleet Arabian ſcour'd along the plain
'With ſlaughter red, o'er heaps of wounded and of ſlain.

XXXIX.

'Them, as their enterpriſing courſe they preſs'd,
'Bold MONTMIRAIL remarking, thus aloud
'In terms exulting his brave friend addreſs'd:
"Mark you, where yonder thro' the yielding croud
"Advance two champions, whoſe demeanour proud
"And haſty movement note ſome great intent?
"They ſeem as if with proweſs high endow'd.
"If here they come on hoſtile purpoſe bent,
"Their meditated charge 'twere fitting we prevent."

XL.

'Thus ſaying, in it's reſt he fix'd his lance,
'And forward rode. DES BARRES the foe beheld,
'And with like ardour made his ſteed advance.
'Thus, when black clouds with ſulph'rous vapours ſwell'd
'By clouds their race oppoſing are repell'd,
'Far thro' the ſky their dire contents are hurl'd:
'With craſh tremendous and with rage unquell'd
'Up-rooted foreſts thro' the air are whirl'd,
'And madd'ning elements convulſe the ſuffering world.

XLI.

'NOUREDDIN, ſpurring on his charger black,
'With MONTMIRAIL firſt met, and, waving high
'His mace of ſteel, commenc'd the dread attack.
'With ſinewy arm and quickly judging eye
'He ſtruck the Chriſtian's ſpear, which, glancing by,
'Innoxious quiver'd. Ere his courſer's flight
'By MONTMIRAIL was check'd, with boaſtful cry
'He rear'd his mace, and with reſiſtleſs might
'Rudely his ſhoulders ſmote, and cruſh'd his armour bright.

XLII.

'Caſting aſide his lance, his glitt'ring blade
'Graſping with manly firmneſs, MONTMIRAIL
'Soon ſturdily th' aggreſſor's wrongs repaid.
'Now rung with blows each well-attemper'd mail,
'Loud as the floor which with his twanging flail
'The ſturdy peaſant ſtrikes, or as the field
'When driv'n by ſtorms deſcends the clatt'ring hail.
'Not leſs reſounded either caſque and ſhield,
'Nor did with leſs effect each Chief his weapon wield.

XLIII.

'Both unappall'd their bloody toil purſued,
'Both ſought the ſtrife by valour to decide,
'And ſteadily maintain'd th' encounter rude.
'But keen NOUREDDIN an advantage ſpied,
'And ſwift as light'ning on his foeman's ſide
'His huge mace ſtruck. Stagg'ring he dropt his rein,
'From his pale lips guſh'd forth a purple tide,
'Senſeleſs to earth he fell, while o'er the plain
'Ruſh'd his affrighted ſteed the Chriſtian camp to gain.

XLIV.

'Exulting in his vict'ry thus atchiev'd,
'Acroſs the field his eye NOUREDDIN glanc'd,
'Where, by DES BARRES unhors'd, he ſtraight perceiv'd
'OSMYN his friend in death's embrace entranc'd.
'Fir'd by the ſight, indignant he advanc'd,
'And, while his geſture fierce and eye inflam'd
'Denoted vengeance doubly now enhanc'd,
'And ſpoke the workings of his wrath untam'd,
'With voice like thunder thus the ſable Knight exclaim'd.

XLV.

" Chieftain! whoe'er thou art, whoſe pow'rful hand
" The fates have led o'er OSMYN to prevail,
" Think not NOUREDDIN's fury to withſtand:
" Before ſuperior force your glories vail;
" Soon ſhall your bands their leader's loſs bewail!"
" Boaſter!" replied DES BARRES, " ſome meaner ſword
" A foe like thee more fitly might aſſail,
" And of thy recreant limbs a feaſt afford
" For vultures hot for blood and beaſts of prey abhorr'd!

XLVI.

" So might'ſt thou nameleſs and unhonour'd fall!
" But great revenge and MONTMIRAIL's lov'd ſhade
" Inſpire my arm and for atonement call.
" Ye pow'rs immortal! now impart your aid,
" Let your full influence now my ſoul pervade!"
' With that his rowels ſharply he applied,
' And with his lance a ſtroke impetuous made;
' Which when NOUREDDIN ſaw, he turn'd aſide,
' And, as his foe rode on, with luſty mace replied.

XLVII.

' So heavily he made the ſteel deſcend,
' That to his ſaddle's bow th' aſtounded knight
' Full ſorely ſhaken was compell'd to bend.
' NOUREDDIN now, more eager for the fight,
' His weapon rais'd, and ſummoning his might
' Aim'd at a blow the conteſt to conclude.
' But vain his murd'rous purpoſe: from it's height
' The mace deſcending, with encounter rude
' Struck his own ſteed, and bath'd his ample flank in blood.

XLVIII.

' Ill did the wound the lordly charger brook,
' But, raging madly, all dominion ſpurn'd,
' And roughly in his ſeat NOUREDDIN ſhook.
' With ready eye DES BARRES their ſtrife diſcern'd:
' His nimble courſer ſuddenly he turn'd,
' And with redoubled force the foe aſſail'd,
' Whoſe breaſt, where rage and indignation burn'd,
' His ſharp lance meeting, pierc'd his cuiraſs mail'd,
' And drove him to the earth on it's ſtout ſhaft impal'd.

XLIX.

' As his well-temper'd weapon from the wound
' The victor Chief with ſtrenuous effort tore,
' Forth guſh'd a ſanguine flood, which far around
' Mantling diſtain'd the verdant ſoil with gore.
' While to the camp ſome ſad attendants bore
' Young MONTMIRAIL, if haply there a leech
' His ſtrength by ſov'reign med'cine might reſtore,
' DES BARRES his foaming courſer urg'd, to reach
' His gallant band which ſtrove to penetrate the breach.

L.

' There, rank with rank engag'd and man with man,
' Each army ſought it's courage to diſplay.
' As firſt in peril's front renown'd SABRAN
' Thro' mingled Pagans cut his eager way,
' Aſſociate in his gen'rous toils, ROUVRAI,
' Wielding his crimſon'd ſword, their fury brav'd,
' And thro' their crouded legions ſpread diſmay:
' While Diſcord o'er the ſcene with joy deprav'd
' Caſt her envenom'd glance, and high her pinions wav'd.

LI.

' Awhile, as nicely balanc'd, either hoſt
' Oppoſing ſtood; neither advantage gain'd,
' Nor to ſuperior might their ſtation loſt;
' Each ſteadily the chance of war ſuſtain'd,
' And Conqueſt her ſtill dubious ſcale maintain'd:
' But ſoon the hard-preſs'd Infidels gave back,
' While Gallia's ſons, as if they toil diſdain'd,
' With freſhen'd zeal purſued their bold attack,
' And o'er their ſlaughter'd foes mark'd their vindictive [track.

LII.

' With fatal haſte th' embattled wall they fought,
' Where in terrific range machines were ſpread,
' Ready for action and with ruin fraught.
' Vollies of darts with deſtination dread
' The thund'ring Briccolas in torrents ſhed:
' From ſturdy bows unerring arrows flew;
' And boiling oil and pitch, and molten lead,
' From cauldrons huge a more ignoble crew
' On the throng'd combatants with ſavage malice threw;

LIII.

' Or caſt a deadly ſhow'r of Grecian fire:
' That compound foul, to weſtern climes unknown,
' Pregnant with horrors and with torments dire!
' It's livid flames conſum'd the flinty ſtone;
' Pervading ſteel, it ſcorch'd the warrior's bone,
' And ſtunn'd his ſenſes with it's noiſome ſtench:
' Plung'd in the ſtream it's vigour ſtill was ſhewn;
' No water could it's power infuriate drench,
' Nor had experience yet it's terrors taught to quench.

LIV.

'With theſe another band conſpir'd to fling,
'Where'er the Chriſtian force was cloſely pent,
'Full many a wooden hoop, whoſe circling ring
'With ſulphur and bitumen was beſprent.
'Theſe, all inflam'd, with aim aſſur'd they ſent,
'And, as amid the warlike ranks they fell,
'The hapleſs victims of their curs'd deſcent,
'With ſhrieks of anguiſh and deſpairing yell,
'Writh'd in the burning orb, and felt the pangs of hell.

LV.

'No valour could ſuch modes of war ſuſtain:
'Yet, whatſoever valour could perform,
'The Gallic troops effected, tho' in vain.
'Amid the perils of the fiery ſtorm
'As ſank the leaders, a ſucceeding ſwarm
'Strode o'er their corſes and aſſail'd the wall:
'Tho' death was preſent in his ſtrangeſt form,
'Nought could ſuffice their courage to appal,
'One impulſe ſeem'd to guide and animate them all.

LVI.

'Still did we gaze on their tranſcendent worth,
'When, from the adverſe quarter on the right,
'A tempeſt yet more horrible broke forth.
'From Turo and from Mahumeria's height
'Ferocious TECADIN led on his might,
'To force the camp and aid his friends diſtreſs'd.
'Onward they ruſh'd impetuous to the fight,
'And ev'ry Chieftain, as he wav'd his creſt,
'Join'd in the cry of war, and MAHOMET addreſs'd.

LVII.

' Not louder, when, by headſtrong tempeſts ſwell'd,
' Ocean's mad billows on the ſhore rebound,
' Not more tremendous, when, by rocks repell'd,
' Her deaf'ning fury ſhakes the vaſt profound,
' Than roſe the ſavage and diſcordant ſound.
' Far as extended the entrenchment wide
' Their varied armament encircled round;
' Some boldly ſought to mount the rampart's ſide,
' And ſome with engines huge the yielding portals plied.

LVIII.

' Soon as th' alarm was heard, renown'd BEAUJEU
' With watchful care and provident intent
' To the broad rampart with his legions flew.
' 'Mid the aſſailants on the ſteep aſcent,
' A ſhow'r of darts and maſſy rocks they ſent,
' While glaive-men dealt deſtruction on the foes,
' And ſturdy bowmen their tough arches bent.
' Yet vain their efforts prov'd the charge t'oppoſe;
' Tho' hundreds bleeding fell, ſucceſſive hundreds roſe.

LIX.

' Numbers, not valour, o'er the French prevail'd:
' Tho' perils threaten'd from the heights above,
' Their battlements the hardy Pagans ſcal'd,
' And from their works the brave defenders drove.
' On ev'ry ſide with adverſe fate they ſtrove:
' While TECADIN urg'd on his deſp'rate band,
' Plum'd with ſucceſs, their ſabre's edge to prove,
' From Acre's walls, unable to withſtand
' The foe, they ſaw their troops diſperſe on ev'ry hand.

LX.

'Around confuſion, dread and horror reign'd;
'O'er either hoſt remorſeleſs ATE ſoar'd,
'And the parch'd field promiſcuous ſlaughter ſtain'd.
'Still from their ranks with countleſs numbers ſtor'd
'New bands of combatants the Pagans pour'd,
'Careleſs of life and prodigal of blood;
'Now lance with lance was mix'd and ſword with ſword,
'In onſet cloſe the mingled warriors ſtood,
'While from their riven mails faſt ſtream'd a gory flood.

LXI.

'Then ſhone pre-eminent the Gallic Prince.
'When hardly hope his cruel fortunes cheer'd,
'He ſought his worth by valiant deeds t' evince:
'Where rang'd moſt cloſe the adverſe hoſts appear'd,
'Dauntleſs he flew; his lance a paſſage clear'd,
'And many an infidel to fate conſign'd.
'With him his choſen knights their faulchions rear'd,
'His kingdom's pride with him their efforts join'd,
'Or honour to atchieve, or glorious death to find.

LXII.

'But fruitleſs prov'd their zeal and courage tried:
'Stern TECADIN was maſter of the field,
'And all was havock now and ruin wide.
'There VILLEHARDOUIN ſank; no more to wield
'His potent arms, his faith CHATILLON ſeal'd;
'There ROUVRAI, gallant peer, his labours crown'd:
'The brave FOUGERES, his breath compell'd to yield,
'With ENGUERRAND, no leſs by fame renown'd,
'Cloſe by their Monarch's ſide a fate diſtinguiſh'd found.

LXIII.

'Twere vain the mournful catalogue to ſwell
With thoſe leſs known, who, in the carnage wild,
Beneath the fury of the Pagans fell.
Yet, on all theſe Affection once had ſmil'd,
Had hung with rapture on the parent mild,
With fondneſs o'er the parting huſband wept,
Or claſp'd with extacy the duteous child!
Now, from the face of genial nature ſwept,
In their unhonour'd graves the heart's beſt feelings ſlept.

LXIV.

While thus the battle ominouſly rag'd,
And freſh battalions to the combat preſs'd,
Whoſe cries of triumph further wrongs preſag'd,
LUSIGNAN and his Chiefs I thus addreſs'd.
"Too long I've check'd the feelings of my breaſt;
"But, while a chance, however ſmall, remain'd,
"That PHILIP might the adverſe hoſt arreſt,
"My grief and indignation I reſtrain'd,
"And o'er my anxious ſoul dominion ſtrict maintain'd.

LXV.

"I knew his jealous ſpirit ill could bear
"That others ſhould his hop'd-for glories ſeize,
"Or in the harveſt of his laurels ſhare.
"But danger ill with haughtineſs agrees;
"Nor ſhould my help his ſtubborn pride diſpleaſe.
"Give but the word, and here my vengeful blade
"The Saracenic fury ſhall appeaſe,
"And on their ſquadrons fearfully array'd
"Shall retribution full and dreadful be diſplay'd."

LXVI.

' As thus with warmth and energy I ſpoke,
' Throughout th' encircling Peers, whoſe noble pride
' Inaction ſcorn'd, a ſhout of tranſport broke,
' When thus LUSIGNAN eagerly replied.
" May fav'ring Heav'n your arm to conqueſt guide!
" May fame and victory o'er your banners wave!
" Proceed, great Prince! and from th' o'erwhelming tide
" Of Pagan rage the Gallic Monarch ſave,
" Still glorious tho' o'erthrown, and tho' ſucceſsleſs brave!"

LXVII.

' As when arrang'd high-mettled courſers ſtand,
' Eyeing the diſtant goal acroſs the plain,
' Soon as th' inſpiring trumpet gives command,
' Forward they dart regardleſs of the rein,
' Their eye-balls flaſh, their vig'rous limbs they ſtrain,
' Sweep o'er the vallies and ſurmount the height,
' While burſting ſeems each agitated vein:
' So, fill'd with hope, and confident of might,
' My bold companions ruſh'd impatient to the fight.

LXVIII.

' When firſt the fortunes of the Gallic hoſt
' Doubtfully ſhew'd, I bad each Engliſh Peer
' Repair with ſilent caution to his poſt,
' Thence, when occaſion ſhould preſent, to bear
' His pow'rful aid their ſuff'ring cauſe to cheer.
' A far-rang'd band, in many a combat tried,
' MAULEON held prepar'd and ſtation'd near,
' Whoſe gallant movements I myſelf might guide,
' To check th' inſulting foes and ſtem their boiſt'rous tide.

LXIX.

‘ Bold MORTIMER I caution'd to remark
‘ Whatever on the town's wide ramparts paſs'd;
‘ And LEICESTER bad on board the fleet t' embark,
‘ And 'gainſt the ſea-girt walls to place in haſte
‘ The Floating Caſtle, which, ere yet I trac'd
‘ My eaſtern courſe, in England had been made.
‘ This, from ſix ſtages, burning wild-fire caſt,
‘ And ſtones immenſe, from Rhine's broad ſtream convey'd,
‘ Of matchleſs ſize and force with aim deſtructive play'd.

LXX.

‘ All thus prepar'd to meet the bloody toil,
‘ Undaunted REGINALD my ſtandard rear'd,
‘ Where the gaunt Dragon, ſymbol of our Iſle,
‘ With out-ſpread wings and flaming jaws appear'd.
‘ UTHER, who erſt the Britiſh empire ſteer'd,
‘ From MERLIN had it, who the fabric ſpun:
‘ In days and glory old the King rever'd
‘ Gave it to ARTHUR his illuſtrious ſon,
‘ Who oft beneath it fought and fame immortal won.

LXXI.

‘ Soon as unroll'd it wanton'd in their view,
‘ It's web auſpicious every warrior hail'd,
‘ Wav'd his good faulchion, home his arrow drew,
‘ And manfully the Saracens aſſail'd.
‘ While MORTIMER the breach tremendous ſcal'd
‘ Strew'd with the ſlain, and Leiceſter's potent Chief
‘ His Caſtle's terrors on the town detail'd,
‘ Impell'd by honour, gen'rous ſhame and grief,
‘ O'er the wide plain we bore to Gallia's King relief.

LXXII.

' Surrounded by the foe the Monarch ſtood,
' Hot with the fight, his blade with ſlaughter red,
' His cuiraſs and his helm diſtain'd with blood.
' Full many a warrior brave, whoſe ſoul was fled,
' Lay ghaſtly round him in confuſion dread:
' Himſelf, ſtill daring 'mid the wild alarm,
' Advanc'd with feeble and uncertain tread;
' No more with energy his wearied arm
' Fell on the adverſe bands, or wrought it's cuſtom'd harm.

LXXIII.

' Thro' the thick phalanx which our hoſt defied,
' Intent the Prince to ſave, we hew'd our way:
' And now, our purpoſe high atchiev'd, I cried,
" Thus let a friend his ardent zeal diſplay!
" Tho' fate forbid ſucceſs, tho' loſt the day,
" Still ſhall thy matchleſs worth recorded ſtand:
" Fame ſhall to long poſterity convey
" The valiant deeds enacted by thy hand,
" The glories of thy brave tho' unſucceſsful band.

LXXIV.

" Thou ſeem'ſt with toil and labour overſpent,
" And from thy creſt a bloody torrent flows:
" Diſdain not to give o'er thy great intent,
" Nor dread thy honours well-atchiev'd to loſe,
" While we, yet freſh, the Pagan hoſt oppoſe,
" And check the progreſs of th' inſulting crew.
" Fleeting ſhall prove the triumph of your foes!
" Soon ſhall our ſwords their yielding ranks purſue,
" And TECADIN ere long his bold attempt ſhall rue!"

LXXV.

' As thus to ſooth his wounded pride I aim'd,
' With geſture fierce which ſpoke his ſtrong deſpair,
' And interrupted phraſe, the King exclaim'd:
" Thine aid I ſcorn---thy ſpecious arts forbear---
" Think not the honours of the field to ſhare,
" Nor ſtrive with me in glory's race to vie---
" None but myſelf my well-earn'd wreaths ſhall wear---
" My arm can yet the hoſtile force defy,
" Nor needs a rival's help to purchaſe victory!"

LXXVI.

' He ſaid. As if he further ſpeech diſdain'd,
' Again to wield his weapon he eſſay'd:
' But him no more his trembling limbs ſuſtain'd,
' No more his hand his dread intent obey'd;
' He felt a death-like cold his frame pervade,
' And ſtagg'ring fell. From off th' encrimſon'd ground
' The fainting King ſome warriors ſtraight convey'd,
' And carefully his helm and mail unbound,
' To ſtaunch the blood which flow'd from many a gaping [wound.

LXXVII.

' Meantime around us roſe a fearful cry.
' Before the foe triumphant we beheld
' The Gallic legions in diſorder fly,
' While TECADIN their routed bands impell'd,
' And mark'd his fatal way with rage unquell'd.
' From the broad rampart, guarded now no more,
' Freſh combatants his hoſt inſulting ſwell'd,
' And, as their ſuccour ardently they bore,
' Rear'd high their faulchions keen diſtain'd with Chriſtian [gore.

LXXVIII.

'But ſoon we ſtemm'd the deſolating tide.
'Fluſh'd by ſucceſs, with Gallic ſpoils bedeck'd,
'The wild invaders who our pow'r defied
'Firmly we met, right manfully we check'd,
'And taught them Engliſh valour to reſpect.
'Oh! would ſome Pow'r with animating flame
'Inſpire my ſoul, my languid ſpeech direct!
'Then ſhould each lov'd and honourable name
'Survive the wreck of time, immortaliz'd by fame!

LXXIX.

'But tame and lifeleſs muſt deſcription prove.
'Here might be ſeen, o'er mingled heaps of dead,
'With blade exterminating PEMBROKE rove,
'And wide deſtruction thro' the Pagans ſpread:
'There valiant TANCARVILLE his vengeance ſhed;
'And there MAULEON o'er the crouded field
'His vet'ran bands with force o'erwhelming led;
'While, in an adverſe quarter, high his ſhield
'Grac'd by the holy croſs was GRANVILLE ſeen to wield.

LXXX.

'There, with ST. JOHN'S brave Knights, ERMENGARD
'Unrivall'd deeds of chivalry perform'd. [bold
'Aloft their Order's ſtandard they unroll'd:
'At once by courage and religion warm'd,
'Where moſt the fury of the battle ſtorm'd
'Ardent they ruſh'd, and ſpread around diſmay.
'Full many a corſe their horſes' hoofs deform'd,
'And many a bleeding Chief around them lay,
'And death and havock mark'd their devaſtating way.

LXXXI.

‘ Not otherwiſe than when acroſs the ſky
‘ Obnoxious vapours, bred from murky night,
‘ By morn's enliv'ning breeze are forc'd to fly,
‘ The foe retreated. With redoubled might
‘ We follow'd cloſe and urg'd the bloody fight;
‘ Nor ceas'd we 'till their routed bands we drove
‘ In wild diſorder to the rampart's height,
‘ Where ſtill to mount Barbarian cohorts ſtrove,
‘ Eager their hate and thirſt of Chriſtian ſpoils to prove.

LXXXII.

‘ Curſing his fortune now ſo foully chang'd,
‘ Tho' not deſpairing yet the day to gain,
‘ Fierce TECADIN with fatal progreſs rang'd.
‘ As from their ſheep-cot when a peaſant train
‘ A lion chace whom recent ſlaughters ſtain,
‘ The lordly tyrant flight ignoble ſpurns;
‘ Laſhing his ſides, erecting high his mane,
‘ To meet his foe with madd'ning wrath he turns,
‘ While either orb of ſight with kindling vengeance burns:

LXXXIII.

‘ So bold, ſo dreadful, the proud Chief appear'd,
‘ When, as endow'd with force and courage new,
‘ His giant form and potent hand he rear'd,
‘ And on our hoſt, who ceas'd not to purſue,
‘ With dire intent and fell impatience flew.
‘ Where'er he turn'd, in blood of Chriſtians deep
‘ His faulchion keen he fail'd not to imbrue,
‘ And many a warrior forc'd in death to ſleep,
‘ And many a widow'd bride and orphan'd babe to weep.

LXXXIV.

‘ Before his trenchant ſword our forces bow'd,
‘ While his hoarſe voice like thunder loud he rais'd,
‘ And on their ranks extermination vow'd.
‘ At deeds ſo dread and threats ſo ſtern amaz'd,
‘ My comrades loſt in conſternation gaz'd,
‘ And valour's worth, tho' in a foe, confeſs'd.
‘ Nor leſs the daring feats he wrought I prais'd:
‘ But ſoon more urgent duties fir'd my breaſt,
‘ Graſping my ſhield, I thus my wond'ring friends addreſs'd.

LXXXV.

“ Champions of CHRIST! who in his ſacred cauſe
“ Diſplay your ſtandards and for Judah fight,
“ Why in the race of glory do ye pauſe?
“ An eaſy conqueſt would but ill requite
“ Your great revenge and oft acknowledg'd might.
“ Poor is the triumph which no danger knows!
“ Superior perils gen'rous ſouls incite!
“ Behold! my arm the Pagan ſhall oppoſe,
“ And ſtamp by his defeat deſtruction on your foes!”

LXXXVI.

‘ As I advanc'd, the Chief his faulchion heav'd,
‘ And, by ſucceſs inflam'd, by victory fluſh'd,
‘ My ſturdy onſet unappall'd receiv'd.
‘ Soon was each cuiraſs bruis'd, each helmet cruſh'd;
‘ Encrimſon'd ſtreams in copious torrents guſh'd:
‘ And, as we ſtrove with energy intenſe
‘ And wav'd our bloody ſwords, the croud was huſh'd;
‘ Their faculties were numb'd, their voice, their ſenſe,
‘ Their breath itſelf was loſt in horrible ſuſpenſe.

LXXXVII.

'Uncertain ſtill the ſtrife appear'd to float,
'When on his ſhaggy creſt, ſuperbly crown'd
'By an increaſing ſilv'ry moon, I ſmote.
'As fell the glitt'ring fragments to the ground,
'In ſudden trance his faculties were bound,
'He rais'd inſtinctively his maſſy ſhield.
'With ſhouts my comrades made the air reſound,
'As if already on th' enſanguin'd field
'The Pagan overthrown had been compell'd to yield.

LXXXVIII.

'But falſely deem'd they of the puiſſant Chief.
'As Heav'n's bright luminary, when a cloud
'His ſplendid orb obſcures with paſſage brief,
'And for awhile ſucceeds his pomp to ſhroud,
'Burſts thro' the gloom and ſhines with radiance proud;
'So from the ſtupor which his pow'rs entranc'd
'The Perſian Prince arous'd, with menace loud,
'To dare the combat's iſſue quick advanc'd,
'While from his eye-balls ſtrain'd vindictive light'nings [glanc'd.

LXXXIX.

'A bolder warrior ne'er my arm engag'd:
'Skilful to ſtrike, to parry, or to wheel,
'The dubious conteſt manfully he wag'd,
'And on my batter'd helm he rung a peal
'So vig'rous, as to make me backward reel,
'And ſtrive to guard againſt his fatal aim.
'As thus he urg'd me with his trenchant ſteel,
'The wond'ring Infidels, with fierce acclaim,
'United to exalt their ſtrenuous champion's name.

XC.

'Not long I bore his ſalutation rude.
'Breathing a pray'r th' Eternal to invoke,
'With freſhen'd ardour and with ſtrength renew'd,
'While tenfold fury in my breaſt awoke,
'I ruſh'd upon him, and with pow'rful ſtroke
'My dept of vengeance amply I repaid.
'But now in twain my treach'rous weapon broke:
'Unarm'd I ſtood, and deſtitute of aid,
'T' abide the cenſure harſh of his well-temper'd blade.

XCI.

'Soon as he ſaw me of my ſword bereav'd,
'Onward he preſs'd with new preſumption fir'd.
'On my broad ſhield his faulchion I receiv'd,
'And, ſpite of his advantage thus acquir'd,
'I warded off his ſtrokes, and ſtill retir'd,
'Till, wearied, with leſs energy he wrought.
'I watch'd th' occaſion, and by Heav'n inſpir'd,
'As to inflict a blow again he ſought,
'With ſtrenuous arm my foe around his waiſt I caught.

XCII.

'Awhile I bound him in my rigid claſp,
'While vainly he againſt my force rebell'd:
'Then, on a ſudden, loos'ning my firm graſp,
'As high in air the ſtruggling Chief I held,
'And ev'ry fibre with the effort ſwell'd,
'I caſt him from me, and acroſs the mound
'Which rang'd along our camp my foe impell'd.
'Headlong we ſaw him down the ſlope rebound,
'Glancing from rock to rock, transfix'd with many a [wound.

XCIII.

'A cry of horror from the Pagans roſe,
'When thus their Chief falling amain they view'd,
'And grief and fear their ſtricken ſenſes froze.
'Inſtant my comrades their aſſault renew'd,
'And, as with new-born hope and ſtrength endued,
'Burſt on their ſquadrons with reſiſtleſs might,
'And to the rampart's verge their hoſt purſued,
'Where ſtill freſh warriors fought to gain the height,
'Urg'd by their leader's voice, and goaded to the fight.

XCIV.

'While thus we well aveng'd the wrongs of France,
'And by our valour worthily redeem'd
'The battle nearly loſt by foul miſchance,
'When bent on ſlaughter every ſoldier ſeem'd,
'And each his own the noble cauſe eſteem'd,
'From Acre's tow'r a ſtandard white on high
'In token of ſurrender widely ſtream'd.
'Soon as in air we ſaw the ſignal fly,
'Throughout our hoſt aroſe a wild exulting cry.

XCV.

'The trembling Pagans, whom our furious bands
'Still to the breach with horrid carnage drove,
'Caſt down their arms, and with uplifted hands,
'With tears and geſtures of ſubmiſſion, ſtrove
'The pity of their gen'rous foe to move.
'Nor were their tears and ſupplications vain.
'While yet I bad them Engliſh mercy prove,
'I ſaw LUSIGNAN and his ſplendid train
'Advancing tow'rds the heights acroſs th' enſanguin'd [plain.

XCVI.

' Approaching near, he caught me to his breaſt,
' And, when at length his words a paſſage found,
' He thus the tranſports of his ſoul expreſs'd.
" Oh far beyond all Chriſtian Kings renown'd!
" Conqueſt and fame thy glorious toils have crown'd!
" By thee redeem'd Judæa's cauſe prevails:
" Thee, while her ſhores with extacy reſound,
" While her triumphant voice high Heav'n aſſails,
" Her champion ſhe proclaims, her chief ſhe proudly hails!

XCVII.

" To Engliſh valour vanquiſh'd Acre bows,
" And with the wreath to Gallia's King denied
" The GOD of battles dignifies thy brows.
" To win fair fame, to cruſh the Pagan's pride,
" His hand has deign'd thy gallant hoſt to guide:
" Inſpir'd by thee brave MORTIMER maintain'd
" His country's old renown, while LEICESTER wide
" On the devoted town his horrors rain'd.
" What fate to us refus'd their matchleſs worth has gain'd.

XCVIII.

" See on thoſe tow'rs, which long the Chriſtian band
" Inſulting mock'd, the flag of triumph wave,
" While CARACOS awaits thy high command.
" Thy gen'rous mercy he ſubmits to crave:
" And from the ſword his troops diſarm'd to ſave,
" To yield the Croſs he proffers, and to pay
" A golden ranſom for his comrades brave,
" Who here as hoſtages with him ſhall ſtay,
" 'Till to our camp his King our pris'ners ſhall convey."

XCIX.

' Thus ſpoke Judæa's Prince.—" To Heav'n alone,"
' Raptur'd I cried, " be thanks and homage paid!
" Our's is the prize, and mercy ſhall be ſhewn!
" Here let our ſtandard widely be diſplay'd:
" Let SALADIN behold his glories fade,
" And know that Acre from his pow'r is rent!"
' I ſaid. My comrades my beheſt obey'd,
' While with LUSIGNAN tow'rds the royal tent,
' Where CARACOS remain'd, exultingly we went.

C.

' But wherefore am I thus compell'd to ſpeak
' Of deeds which others might more fitly ſtate?
' Why am I thus with declamation weak
' Reduc'd my own tranſactions to narrate?
' Not to myſelf impute it, but to fate.
' Yon Tyrant's odious charges to repel,
' To ſave myſelf from his unpitying hate,
' Here on my own deſerts I needs muſt dwell,
' Muſt my own virtue urge, my own atchievements tell.

CI.

' I, who in Paleſtine rejoic'd to bleed,
' Where routed Pagans trembled at my name,
' And crouch'd before me, am condemn'd to plead
' Like a baſe ſlave for liberty and fame.
' Princes! from you protection let me claim!
' I ſee among you many a val'rous Chief,
' Who erſt the partner of my toils became;
' I ſee my comrades lov'd, whoſe gen'rous grief
' Led them from England's ſhores, who for their King's
[relief-----'

CII.

" Oh ſpeak not ſo! Oh rack not thus my ſoul!"
Cried MORTIMER, as ſtarting from his ſeat,
And trembling with diſdain which mock'd controul,
His tears burſt forth: " Bluſh not his charge to meet;
" Let truth the fraudful Tyrant's arts defeat.
" Had I the herald of thy praiſes been,
" Had I been charg'd thy actions to repeat,
" In tints more vivid, tho' in phraſe more mean,
" Had thy tranſcendent worth and conſtancy been ſeen!

CIII.

" I, who full often on the bloody field
" Have view'd thee, when obdurate fortune frown'd,
" 'Mid adverſe hoſts thy pow'rful faulchion wield,
" Could amply tell how fled thy foes around:
" I could detail, how on th' encrimſon'd ground
" The gaſping Saracens their lives reſign'd,
" How, when by conqueſt fann'd, by glory crown'd,
" Thy feeling ſoul on clemency refin'd,
" Thy courteſy rejoic'd affliction's wounds to bind.

CIV.

" Did I not ſhare the perils of the war,
" When, bruis'd thy helm, thy ſword with ſlaughter red,
" Thro' mingled hoſts thy voice was heard afar,
" When we together for our country bled,
" When Pagan armies at thy onſet fled,
" When fair renown her nobleſt trophy wove,
" And plac'd her deathleſs laurel on thy head?
" And now, oh Heav'n and all ye ſaints above!
" Live I to ſee my King yon Tyrant's victim prove!

XV.

" He was the fourth on th' imperial throne.
" Trembles with fear how he fees thee captive stand!
" Shame on the Christian world, which thus can own
" A mean usurpation to his base command!
" That he was nature's dictates never learn'd.
" Whose tears beneath his radiant brai to take
" The eye intense which fortune had pierc'd,
" Who knew the paths which glory's hand had trac'd,
" The secret hopes which eat a Saracen's prefence
grac'd——"

XVI.

" Cease, Montmorency," exclaim'd the King, " nor thus
" Forget the public fervant in the friend.
" We muft be otherwife this cause discuss.
" Should these great Princes patiently attend.
" Should they to hear my statements condescend.
" I muft, however loth, obey their will.
" On their unbiafs'd judgments I depend:
" Tho' worn I feel and spent, their candour fill
" The task which yet remains will aid me to fulfil."

CVII.

As thus the Monarch spoke, his varying cheek
Now flush'd, now seem'd with faintness pale impress'd;
When Brunswick's Duke, who his condition weak
Had notic'd, thus th' attentive Peers address'd.
" However potently each gen'rous breast
" The royal pleader's narrative may fire,
" 'Twere fitting our proceedings we arrest:
" Let the brave captive from the hall retire,
" Let him enjoy the rest which nature's calls require.

CVIII.

" Then, when with ſpirits freſh and force renew'd,
" When dawns to-morrow's light, he here ſhall come,
" His intereſting tale may be purſued:
" Recruited then our taſk we may reſume,
" When waken'd judgment may our minds illume,
" And calm reflection may our votes direct.
" Meantime, while unpronounc'd remains his doom,
" Germania's Chiefs the pris'ner ſhall protect,
" And carefully whate'er betides him ſhall inſpect."

CIX.

He ſaid. The Peers with loud and glad acclaim
Their approbation of his vote convey'd.
Confus'd the Tyrant ſat: the guilt and ſhame
Which rankled in his heart his brow betray'd:
Yet, to oppoſe the gen'ral voice afraid,
With well-diſſembled courteſy he bent,
And, while a ſmile on his dark viſage play'd,
Which thinly veil'd his inward diſcontent,
From his high throne he roſe, and yielded full aſſent.

END OF BOOK VII.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

Re-assembling of the Diet—Richard continues his narrative—Philip's quarrel with the Crusaders—Departure of Philip and Conrad—Saladin refuses to perform his engagements, and marches towards Jaffa—Richard and his army leave Acre, and arrive in the neighbourhood of Cæsarea—He receives intelligence that Saladin was advancing to attack him—He orders his troops to ascend the heights, and draws them up in order of battle.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK VIII.

I.

NOW o'er the eaſt the ray of morning beam'd,
And ſoon the glorious ſun, his courſers fleet
Freſh harneſſing, o'er Heav'n's wide ſurface ſtream'd.
The early Chieftains haſten'd now to meet;
And, ſoon as HENRY on his royal ſeat
Reſum'd his ſtation, to his former place
England's brave King was led. He bow'd, to greet
The ſplendid preſence, and, with manly grace,
His further warlike feats proceeded thus to trace.

II.

'When here before ye, Princes! I appear'd,
'I told ye how proud Acre we had gain'd,
'And how, with Judah's King, my ſteps I ſteer'd
'To where the vanquiſh'd CARACOS remain'd.
'Tho' joyful from the triumphs we obtain'd,
'Yet thought we of the late diſaſtrous chance,
'Which Gallia's beſt and nobleſt blood had drain'd:
'Still, as we ey'd the plain with anxious glance,
'A pitying ſigh we breath'd for PHILIP and for France.

III.

" Oh! that high Heav'n, in mercy to mankind,
" War and its deadly ſcourges had reſtrain'd!
" Oh! had it ſtamp'd upon the human mind
" The mild forbearance, and the love unfeign'd,
" By which alone man's bleſſings are ſuſtain'd,
" And conſcience loſes her ſevereſt ſtings!
" Then brother ne'er a brother's blood had drain'd,
" Ne'er had we known the dire effect, which ſprings
" From nations' rivalry and jealous hate of kings!"

IV.

' Thus I exclaim'd, as from the rampart's height
' Acroſs the battle's field I bent my courſe.
' In ev'ry quarter where I turn'd my ſight,
' Pallid and ghaſtly lay ſome bleeding corſe,
' Or groan'd ſome warrior, waiting the divorce
' Of all that form'd him dignified and brave:
' Above them vultures flew with ſcreamings hoarſe,
' While, from their maws obſcene the dead to ſave,
' Their pious friends prepar'd an undiſtinguiſh'd grave.

V.

' As with diſturb'd and hurried ſtep I paſs'd,
' And ſtill my ling'ring and enquiring eye
' On every ſpectacle of miſery caſt,
' I heard a feeble and half-utter'd cry,
' And turning ſaw a wounded warrior lie,
' Stretch'd on the plain, his armour red with blood:
' A dart his breaſt had pierc'd, while from his thigh,
' Where ſtill the fragment of a lance I view'd,
' With fatal courſe diſtill'd a deep-empurpled flood.

VI.

' I haſten'd tow'rds him. With a trembling hand
' He rais'd his ſhatter'd viſor, to diſcloſe
' The well-known countenance of young FERRAND;
' Then cried, " Ere yet too weak my utt'rance grows,
" My faſt-decaying ſenſes ere I loſe,
" Let me again my much-lov'd Sov'reign greet!
" Let me with him my dying wiſh repoſe!
" Then ſhall my ſoul to Heav'n's eternal ſeat
" Without a pang depart, it's gracious judge to meet."

VII.

' Then, drawing from his breaſt a braid of hair,
" Before I left," he cried, " my native ſhore,
" To noble MOUBRAY's daughter, EDITH fair,
" My plighted vows and laſting faith I ſwore.
" This pledge of love, which next my heart I wore,
" For her who gave it, gracious RICHARD! take:
" This to the miſtreſs of my ſoul reſtore!
" Ah! bid her guard it for her lover's ſake,
" Whoſe conſtancy nor time nor death itſelf could ſhake!"

VIII.

" FERRAND!" I cried, as leaning o'er the youth
' I graſp'd his hand, " with ſorrow I receive
" This dear memorial of thy gen'rous truth.
" Oh! could my pow'r thy gallant ſoul retrieve,
" Thy loſs the gentle EDITH ſhould not grieve,
" Nor ſhould thy King regret a faithful friend!
" While o'er thy corſe the mould'ring earth ſhall heave,
" A common woe ſhall both our boſoms rend,
" And jointly ſhall our pray'rs for thee to Heav'n aſcend."

IX.

' My words his parting anguiſh ſeem'd to calm:
' A ſmile of tranſport beam'd upon his face,
' As with a gentle touch he preſs'd my palm;
' Then gazing upward, as imploring grace,
' He breath'd a ſigh, and ſank in death's embrace.
' I felt his worth my fond attention claim,
' And gave commandment his remains to place
' In Acre's holy temple, as became
' A Chief renown'd for truth and early known to fame.

X.

' Now to the tent our footſteps we impell'd,
' To meet bold CARACOS impatient grown:
' And ſoon our gallant captive we beheld.
' Penſive he ſtood, his eye now caſting down,
' Now viewing mournfully the captur'd town;
' Then ſuddenly, as if he fate defied,
' Our conq'ring hoſt ſurveying with a frown:
' While MORTIMER and LEICESTER, at his ſide,
' With courteous bearing ſtrove to ſooth his wounded pride.

XI.

' Approaching towards him with a friendly mien,
' I thus beſpoke him: " In misfortune's hour
" A warrior's conſtancy is chiefly ſeen.
" If in the plenitude of martial pow'r,
" And fluſh'd with full ſucceſs, his ſpirits tow'r,
" Deceitful is his glory, ſmall his praiſe:
" But, when o'ercharg'd with ill his proſpects lour,
" If then he learn his ſtricken ſoul to raiſe,
" Approving virtue ſmiles, and Heav'n it's aid diſplays.

XII.

" What tho' no longer with appropriate ſtate,
" Thou rul'ſt yon fortreſs which our arms have gain'd?
" Has not thy bold defence confirm'd thee great?
" Do not thoſe ramparts which our toils diſdain'd,
" Thoſe walls which long our force immenſe ſuſtain'd,
" To thy exalted worth their ſuffrage bear?
" They join to prove thy loyalty unſtain'd,
" And ſtrongly urge us, with demeanour fair
" The ruin of thy hopes and fortunes to repair."

XIII.

" Prince!" ſaid the Chief, " tho' in my conſcious heart
" Th' expiring ſpark of hope no longer glows,
" Some conſolation ſtill thy words impart.
" Thus much at leaſt my ſoul of comfort knows;
" That to no common or ignoble foes
" Have I ſurrender'd up my ſacred truſt;
" That, ſince fate will'd my efforts to oppoſe,
" I bear the fetters of a Prince auguſt,
" Not more ſupreme in war than in his triumphs juſt."

XIV.

' Mov'd by the frankneſs of the vet'ran Chief,
' I bad th' attendants ev'ry means prepare,
' To calm his anguiſh and appeaſe his grief.
' Then with the Queen and CHARICLÆA fair,
' Who from their tent my tranſports came to ſhare,
' Tow'rds the proud walls of Acre I advanc'd,
' Where, as with pomp majeſtic in the air
' The lordly enſigns of our iſland glanc'd,
' Our victor hoſt with ſhouts of joy our ſouls entranc'd.

XV.

'Along the well-diſputed breach our way
'To the chief gate exultingly I led,
'O'er which no longer now, in dire diſplay,
'Diſguſting veſtiges of blood were ſpread:
'For pious hands already to the dead
'Had paid the haſty tribute of a grave,
'And pity's eye her parting tear had ſhed.
'As on we paſs'd, th' encircling heralds gave
'Breath to their brazen tubes, and ſhook heav'n's wide [concave.

XVI.

'A thouſand voices, joining in acclaim,
'A martial and extatic chorus made,
'As to Saint JOHN's reſpected fane we came.
'There, as religion's dictates we obey'd,
'And humbly kneeling bounden homage paid,
'ERMENGARD and his valiant Knights, no more
'In gorgeous helms and coats of ſteel array'd,
'A ſolemn maſs recited, to adore
'Th' Eternal King, and His freſh mercies to implore.

XVII.

'When thus in man's firſt duty we had ſhar'd,
'We left the newly-conſecrated ground,
'And to LUSIGNAN's ſplendid hall repair'd.
'There on his board a banquet rich we found;
'With the grape's juice our ample goblets crown'd
'From hand to hand quick circulating paſs'd:
'The voice of harmony was heard around,
'And, as on me her eyes were fondly caſt,
'My BERENGARIA's ſmiles enhanc'd the bleſt repaſt.

XVIII.

'Still did the minſtrel's touch a ſtrain purſue,
'Such as not Orpheus' ſelf could have excell'd,
'When ſuddenly the portals op'ning flew,
'And Gallia's King approaching we beheld.
'We hail'd him, but our greeting he repell'd,
'And wav'd his hand as if inclin'd to ſpeak.
'Stern was his brow, with rage his boſom ſwell'd,
'Tho' ſtill he ſeem'd from late exertions weak,
'While a faint tinge of red fluſh'd o'er his pallid cheek.

XIX.

'Him OTHO, who the bold Burgundians ſway'd,
'Attended cloſe, with CONRAD Prince of Tyre,
'Suabia's proud Duke, whom FREDERICK's hoſt obey'd,
'And LEOPOLD, who ſince with rankling ire
'Gainſt me with yonder tyrant dar'd conſpire,
'And here compell'd me for my fame to plead.
'As on they came, I mark'd the paſſions dire
'Which o'er each face their gloomy terrors ſpread,
'And in their geſtures fierce unbridled wrath I read.

XX.

'Nor falſely deem'd I of their ſtern intent:
'For PHILIP now advanc'd before the reſt,
'And as around a ſcornful glance he ſent,
'Thus rapidly th' aſſembled Peers addreſs'd.
"Princes! at length the treaſon is confeſs'd,
"And England's King betrays his ſecret aim!
"Of trophies won by gallant France poſſeſs'd,
"He boaſts his guilt, he triumphs in his ſhame,
"And on a treach'ry foul aſpires to build his fame.

XXI.

" Shall he---becauſe, upon the field well gain'd
" By Gallic valour and my puiſſant might,
" A tame ſpectator he ſo long remain'd,
" Shall he---becauſe, when won the glorious fight,
" He dar'd our compact trait'rously to ſlight,
" And join'd my conq'ring warriors in the chace,
" Say, ſhall he thus my high deſerts requite,
" Shall he his brows with Gallia's laurels grace,
" Shall he on Acre's walls his banners ſingly place?

XXII.

" And ſhall he too the ranſom full receive
" Which for my captives SALADIN will pay?
" Shall he my army of their rights bereave?
" No---ne'er will PHILIP his juſt cauſe betray,
" Nor ſhall a crafty rival hence convey
" The bluſhing honours which his ſword acquir'd!
" Princes! to you I make appeal. Oh! ſay,
" Are not your breaſts with indignation fir'd,
" Or have you with my foe againſt my claims conſpir'd?

XXIII.

" Let England's King declare on what pretence
" He claims diſtinction. Is it that engag'd,
" By ſolemn vows in Paleſtine's defence,
" With good Sicilia's Prince he warfare wag'd?
" Is it becauſe, this enmity aſſuag'd,
" On hapleſs Cyprus in accurſed hour
" He fell, by avarice and revenge enrag'd,
" To cruſh it's throne, it's ſubſtance to devour?
" Are theſe the great exploits which prove his martial [power?

XXIV.

" Oh that the victims of his guilt were here!
" Their grateful voices ſurely would combine
" Full teſtimony of his worth to bear!---"
" To bear ſuch teſtimony full be mine,"
' Exclaim'd the Cypriot Prince, as from the line
' Of liſt'ning Chiefs he preſs'd with anxious haſte:
" Ill can I gueſs, with what deprav'd deſign
" The daring tongue of calumny has trac'd
" A charge, to blaſt the wreaths which England's Monarch [grac'd.

XXV.

" But, if baſe taunts and obloquy thus flow
" From an allied and long-acknowledg'd friend,
" Liſten while he, who late was RICHARD's foe,
" Stands forth his injur'd honour to defend.
" He ſought not Cyprus from my power to rend:
" My haughty ſpirit, then by ills unquell'd,
" Led me with him unjuſtly to contend;
" My raſh aggreſſion bravely he repell'd,
" And ISAAC's fall, alas! his victor's triumph ſwell'd.

XXVI.

" 'Twas then, when ſorely by defeat oppreſs'd,
" His innate magnanimity I view'd:
" His matchleſs worth my conſcious ſoul confeſs'd;
" Tho' ſtill remain'd the mem'ry of our feud,
" His courteſy my ſtubborn pride ſubdued.
" Vanquiſh'd again by his demeanour fair,
" Hither with him my courſe have I purſued,
" Beneath his banner Pagan rage to dare,
" With him the toils of war, the ſacred cauſe to ſhare."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Amid the perils of the bloody field,
We saw not one of your command desert:
But when at length to numbers forc'd to yield,
Your hand no more could Judah's cause assert.
Then Richard's fate your danger to avert,
To stem the progress of the conq'ring foe,
Ever to aid the Christian cause alert,
His arm the vengeful Tecadin brought low,
And forc'd beneath our pow'r the Saracens to bow."

XXX.

' As when the wind a headſtrong current meets,
' High mount it's waves, and with indignant ſtroke
' It's rugged banks the furious torrent beats;
' So, when with firmneſs thus LUSIGNAN ſpoke,
' Freſh wrath in PHILIP's ſtruggling breaſt awoke.
" And is it thus," th' impetuous Monarch cried,
" Thou dar'ſt, uſurper falſe! my rage provoke?
" Is it for thee our conteſt to decide,
" Whoſe weak inglorious hand in combat ne'er was tried?

XXXI.

" No more in glitt'ring arms thy limbs incaſe,
" Caſt off thy nodding helm, thy faulchion break,
" And honour'd chivalry no more diſgrace!
" Hence to thy tent! Judæa's throne forſake!
" Sit at thy loom, SYBILLA's diſtaff take,
" Enjoy her treaſures, but forego her realm!
" When vengeful Pagans it's foundation ſhake,
" Let CONRAD's pow'rful hand direct it's helm,
" His rightful ſceptre wield, and SALADIN o'erwhelm!"

XXXII.

' As thus, with furious mien, the Gallic Prince
' His wrath proclaim'd, the hall with murmurs rung,
' And every Chieftain, eager to evince
' The indignation which his boſom ſtung,
' Drew forth his ſword, and from the table ſprung.
' GODFREY, THURINGIA, bold Ferrara's Duke,
' ERMENGARD, HAROLD, and VERVONI young,
' Ruſh'd emulous the boaſter to rebuke,
' While with diſcordant cries the echoing chamber ſhook.

XXXIII.

' Nor ſeem'd his friends more backward for the fray:
' With no leſs clamour round the King they ſtood,
' Waving their brands in menacing array.
' And doubtleſs ſoon a dire and fatal feud
' Between the angry Peers muſt have enſued,
' Had I not ſtept between each adverſe band,
' And, while I loudly check'd their tranſports rude,
' And ſought attention with an outſtretch'd hand,
' Their ſenſeleſs fury thus implor'd them to command.

XXXIV.

" Of thoſe who arms aſſum'd for Judah's ſake,
" None than myſelf more truly can lament
" That private ſtrife the public weal ſhould ſhake.
" Was it, illuſtrious Peers! with this intent
" We took the Croſs and here our travel bent?
" Shall thoſe, who prompted by religion's call
" From thrones and princely eaſe themſelves have rent,
" Heedleſs of honour, in diſgraceful brawl
" Thus without cauſe engage, and thus ignobly fall?

XXXV.

" Then may indeed our vanquiſh'd foe exult,
" Again his banner on theſe walls erect,
" And unimpeach'd our Europe's pow'r inſult.
" Ah let not thus our cheriſh'd hopes be wreck'd!
" Your calmer judgments will your views direct
" To purpoſes more worthy of applauſe:
" And royal PHILIP will perchance reflect,
" How far becomes his dignity the cauſe,
" In which his ſword yet ſtain'd with Pagan blood he draws.

XXXVI.

" Had he with coolneſs pleas'd his claims to ſtate,
" Ere this his fancied griefs had been diſpell'd,
" And ne'er had grown this turbulent debate.
" No portion of his ranſom I've withheld,
" Nor has my breaſt with fancied triumphs ſwell'd,
" That Acre's fall is due to me alone.
" Our common efforts ye have all beheld;
" Half of the ranſom let him call his own,
" And with our Engliſh flag be Gallia's banners ſhewn."

XXXVII.

" Methinks," cried SUABIA, " this propoſal fair
" By royal PHILIP ſhould not be refus'd:
" Both well deſerve, and both the meed ſhould ſhare.
" And if, by paſſion's ſudden heat abus'd,
" The Gallic King LUSIGNAN has miſus'd,
" Let him with courteſy redeem the wrong;
" Leſt deep remembrance of his fame traduc'd,
" By ſecret brooding grown to rancour ſtrong,
" Should lead to graver ills, and Judah's woes prolong."

XXXVIII.

' The watchful Peers his prudent ſentence pleas'd,
' And, as their ſwords they ſheath'd, on either ſide,
' Their ſudden indignation ſeem'd appeas'd:
' But PHILIP vainly ſought his rage to hide,
' And thus, while flaſh'd his ſcowling eye, replied.
" Since theſe illuſtrious Chiefs have deem'd it fair
" That RICHARD ſhould my hard-earn'd ſpoils divide,
" Let him my glory and my conqueſt ſhare,
" Let him, to ſooth his pride, my rightful laurels wear.

XXXIX.

" But now, this condeſcenſion to requite,
" With confidence well-grounded I demand,
" Not as a boon, but as my Sov'reign right,
" Of the Cruſading hoſt the chief command.
" For who my high pretenſions ſhall withſtand?
" Who of ye all to Paleſtine has brought
" So vaſt a force, ſo diſciplin'd a band?
" Who of ye all ſuch deeds of worth has wrought,
" Or who ſo well the foe to feel our pow'r has taught?"

XL.

' He ſaid. Throughout a new confuſion ſpread,
' And indignation ſat on ev'ry brow,
' When young VERVONI, who the Piſans led,
' Aloud exclaim'd: " Some other titles ſhew,
" Ere thy pretenſions futile we allow!
" Think'ſt thou the Chiefs, who here aſſembled meet,
" To arrogance like thine will tamely bow?
" Or hop'ſt thou, Prince! that humbly at thy feet,
" Like vaſſals they will crouch, thy favour to intreat?

XLI.

" No! when we chuſe the leader of our hoſt,
" Let ſterling merit our deciſion guide,
" And not an empty and vain-glorious boaſt.
" Let ſound experience o'er our votes preſide,
" Let truth prevail, and gratitude decide.
" England's brave Monarch has alone a claim
" To lead our bands: in perils often tried,
" Deeds of tranſcendent worth have ſtamp'd his name,
" And vict'ry grac'd his brows with wreaths of deathleſs [fame.

XLII.

' Not otherwiſe than when a maſter's hand
' From the loud organ draws his leading ſound,
' Obedient follows his reſponſive band,
' And, as he winds his rich harmonious round,
' The liſt'ning ſoul in extacy is bound:
' So, when his fervid thoughts VERVONI ſpoke,
' A kindling ardour ſeem'd to ſpread around;
' In ev'ry breaſt an impulſe new awoke,
' And conſentaneous ſhouts throughout th' aſſembly broke.

XLIII.

' Soon as the burſt of acclamation ceas'd,
' And thro' the hall the loud exulting ſtrain
' Of gen'ral approbation was appeas'd,
' The Gallic King, unable to contain
' The ſtrong emotions of his fierce diſdain,
' Thus with indignant mien the Peers addreſs'd!
" Too great to bow, too noble to complain,
" I wiſh not long your patience to arreſt;
" My fix'd reſolve may ſoon and briefly be expreſs'd.

XLIV.

" Princes! what now has paſs'd has fully prov'd
" The ſervile motives which your counſels mark:
" The flimſy veil which cloak'd them is remov'd,
" And now they ſhew perfidious, mean and dark.
" Attend, and PHILIP's purpoſe firm remark.
" He leaves you to enjoy your worthy choice:
" For better climes he haſtens to embark,
" And feels his breaſt, as if redeem'd, rejoice
" That his renown no more depends upon your voice."

XLV.

' Thus, as with wrath his panting boſom burn'd,
' The Gallic Monarch ſpoke, and tow'rds the door,
' Awaiting no reply, he proudly turn'd.
' But, ere he reach'd it, anxious to reſtore
' Our interrupted union, and once more
' To calm his fury and our breach to cloſe,
' I cried, " Your paſſage from Judæa's ſhore,
" Forgive me, Royal Sir! if I oppoſe,
" And urge you, to unite againſt our common foes.

XLVI.

" Let not th' impreſſion of a haſty phraſe,
" The warm and partial tribute of a friend,
" Perhaps too raſhly paid, your vengeance raiſe;
" Nor, if a ſudden violence offend,
" To our great cauſe it's dire effects extend.
" Recal the moment, when, at Vergelay,
" We ſwore theſe holy regions to defend,
" To vindicate this land from lawleſs ſway,
" And for religion's ſake our banners to diſplay.

XLVII.

" To this engagement, regiſter'd above,
" My faithful ſpirit is obedient ſtill,
" And ſeeks no other object, than to prove
" How well my actions may my oath fulfil.
" Conſcious of thy deſerts and martial ſkill,
" To own thy pow'r ſupreme prepar'd I ſtand,
" And like the reſt, obedient to thy will,
" T' exalt the glories of thy high command,
" Confirm the Chriſtian hopes, and ſave this injur'd land."

XLVIII.

' Thus earneſtly I ſpoke. The King awhile
' My countenance with feelings mark'd ſurvey'd;
' Then, as acroſs his viſage ſtern a ſmile
' Of mingled ſcorn and indignation play'd,
' Which too diſtinctly his revenge betray'd,
' With haughty and repulſive tone replied.
" Think not my ſettled purpoſe to evade:
" Vainly you ſtrive malignity to hide,
" And vain your weak attempt my future plans to guide.

XLIX.

" My firm reſolve admits not of reply.
" From Acre's port and this perfidious coaſt,
" Soon as to-morrow's ſun ſhall gild the ſky,
" Tow'rds France ſhall ſail my ill-requited hoſt.
" Yet, ſtill obſervant when inſulted moſt,
" With twice five thouſand troops I OTHO leave,
" On whom your truſt may ſafely be repos'd.
" This as the ſum of my intent receive:
" For nought my deſtin'd courſe can alter or reprieve."

L.

" PHILIP!" I anſwer'd, " ſince the public good
" Than private int'reſt leſs affects thy mind,
" By me no more thy will ſhall be withſtood.
" But let this laſt requeſt acceptance find.
" Before high Heav'n again thy conſcience bind,
" Not to attempt by force or fraud to gain,
" In contravention of the league we ſign'd,
" My realm of England, or the wide domain
" Which in thy native France dependent I retain."

LI.

' As thus I urg'd him, ſtarting and aghaſt
' He wildly ey'd me, while as if of ſhame
' O'er his pale cheek a deep ſuffuſion paſs'd;
' Then quickly cried, " Debaſer of my fame!
" To Heav'n and man I thus my oath proclaim!
" If I in ought with England's foes combine,
" If to affect thy kingdom's weal I aim,
" Or 'gainſt thy int'reſts ought of wrong deſign,
" May Heav'n's eternal curſe and infamy be mine!

LII.

' While from his lips the imprecation paſs'd,
' Methought his limbs with trepidation ſhook,
' And earneſtly acroſs the void he caſt
' With haggard glance an agitated look;
' The ſudden bluſh it's ſeat uſurp'd forſook,
' And madd'ning phrenzy ſeem'd to rack his ſoul.
' As from LUSIGNAN'S hall his way he took,
' O'er night's dark veil a gleam ſulphureous ſtole,
' And on our left we heard the ſullen thunder roll:

LIII.

' And ever and anon a fearful ſhriek,
' As if from ſuff'rance wrung, thro' the thick air
' With energy which rent the ſoul would break;
' And forth would burſt ſad accents of deſpair,
' Whoſe thrilling tones the boldeſt hearts might ſcare,
' Might freeze the blood, and valour's impulſe quell.
' Imagination, piercing thro' the glare,
' Form'd images of fiends and dæmons fell,
' Hov'ring amid the gloom, and ſcatt'ring many a ſpell.

LIV.

'Thus horribly, 'midſt terror and diſmay,
'Paſs'd the portentous and appalling night.
'Soon as the cloud diſperſing orb of day,
'Freſh from the waves, o'er craggy Turo's height
'Shot on our camp his coruſcation bright,
'On board his fleet, drawn up in order due,
'The Gallic King embark'd with many a knight.
'Calm was the ocean, fav'ring breezes blew,
'And ſoon to Judah's coaſt they bad a laſt adieu.

LV.

'Still as, their courſe purſuing, o'er the main
'Silent and ſad we caſt our wiſtful eyes,
'Our deep regret unable to reſtrain,
'Fortune, which oft the conſtant ſpirit tries,
'And ſhades our proſpects as they flatt'ring riſe,
'A new and unexpected ill had plann'd:
'For CONRAD now threw off his baſe diſguiſe,
'And, leading from our camp his Tyrian band,
'Bad them aſcend his fleet which anchor'd on the ſtrand.

LVI.

'To the throng'd port our ſteps we quickly bent,
'And earneſtly implor'd the Chief to ſay,
'Whence roſe his grievance, and with what intent
'He thus prepar'd to draw his force away.
"The wrongs of France," he cried, "forbid my ſtay:
"From thoſe who 'gainſt my great ally conſpire,
"And with ingratitude his aid repay,
"Honour, revenge, and gen'rous zeal require
"That, ere he ſhare their guilt, MONTFERRAT ſhould [retire.

LVII.

" Nor have you injur'd leſs my lawful claim.
" Judæa's ſceptre, which, when SYBILL died,
" To me in right of ISABELLA came,
" By your unjuſt decree has been denied.
" Tho' you may ſtoop to ſooth LUSIGNAN's pride,
" Such ſervile baſeneſs is to me unknown,
" Nor ſhall your will our conteſt high decide.
" Ne'er ſhall my ſtandard on theſe coaſts be ſhewn,
" 'Till in imperial pomp it decorate my throne!"

LVIII.

' As thus his treaſons frontleſs he avow'd
' And dar'd our vengeance, thro' our hoſt aroſe
' Indignant ſhouts and exclamations loud:
' And now they ruſh'd his paſſage to oppoſe,
' When, earneſt the unworthy ſtrife to cloſe,
' I thus addreſs'd them: " An inſidious friend,
" When once reveal'd, 'tis fortunate to loſe,
" Leſt, while on ſpecious ſeemings we depend,
" In diſappointment ſore our beſt deſigns may end.

LIX.

" Attempt not then MONTFERRAT to detain:
" Allow the recreant Chieftain to depart,
" Stain'd by his crimes, and mark'd with your diſdain.
" Deep in his falſe and irreligious heart
" Upbraiding conſcience will infix her dart:
" While from her influence vainly he ſhall fly,
" You, unaffected by his trait'rous art,
" With duty and religion's call comply,
" And on the aid of Heav'n with confidence rely.

LX.

'The Chiefs, obedient to my word, withdrew,
'And left the Prince, inſenſible to fame,
'His courſe from Acre's harbour to purſue,
'Cloath'd with diſhonour, ſtigmatiz'd with blame,
'And foully branded with eternal ſhame.
'Meantime our camp we haſtily regain'd,
'And, by a herald, forthwith ſent to claim
'From SALADIN the Croſs our ſwords obtain'd,
'The ranſom, and the troops who pris'ners yet remain'd.

LXI.

'But here, ſtill victims to the arts of Hell,
'Freſh diſappointment were we doom'd to meet.
'With what had lately paſs'd acquainted well,
'The King refus'd our compact to complete.
"Let Europe's bands from Paleſtine retreat,"
'He cried: "tho' now their boaſtful enſigns wave,
"Shortly ſhall end their triumphs in defeat.
"Let them beware how Aſia's power they brave,
"And by obedience prompt their hoſt from vengeance [ſave."

LXII.

'Diſſembling thus his purpoſes unſound,
'He bad our herald back his ſteps direct.
'But his intention ſpeedily we found.
'For, anxious all his forces to collect,
'T' impede our courſe, and Solyma protect,
'Where all his booty and his wealth were plac'd,
'And fearful leſt his progreſs might be check'd,
'From Mahumeria he decamp'd in haſte,
'And, croſſing Belus' ſtream, his route tow'rds Jaffa trac'd.

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LXVI.

'Firſt in the ranks the Cypriot Prince appear'd:
'Array'd in arms of proof and cuiraſs ſteel'd,
'His mace he brandiſh'd and his banner rear'd.
'Nor leſs his daughter grac'd the martial field:
'Like Grecian Pallas arm'd, ſhe graſp'd a ſhield;
'A jav'lin light ſhe pois'd; her brow ſo fair
'A caſque, ſurcharg'd with ſnow-white plumes, conceal'd;
'While, o'er her poliſh'd neck, her auburn hair
'Deſcended low and wav'd luxuriant in the air.

LXVII.

'As with her matchleſs grace and beauty charm'd
'Our warriors gaz'd, I aſk'd the bluſhing maid
'Why thus in ſteel her tender limbs ſhe arm'd.
"While Europe's Chiefs are martially array'd,"
'Smiling ſhe cried, "I bring my puiſſant aid,
"And 'gainſt the Pagans league my peerleſs might."
'Then, taking BERENGARIA'S hand, ſhe ſaid,
"In her defence I dare the per'lous fight,
"And proudly ſtile myſelf her Champion and her Knight."

LXVIII.

'As thus ſhe ſpoke, throughout our legions ran
'Approving murmurs. By my Queen embrac'd
'She join'd her ſide, and we our march began.
'Along the ſea-girt ſhore our way we trac'd,
'Where craggy rocks, in wild diſorder plac'd,
'Frown'd o'er the deep and mock'd the raging tide.
'Thro' Belus' clear and rapid ſtream we paſs'd,
'Whoſe wond'rous ſands to Venice firſt ſupplied
'Her mirrors fam'd, and ſpread her matchleſs fabrics wide.

XIX.

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XX.

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XXI.

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LXXII.

'Along the ſhore, which trended on our right,
'We deem'd it moſt ſecure our way to keep.
'Yet vain our efforts. Still by day and night,
'From the receſſes of the craggy ſteep
'Which roſe around us, with incurſive ſweep
'Our watchful and inſidious foes would burſt,
'Or thro' th' entangled brakes would ſilent creep,
'Where they, unſeen, with deſtination curs'd
'Amidſt our crouded bands their fatal ſhafts diſpers'd.

LXXIII.

'For tho', when coping in an equal field,
'We well might hope the 'vantage to obtain,
'Yet from their force, in covert thus conceal'd,
'And unremittingly employ'd, in vain
'Or ſhelter or defence we ſought to gain.
'For all the diſtricts far around they knew,
'Where beſt their order'd legions might remain,
'Where they might meet our columns, where purſue,
'And where ſecure from harm might lurk their vagrant [crew.

LXXIV.

'But chiefly, from Arabia's deſert brought,
'The wild Bedouins on their courſers fleet
'Deſtruction on our hoſt and terror wrought:
'For rapidly our progreſs they would meet,
'Launce their long darts, and haſtily retreat.
'Not otherwiſe than when a buzzing fly,
'Often repuls'd, his treſpaſs will repeat,
'Unwearied ſtill his circling courſe will ply,
'And to infix his ſting unceaſingly will try.

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XXX.

[redacted]

XXXI.

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XXXII.

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LXXVIII.

'Of all the danger we ſhould run aware
'If they to croſs the mountains ſhould prevail,
'I inſtant orders iſſued, to prepare
'Forthwith the heights precipitous to ſcale.
'My gallant comrades, eager to aſſail
'Their cruel foe, and negligent of pain,
'Obey'd my word. Nor arms, nor weighty mail,
'Nor the ſteep crags their ardour could reſtrain.
'Surmounting all they ſtrove the ſummit to attain.

LXXIX.

'Safely they gain'd the hazardous aſcent,
'As firſt the ſun diſclos'd his dawning light,
'And o'er high Heav'n his ray reviving ſent.
'Far ſtretching o'er the plain, in armour bright,
'And proud diſplay, appear'd the Pagan might.
'Straight 'gan our order'd hoſt their ſwords unſheath:
'Eager for fame, and ardent for the fight,
'They ſtood embattled, 'till the trumpet's breath
'Should ſound the bloody blaſt to victory or to death.

END OF BOOK VIII.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

Richard continues his narrative---Battle of Cæſarea---Death of Iſaac---Rout of the Saracens---Richard continues his march to Aſcalon---The ſhade of his Father announces to him the defection of his Allies and Philip's treachery---Contention between Richard and Leopold.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

BOOK IX.

I.

'THE foe in ſight, 'twas now my taſk to plan
'The order of attack. The Templars bold
'Form'd with ST. JOHN's illuſtrious Knights our van.
'Renown'd DRUELL and brave D'AVESNES I told
'My Poitevin and Norman flags t' unfold,
'And pointedly to each his charge aſſign'd.
'The Engliſh hoſt my ſtandard wide unroll'd;
'With them the Piſans, French, and Auſtrians join'd,
'And with confed'rate ranks our battle's force combin'd.

II.

'Soon as I ſaw our varied banners wave,
'I bad the ſoul-inſpiring trumpet ſound,
'And to commence the march my order gave.
'Acroſs the plain which the rude mountain crown'd,
'In ſolemn ſtate their courſe our warriors wound,
'With ſtep aſſur'd and countenance ſerene.
'Meantime, along the vale and hills around,
'The Pagan forces far diſpers'd were ſeen,
'Their buſy Chiefs employ'd their legions to convene.

III.

'Before the foe ſurpriz'd their front could change,
'And, ere acquainted with our new intent,
'To meet our plans their pow'rs they could arrange,
'To charge them boldly down the ſteep deſcent
'Our gen'rous hoſt their rapid footſteps bent.
'As in the Alps, when wintry tempeſts blanch
'The icy fields, and forcibly is rent
'From ſome lone crag the menacing Avlanche,
'Thund'ring it ſeeks the plain deſtruction wide to launch:

IV.

'So ruſh'd our dauntleſs heroes from the height,
'And 'mid the countleſs legions of the foe
'Bore their tremendous and reſiſtleſs might.
'Still does my heart with admiration glow,
'When mem'ry, pleas'd their deeds of worth to ſhew,
'Recals th' atchievements of our valiant hoſt,
'The bloody torrents which they caus'd to flow,
'Their matchleſs proweſs, their exulting boaſt,
'Mix'd with the fearful ſhrieks of many a parting ghoſt.

V.

'Firſt on their right, ſpurring their courſers fleet,
'The Hoſpitallers bold, with reſted ſpear,
'Ruſh'd o'er the field the Saracens to meet.
'Them led ERMENGARD and the brave GARNIER,
'While ſtout DES CARRES, and many a war-tried Peer,
'In gallant rivalſhip their force diſplay'd.
'Where'er they join'd their rude attack to bear,
'Their way o'er mingled heaps of dead they made,
'And Syria's nobleſt ſons a common fate obey'd.

VI.

'Nor, with leſs certain vengeance, on their left,
'Were Nubia's ſable crew of life and fame
'By BIDDESFORD and his Templar Knights bereft.
'Where'er like light'ning terrible they came,
'Their ſtroke impetuous and unerring aim
'With devaſtation ſeem'd and ruin fraught.
'Vainly the foe invok'd their Prophet's name:
'Ere yet complete the pray'r, their ſpirits ſought
'The groſly-pictur'd bliſs which MAHOMET had taught.

VII.

'While thus on either wing our force prevail'd,
'With equal zeal, but leſs aſſur'd ſucceſs,
'Our line the centre of the foe aſſail'd.
'How ſhall I tell the valour and addreſs,
'With which each Chieftain forward ſought to preſs,
'And break the phalanx which oppos'd his way?
'Admiring worlds their proweſs might confeſs,
'And Heav'n with bliſs eternal will repay
'The Champions of the Croſs who periſh'd on that day.

VIII.

'Againſt th' Egyptian armament DE DREUX
'Led on the French, who on Judæa's ſtrand
'Were left the holy warfare to purſue.
'With them united march'd BURGUNDIA'S band,
'Who with DE VESCY had their movements plann'd,
'And left to him the guidance of the war.
'His merits juſtified his high command;
'For his atchievements fame had blazon'd far,
'And honour grac'd his front with many a deep-drawn ſcar.

IX.

'Awhile the tawny and preſumptuous foes,
'In numbers confident, their poſt maintain'd,
'And Europe's vet'ran Chieftains dared oppoſe.
'But quickly were they to retire conſtrain'd:
'For ſoon DE VESCY an advantage gain'd
'Where leaſt his charge they fear'd, and, while DE DREUX,
'Barring all ſuccour, in array remain'd,
'The bold Burgundians ceas'd not to purſue,
'And chas'd them o'er the plain in either army's view.

X.

'My Engliſh warriors Leiceſter's Earl led on,
'Where ſtrong embattled Perſia's hoſt he view'd,
'Whoſe varied arms with gold and jewels ſhone:
'Them he encounter'd with aggreſſion rude.
'Full hardily his onſet they withſtood,
'For well they knew their faulchions keen to wield;
'And oft the dubious conteſt was renew'd.
'At length, to pow'r ſuperior forc'd to yield,
'With dignified retreat they left the bloody field.

XI.

'While glory's impulſe fill'd his youthful breaſt,
'VERVONI with MELCALEZ' hoſt engag'd.
'Onward, as danger ſeem'd to court, he preſs'd,
'And, where the battle's fury chiefly rag'd,
'He urg'd his courſe with vengeance unaſſuag'd.
'Not long in firm array the foe remain'd:
'As unappall'd the conflict dire they wag'd,
'The well-fought field Arabian blood diſtain'd,
'And with aſcendance dire deſpair and horror reign'd.

XII.

'Not far remote, amid the hoſtile band
'The bold DRUELL his wonders wrought around,
'Till by the ſtern KAHADIM's pow'rful hand
'He fell, alike in life and death renown'd,
'But ſoon his ſhade a fit avenger found:
'LESTANG burſt thro' the intervening rank,
'And ſtruck the Pagan lifeleſs to the ground.
'His arms reſounded as to earth he ſank,
'And deep his purple gore the thirſty herbage drank.

XIII.

'With the fierce Turcomans the Norman might
'Awhile diſputed the far-crimſon'd plain,
'Till fortune turn'd the balance of the fight.
'Againſt BELLEGEMIN the brave D'AVESNES
'His oft-tried faulchion now employ'd in vain:
'To Heav'n his pure and gen'rous ſpirit flew.
'While friendſhip here it's influence ſhall retain,
'My heart his dear remembrance ſhall renew,
'Juſt to his high deſert, to all his virtues true.

XIV.

'Soon as their leader fell, his trembling hoſt,
'Impreſs'd with wild alarm and ſudden dread,
'As if with him their only hope were loſt,
'Shrank from the perils which around them ſpread,
'And o'er the valley in confuſion fled.
'Them vainly VERNON, DE LA ROCHE, ST. PAUL,
'Beſought to turn: to fame and honour dead,
'No more they own'd the animating call,
'Tho' doom'd diſgrac'd to live, or ſtigmatiz'd to fall.

XV.

'When SALADIN, who from a neighb'ring height
'With anxious eye ſurvey'd the field, perceiv'd
'Their baſe deſertion and opprobrious flight,
'His anxious boſom, from deſpair repriev'd,
'With hopes of new ſucceſs and conqueſt heav'd.
'He bad MIRALIS brave, his princely heir,
'Ere yet the taſk of carnage were atchiev'd,
'To fierce BELLEGEMIN his ſuccour bear,
'His glorious toil partake, his bloody laurels ſhare.

XVI.

'Prompt to obey the youthful Chieftain flew.
'FALKEDIN join'd his legions to arouſe,
'And ſummon them the Chriſtians to purſue.
'He from the Sultan's daughter, his fair ſpouſe,
'When freſh their loves and recent yet their vows,
'Himſelf in ſearch of glory lately tore:
'Ne'er to reviſit his paternal houſe,
'His bride, his infant ſon to ſee no more,
'But doom'd a corſe to lie on Judah's diſtant ſhore.

XVII.

'From the ſurmounting eminence they ruſh'd,
'And ſoon with energetic ſpeed they came,
'To where the Turcomans, with victory fluſh'd,
'The Normans chas'd, who, negligent of fame,
'Diſgrac'd the old diſtinction of their name.
'Their ſwift purſuit the royal Chieftains join'd;
'And now, like wither'd reeds before the flame,
'The daſtards ſank beneath their force combin'd,
'And to remorſeleſs fate their wretched ſouls reſign'd.

XVIII.

' His ſteed FALKEDIN urg'd amid the croud,
' And with his ſtroke cruſh'd many a nodding creſt,
' And many a Chriſtian Chief before him bow'd.
' His ſpear of tougheſt aſh he fix'd in reſt,
' And with dread impulſe thro' their ſquadrons preſs'd;
' Not otherwiſe than when an eaſtern blaſt
' Sweeps o'er the fields by bounteous nature bleſs'd,
' The ruin'd peaſants, trembling and aghaſt,
' Trace in their blacken'd corn where late the meteor paſs'd.

XIX.

' As, while his ſheep juſt iſſuing from the fold
' Crop the ſtill dewy graſs, ſome ſhepherd ſwain
' Perceives a rav'ning wolf with hunger bold
' Seize on his fleecy care, and the green plain,
' Where erſt they ſafely ſtray'd, with blood diſtain,
' His crook he ſeizes, and with vengeful hand
' Advances the invader to reſtrain:
' So VERNON, when FALKEDIN urg'd his band,
' Ruſh'd with intrepid heart his fury to withſtand.

XX.

' He met the youthful Prince in full career,
' And on his ſhield, emboſs'd and poliſh'd high,
' With vig'rous onſet drove his quiv'ring ſpear:
' As thro' each fold he made the weapon fly,
' Grazing it paſs'd along his ſinewy thigh.
' Th' indignant Chief, with no leſs fell intent,
' His lance on VERNON'S cuiraſs aim'd t' apply;
' But ſtriking on the temper'd ſteel it bent,
' And, glancing off, his ſcarf with gold embroider'd rent.

XXI.

' Soon as the impulſe of their ſteeds they check'd,
' As if with one conſent each vengeful Knight
' Turn'd 'gainſt his foe his fury to direct.
' More ſure was now the iſſue of their fight.
' Impetuous VERNON, ſummoning his might,
' Transfix'd FALKEDIN's breaſt, and to the ground
' Headlong impell'd him. In eternal night
' His dark eyes clos'd, and from his gaping wound
' Flow'd in a purple ſtream his gen'rous blood around.

XXII.

' MIRALIS ſaw him fall: his courſer proud
' He ſpurr'd impatient 'gainſt the Chriſtian Chief,
' And thus, inflam'd with rage, exclaim'd aloud.
" Whoe'er thou art, thy triumph ſhall be brief!
" Not ſurer falls to earth th' autumnal leaf,
" Than thou the forfeit of thy life ſhall yield,
" And ſatisfy my vengeance and my grief!"
' With that he ſtruck ſo ſtoutly on his ſhield,
' That with the ſudden ſhock the Norman leader reel'd.

XXIII.

' Rous'd from the torpor which his ſenſe entranc'd,
' VERNON with well-pois'd lance his foe defied,
' And tow'rds him inauſpiciouſly advanc'd:
' For Egypt's Prince ſo well his beam applied,
' That deep it enter'd in his mailed ſide,
' And roughly drove him wounded to the plain;
' While, as he fell, his weapon ſwerving wide
' MIRALIS' courſer ſtruck and pierc'd his brain.
' Madly he plung'd awhile, then ſank convuls'd with pain.

XXIV.

' Himſelf the youthful Prince ſoon diſengag'd,
' And, unaffected by his fall, aroſe,
' And ruſh'd on VERNON, doubly now enrag'd.
' But vainly ſought he with the Chief to cloſe;
' For brave ST. WALERIC, who amid the foes
' That day had prov'd the terror of his arm,
' On his broad ſhield receiv'd his weighty blows.
' Perceiving VERNON's riſk, in friendſhip warm
' He flew acroſs the field to ward th' impending harm.

XXV.

' Now rag'd the perilous fight, when DE LA ROCHE
' And ſtout ST. PAUL, who long'd their zeal to prove,
' Thro' the diſbanded ranks were ſeen t' approach.
' ST. WALERIC urg'd them by their antient love
' His bleeding friend from danger to remove,
' And ſafely bear him to ſome ſapient leech.
" While thus the precious moments you improve,"
' He cried, " no foe your efforts ſhall impeach,
" Nor ſhall this Pagan's ſword my ſuff'ring comrade reach."

XXVI.

' He ſaid. The willing Chiefs his word obey'd:
' They rais'd the fainting warrior from the field,
' And him with care upon the buckler laid,
' Which late he knew ſo potently to wield.
' Meantime, ST. WALERIC all his powers reveal'd;
' For 'gainſt him now a hoſt of foes conſpir'd,
' And on his helm with vengeful fury peal'd,
' To aid their Monarch's ſon with ardour fir'd:
' He dar'd their onſet fierce, nor from their wrath retir'd.

XXVII.

'While doubtful ſeem'd the conflict to remain,
'And while ST. PAUL, who now their purpoſe view'd,
'Advanc'd in haſte ST. WALERIC to ſuſtain,
'And thro' th' Egyptian hoſt his paſſage hew'd,
'The Perſian SAFADIN his charge renew'd:
'For ſtern BELLEGEMIN the Norman band,
'Now ſcatter'd o'er the plain, no more purſued,
'But, flying to ſupport him, gave command
'Fortune again to try, and LEICESTER to withſtand.

XXVIII.

'As when with jav'lins arm'd and ſpears of proof
'A lordly lion Nubia's ſons ſurround,
'Urging their eager hounds, he ſtands aloof,
'And makes the foreſt with his roar reſound;
'If, while the thickets echo far around,
'His ſavage conſort iſſues from the wood,
'Againſt their foes they turn with deadly bound;
'Jointly they charge, and with encounter rude
'Rage 'mid the hoſtile band and dye the plain with blood:

XXIX.

'So, when aloud the Turcomanian Prince
'With potent voice proclaim'd his high beheſt,
'The Perſians fought their ardour to evince,
'And SAFADIN, again his crimſon'd creſt
'Erecting high, againſt the Engliſh preſs'd.
'His num'rous hoſt, who our ſuperior might
'With dread and apprehenſion had confeſs'd,
'Now re-inforc'd check'd their inglorious flight,
'And fill'd with freſhen'd hopes renew'd th' eventful fight.

XXX.

' From either ſide aroſe a mingled cry,
' Which now denoted joy, now grief beſpoke,
' And 'mid the claſh of arms aſcended high.
' It reach'd MIRALIS, as with pow'rful ſtroke
' He urg'd our hoſt, and in his ſoul awoke
' At once diſmay and expectation new.
" Hark!" he exclaim'd, " our friends our aid invoke,
" Freſh ſcenes of glory open to our view:
" Let us obey the call, and victory's courſe purſue!

XXXI.

' He ſaid, and, vaulting on brave VERNON's ſteed,
' He left ST. WALERIC, raging now in vain,
' And led his ſquadron on with vengeful ſpeed.
' Swift as the wind they ſpurr'd acroſs the plain,
' And on our Engliſh warriors ruſh'd amain,
' Where ſeem'd their ranks in cloſeſt order pent:
' While SALADIN, advantage ſtill to gain,
' A hardy band of wild Bedouins ſent,
' Who hov'ring on their flanks their bows unerring bent.

XXXII.

' Now with new fury rag'd the doubtful fight:
' For life and fame the adverſe armies fought.
' Then gallant LEICESTER prov'd his vet'ran might:
' The foremoſt Chieftains of the foe he fought,
' And deeds of knightly hardihood he wrought.
' Intrepid MORTIMER his worth diſplay'd:
' As if the ſtroke of fate he heeded nought,
' Where'er the Pagans ſwarm'd his courſe he made,
' And deeply with their blood was mark'd his trenchant [blade.

XXXIII.

'But tho' thus mindful of their old renown
'With bleeding Saracens the field they ſtrew'd,
'Fortune appear'd on Engliſh zeal to frown.
'In every quarter, as intent I view'd,
'I ſaw that SALADIN his ranks renew'd,
'With warriors freſh and eager for the fray.
'Their quick ſucceſſion and their onſet rude
'Compell'd our wearied legions to give way:
'Backward they drew, but ſtill preſerv'd their firm array.

XXXIV.

'I turn'd to HENRY, Count of fair Champaigne,
'My much lov'd ſiſter's ſon, and bad him haſte
'With his good troop our battle to ſuſtain.
'Quickly his hoſt in order due he plac'd,
'And 'croſs the plain his rapid movement trac'd.
'Meantime, while theſe their preparation made,
'The Cypriot Prince his burniſh'd helmet brac'd,
'Caught his broad ſhield, aloft his mace diſplay'd,
'And vaulting on his ſteed with hurried accents ſaid:

XXXV.

"RICHARD! to Heaven my fervent thanks ariſe,
"Which now, to prove my late profeſſions true,
"A fit occaſion to my zeal ſupplies!
"How I eſteem thee let my actions ſhew!
"Perhaps for ever, gallant King! adieu!"
'He ſaid. Like light'ning burſting from a cloud,
'Urging his courſer fleet the hero flew,
'To where BELLEGEMIN with menace proud
'Againſt the Chriſtian bands extermination vow'd.

XXXVI.

' Still did my eyes purſue th' intrepid Chief,
' As on his courſe he held, when, on my right,
' A ſhriek was heard of horror and of grief.
' Young CHARICLÆA, who beheld the ſight
' Which fill'd her feeling ſoul with wild affright,
' Forgetful of herſelf, and urg'd by love,
' Impell'd her palfrey, ſhook her jav'lin light,
' And down the ſteep with madd'ning impulſe drove,
' Straight to the ſpot where now her Sire with Pagans ſtrove.

XXXVII.

" Oh ſave her! ſave her!" cried my weeping Queen,
" Is there no valiant Knight, whoſe pow'rful arm
" Will guard her from the Pagans' weapons keen,
" And ſhield her beauties from impending harm?"
' Inſtant unnumber'd Chiefs, with courage warm,
' Proffer'd my Conſort's terrors to diſpel,
' And aid the Princeſs 'mid the dread alarm:
' But, ruſhing 'fore them all, the young BLONDEL
' Impatiently exclaim'd, as at my feet he fell,

XXXVIII.

" Oh Prince! if e'er thy favour I poſſeſs'd,
" Grant me the boon which now I humbly crave!
" On me, on me, confer the ſacred queſt,
" The glorious priv'lege, from the threat'ning grave
" This paragon of female worth to ſave!
" My kindling ſoul expands at beauty's call!
" And, tho' no banner here I proudly wave,
" In her defence no perils can appal!
" Let her but live, and I with honour crown'd ſhall fall!"

XXXIX.

" BLONDEL!" I cried, " thy paſſing worth I know:
" Be thine the taſk to guard the peerleſs maid,
" And bear her ſafely from th' infuriate foe.
" GOD and ST. GEORGE protect my friend!"---I ſaid:
' Nor long th' impaſſion'd youth his courſe delay'd,
' But o'er th' enſanguin'd field his progreſs bent,
' Where unmatch'd valour LEICESTER ſtill diſplay'd,
' And where BELLEGEMIN, with fell intent,
' Againſt our ſtraighten'd hoſt his freſh detachments ſent.

XL.

' Him the undaunted Cypriot Prince perceiv'd,
' Hot with repeated toil, with blood diſtain'd,
' While 'mid the carnage by his arm atchiev'd,
' Like Thracian Mars by terror led he reign'd.
" Thou, who too long with vengeance unreſtrain'd
" Haſt urg'd thy impious warfare," ISAAC cried,
" Prepare to yield the 'vantage thou haſt gain'd!
" Heav'n, which thy tongue blaſpheming has defied,
" Will nerve my hand it's cauſe illuſtrious to decide!"

XLI.

' Thus ſpoke the Chief. Awaiting no reply,
' Againſt the Pagan boldly he advanc'd,
' His mace tremendous brandiſhing on high.
' Acroſs his plumed helm the weapon glanc'd,
' But with ſuch force, that ſtagg'ring and entranc'd
' His ſeat the Turcoman had nearly loſt:
' Before his eyes diverging ſpectres danc'd,
' And, as his viſual nerve they wildly croſs'd,
' Flaſhes of vivid fire throughout the gloom were toſs'd.

XLII.

'The Cypriot Chieftain ſtopt his courſer fleet,
'And, wheeling round, prepar'd with ſurer aim
'His foe, half vanquiſh'd deem'd, again to meet.
'But him, ſtill mindful of his ancient fame,
'And now by great revenge inflam'd and ſhame,
'His guardian genius ſhielded from the ſtroke:
'For, as the Prince impetuous onward came,
'Breathing a prayer his ſuccour to invoke
'The Pagan rais'd his ſhield, which with the impulſe broke.

XLIII.

'With rowels ſharp he urg'd his courſer's flank,
'And with loud cry impell'd him 'croſs the plain,
'Which now of mingled ſlaughter deeply drank,
'Advantage for his next attack t' obtain.
'Then in it's reſt fixing his ſpear again,
'Soon as his fitting diſtance he diſcern'd,
'His ſpeed he check'd, and with a dext'rous rein
'Back on his following foe his ſteed he turn'd,
'While with vindictive ire his ſoul tumultuous burn'd.

XLIV.

'The Cypriot Prince obſerv'd his coming foe,
'And, nothing dreading his encounter rude,
'Aim'd at his head a fulminating blow.
'But vainly he the Pagan's lance withſtood:
'It pierc'd his manly breaſt; th' arterial blood
'Guſh'd like a fountain from the ghaſtly wound;
'And far extended the encrimſon'd flood,
'As the expiring hero preſs'd the ground,
'Glorious in death, as erſt for knightly deeds renown'd.

XLV.

'The Saracen his broken ſpear caſt by,
'And grimly ſmil'd the fallen Chief to view,
'When tow'rds the ſpot, with a loud piercing cry
'And frantic mien, fair CHARICLÆA drew.
'Looſe in the wind her auburn treſſes flew,
'With fire her eye-balls glanc'd, her cheeks were dy'd
'With tints more luſtrous than the roſe's hue,
'And tears of rage burſt forth, as ſhe eſpied
'Her much lov'd father's breaſt ſtain'd with the bloody tide.

XLVI.

'Like NIOBE, upon his mangled corſe,
'With ſorrow petrified, ſhe gaz'd aghaſt,
'Then inſtantly, with more than female force,
'Againſt BELLEGEMIN her dart ſhe caſt.
'With aim unerring the ſwift weapon paſs'd,
'And in his brawny arm the barbed hook,
'Tearing the veins and quivering fleſh, ſtuck faſt.
'Ill did the Chief this ſalutation brook:
'His frame with madd'ning rage and indignation ſhook.

XLVII.

'Urging his charger, with uplifted blade
'To ſtrike the damſel furiouſly he fought,
'When, on his ſhield, extended o'er the maid,
'His weighty blow BLONDEL obſervant caught.
"Pagan! if warlike fame thou heedeſt ought,"
'The gallant youth exclaim'd, "thy wrath command;
"From female foes no glory can be wrought:
"But, if the proof thou dar'ſt, lo! here I ſtand,
"Prepar'd to meet the force of thy experienc'd hand."

XLVIII.

" Stripling!" rejoin'd the Chief, " thy untried ſword,
" Oppos'd to ſkill and energy like mine,
" But little chance of ſafety can afford:
" 'Twere beſt th' unequal conteſt to decline,
" Ere my prov'd arm correct thy raſh deſign."
" 'Tis not for thee, I truſt," exclaim'd BLONDEL,
" The period of my labours to define:
" Look to thyſelf, proud Pagan! guard thee well,
" And, if thou lov'ſt thy life, my firm attack repel!"

XLIX.

' He ſaid. As when, on Lybia's arid ſhore,
' A tiger ſprings upon a tim'rous deer,
' And the wide foreſt echoes with his roar,
' If an imperial lion, prowling near,
' The death-denouncing ſound ſhould chance to hear,
' He ruſhes forth th' invader bold to meet;
' The fight begins, their fangs each other tear,
' While, trembling yet, and with uncertain feet,
' The reſcued victim flies to gain it's old retreat:

L.

' With no leſs fatal and remorſeleſs feud,
' The rival Champions high their weapons wav'd,
' And ſturdily maintain'd the combat rude.
' Deeply each helm and mail their ſwords engrav'd,
' And bloody ſtreams their hauberks widely lav'd.
' Aſtoniſh'd at the puiſſance of his foe,
' The Pagan loudly imprecating rav'd,
' And oft renew'd his well-directed blow:
' Nor was the Chriſtian Chief to pour his vengeance ſlow.

LI.

'Uncertain ſeem'd the dread event to float:
'For either was in arms inſtructed well;
'And, tho' BELLEGEMIN more ſtrongly ſmote,
'And boaſted greater pow'rs, yet young BLONDEL,
'More active his encounter to repel,
'Far better knew his truſty ſword to wield,
'And, as his foeman's pond'rous faulchion fell,
'Had learn'd t' oppoſe his yet unblazon'd ſhield,
'Where on the ringing orb with harmleſs ſtroke it peal'd.

LII.

'Long time their doubtful combat they had wag'd,
'And many a hardy deed had been atchiev'd,
'When the ſtern Pagan, doubly now enrag'd,
'Collecting all his force his faulchion heav'd.
'The blow BLONDEL upon his ſhield receiv'd,
'And, ere the Saracen could raiſe his brand,
'With puiſſant ſtroke his iron mail he cleav'd,
'And ſever'd from his ſinewy arm the hand,
'With which he erſt was uſed his courſer to command.

LIII.

'He ſhriek'd with anguiſh, while his foaming ſteed,
'Who now no longer felt the pow'rful rein,
'By his loud cry alarm'd, with furious ſpeed
'Bore his unwilling maſter o'er the plain,
'Fainting with loſs of blood and mad with pain.
'Cloſe at his heels purſued the brave BLONDEL:
'Nor follow'd he the Chieftain maim'd in vain,
'For at his head he aim'd a blow ſo well,
'That, bending from his ſeat, to earth the Pagan fell.

LIV.

'Like ſome huge oak, uprooted by the wind,
'As there outſtretch'd he lifeleſs preſs'd the ground,
'BLONDEL repair'd the Cyprian maid to find.
'Her kneeling by her father's corſe he found,
'While on his bleeding breaſt and ghaſtly wound,
'From her ſad eyes diſtill'd a briny flood.
'The zone which girt her waiſt ſhe had unbound,
'With which ſhe ſtrove to wipe away the blood,
'Which, flowing now no more, congeal'd and mantling [ſtood.

LV.

'Softly a few conſoling words he ſpoke;
'But, as he ſtrove to cheer the weeping fair,
'Freſh agony his tenderneſs awoke.
"Oh gen'rous youth!" ſhe cried, "com'ſt thou to ſhare
"My madd'ning grief and exquiſite deſpair?
"If e'er compaſſion could thy ſpirit move,
"Aid me my father's body hence to bear!
"This laſt, dear conſolation grant, to prove
"My fervent, tho' alas! my unavailing love!"

LVI.

'The ſympathizing youth, whoſe feeling heart
'Not more of energy in fight diſplay'd
'Than when meek pity urg'd him aid t' impart,
'With inſtant care the maiden's voice obey'd.
'Her father's body on his ſhield he laid,
'And, with the Princeſs on her palfrey plac'd,
'From the red field his reliques he convey'd.
'Soon as our line they reach'd, BLONDEL in haſte
'Bad her adieu, and back his courſe impetuous trac'd.

LVII.

' For honour now with pow'r imperious call'd
' By fiern BELLEGEMIS no longer fir'd,
' The Saracens, confounded and appall'd,
' Once more before our gallant hoft retir'd;
' While theſe, by hopes of new ſucceſs inſpir'd,
' Urg'd them amain, and wide confuſion ſpread.
' Now HENRY's worth, now LEICESTER we admir'd,
' As proudly ranging o'er the Pagan dead,
' Like Leda's warlike ſons they wav'd their faulchions [dread.

LVIII.

' Not otherwiſe, when ſwell'd by melted ſnows
' And wintry torrents, from it's parent ſource
' Tow'rds ocean's ſhore a lordly river flows,
' If there tempeſtuous billows meet it's courſe,
' Tremendous is the ſtrife: with rival force
' The adverſe waves tumultuous warfare wage;
' High mount their foaming heads; their bellowings hoarſe
' Sound thro' the deep; nought can their feud aſſuage,
' No power avails to ſtem their over-whelming rage.

LIX.

' Soon as imperial SALADIN beheld
' The battle chang'd, and his late conq'ring band
' Their courſe victorious to arreſt compell'd,
' To his remaining force he gave command
' Forward to march the Chriſtians to withſtand.
' Him on his charger mounted we ſurvey'd:
' His head a turban green, a ſpear his hand
' Superbly grac'd; full royally array'd
' He rode, while high in air his ſtandard was diſplay'd.

LX.

‘ But, ere the heights they could ſucceed to clear
‘ Or reach the plain, their purpoſe I eſpied,
‘ And to the knightly band, who crouded near
‘ And watch'd my orders, loudly thus I cried:
“ The time is come which muſt our fate decide!
“ Mark, on yon mountain's brow, the foe prepare
“ Freſh ſuccour 'gainſt our valiant troops to guide!
“ Behold their King himſelf their labour ſhare,
“ The well-earn'd meed of fame from LEICESTER's brow to [tear!

LXI.

“ On inſtant action all our hopes depend:
“ The day may yet by energy be won!
“ Let thoſe who love me on my ſteps attend!
“ Let Engliſh zeal and valour now be ſhewn,
“ And let our foes your matchleſs proweſs own!
“ Here, brave BURGUNDIA! with my Queen remain,
“ 'Till, bleſs'd by Heav'n, and grac'd with high renown,
“ From conqueſt by our arms atchiev'd again,
“ Your joy ſincere to ſhare, I lead my gallant train.”

LXII.

‘ I ſaid. My comrades ſtraightway round me preſs'd,
‘ And, emulous their ardour to diſplay,
‘ Wav'd their good ſwords and fix'd their ſpears in reſt.
‘ PEMBROKE, MAULEON, TANCARVILLE, GOURNAY,
‘ GRANVILLE, DUBOIS, FITZ-GERALD and REGNIER,
‘ And many a noble Peer of vet'ran might,
‘ Combin'd to form my terrible array.
‘ Onward I led them from the verdant height,
‘ Acroſs the plain to join the yet diſorder'd fight.

LXIII.

'That day a charger of Arabian race
'I rode, who, on his native mountains hoar,
'Full oft the lion's rage had dar'd to face,
'And a proud ſcar, pledge of his proweſs, wore.
'O'er the wide field, diſtain'd with mingled gore,
'Me, to oppoſe the Prince of Aſia bent,
'With not inferior courage now he bore:
'Where'er the Pagans ſtood moſt cloſely pent,
'Thro' their diſſever'd ranks a paſſage free he rent.

LXIV.

'But nor his vigour, nor the earneſt hope
'Which cheer'd me as we ſcour'd along the plain,
'Avail'd: for me with SALADIN to cope,
'And end our ſtrife, fate pleas'd not to ordain.
'Nought could my daring warriors now reſtrain:
'On ev'ry hand the Saracens diſpers'd,
'And, anxious from their King ſupport to gain,
'On his wide line with force tumultuous burſt,
'And far acroſs the field his order'd march revers'd.

LXV.

'Th' imperial Leader and his Satraps ſtern,
'Who anxiouſly th' approaching ruin view'd,
'Advanc'd in haſte the flying bands to turn,
'And, meeting them, with ſalutation rude
'Their wild irruption ſturdily withſtood.
'But leſs their menace and their fierce array
'They fear'd, than thoſe who cloſely ſtill purſued;
'Onward they ruſh'd, and with reſiſtleſs ſway
'They forc'd on every ſide their deſultory way.

LXVI.

" Now, now," I cried, " while heav'n our cauſe befriends,
" Be valour worthy of it's favour ſhewn!
" Beneath our force the foe aſtounded bends!
" Charge once again, and victory is our own!"
' As when the graſs by ſturdy hind is mown,
' Succeſſive ſwarths beneath his ſharp ſcythe yield,
' So were the crouded Saracens o'erthrown:
' Nought from our fury could their cloſe ranks ſhield,
' For England's worth prevail'd, and ſlaughter ſtain'd the [field.

LXVII.

' At length, no longer able to ſuſtain
' Our firm attack and oft recurring might,
' They fled on either hand acroſs the plain.
' There numbers fell: while others o'er the height
' Tried to eſcape, their ſpeed increas'd by fright.
' Our triumph now was full, when we ſurvey'd
' Their King himſelf borne in the common flight:
' No more by fame or hope of glory ſway'd,
' He tow'rds Eſdrelon's walls his rapid progreſs made.

LXVIII.

' To chaſe the vanquiſh'd and far ſcatter'd crew,
' I bad ERMENGARD and his valiant band,
' And BIDDESFORD with his knights, their track purſue.
' Meantime, I caus'd the trumpets give command,
' Since now no more the Pagans dar'd withſtand
' Our dread aſſault, their remnant weak to ſpare,
' And with experienc'd and conſoling hand,
' With kind aſſiſtance and protecting care,
' To all our wounded friends a prompt relief to bear.

LXIX.

‘ When theſe eſſential functions were perform'd,
‘ Our fervent hearts to Heav'n's tribunal ſoar'd.
‘ With gratitude impreſs'd, with feelings warm'd,
‘ To the protecting and Eternal LORD
‘ Our ſouls in pray'r and hymns of joy we pour'd.
‘ Our warriors, kneeling on th' enſanguin'd ground,
‘ The ſov'reign Ruler of the world ador'd;
‘ And, as on high the chorus ſwell'd around,
‘ Immortal ſpirits heard, and ſanctified the ſound.

LXX.

‘ Another mournful duty ſtill remain'd.
‘ D'AVESNES, DRUELL, and ISAAC, hapleſs Chief!
‘ With ſolemn ſervice and regret unfeign'd
‘ We laid in earth. Mute were our tongues with grief,
‘ While, with ſad ſtate and ceremonial brief,
‘ We paid our tribute to their worth endear'd,
‘ And from our ſorrow found in tears relief.
‘ Of ſtones and turf high pil'd a mound we rear'd,
‘ And waving over each his banner wide appear'd.

LXXI.

‘ Theſe pious rites fulfill'd, I ardent flew
‘ Again my BERENGARIA to behold.
‘ Engag'd I found her with affection true
‘ Her CHARICLÆA in her arms t' enfold:
‘ With tender ſpeech her ſuff'rings ſhe conſol'd,
‘ And with mild reaſoning and perſuaſion kind
‘ Her frantic lamentations ſhe controul'd.
‘ Mov'd by the ſcene, my efforts I combin'd,
‘ And ſooth'd with gentle phraſe her agitated mind.

LXXII.

‘ Soon as return'd our ſquadrons from the chaſe
‘ Of Aſia's Sov'reign and his hoſt diſpers'd,
‘ Rejoic'd we heard the ſum of his diſgrace,
‘ His blighted proſpects, and his hopes revers'd.
‘ While he, far driv'n, his wayward fortunes curs'd,
‘ Our gallant warriors drain'd their goblets deep,
‘ And, as they quaff'd, their day's exploits rehears'd,
‘ 'Till, ſatiated at length, in balmy ſleep
‘ Outſtretch'd they lay, and dream'd of laurels yet to reap.

LXXIII.

‘ A day we reſted: then our ſtrenuous hoſt
‘ Their ſouthern march with eagerneſs renew'd,
‘ And, to the left now verging, from the coaſt
‘ Tow'rds Japhia's hills their vig'rous courſe purſued.
‘ As if from victory with new ſtrength endued,
‘ They ſtruggled with the perilous aſcent,
‘ And travers'd the defiles abrupt and rude:
‘ Nor, tho' beneath their pond'rous arms they bent,
‘ Was heard throughout their ranks the voice of diſcontent.

LXXIV.

‘ When to the ſummit we atchiev'd our way,
‘ Unbounded nature burſt upon our view,
‘ Luxuriant, pompous, variable and gay:
‘ Mountains far-ſpread with outlines bold and new,
‘ High-nodding woods, enrich'd with ev'ry hue
‘ That Heav'n in bounty prodigal beſtow'd,
‘ And ocean's vaſt expanſe, whoſe waters blue
‘ With op'ning day's ſublime effulgence glow'd,
‘ While glancing in it's beams full many a veſſel rode.

LXXV.

'Beneath us, on the right, proud Arſur lay,
'Extending far his promontory ſteep,
'Wet with the ſurge, which in fantaſtic play
'Beat on it's rugged front with murmurs deep.
'Beyond it, Sharon with enchanting ſweep
'Was ſeen it's endleſs beauties to diſcloſe,
'It's lowing herds, it's widely-ranging ſheep,
'Each plant and flower which vegetation knows,
'From the meek violet to it's own appropriate roſe.

LXXVI.

'Still thro' the vales the verdant foreſts bloom'd,
'While o'er the hills was ſpread a mingling ſhade,
'And tints more grave the rip'ning year aſſum'd.
'To view their charms, Summer, cœleſtial maid,
'In roſy wreath and ſtole of green array'd,
'Check'd her career, and high her treſſes ſhook,
'As tow'rds brown Autumn, ſtretch'd beneath his glade,
'She caſt a fond and oft-reverted look,
'And ſigh'd, as with regret his beauties ſhe forſook.

LXXVII.

'In no leſs extacy our ſouls were bound,
'While, with the view enamour'd and entranc'd,
'We gaz'd on all the glorious ſcene around.
'Unfated with delight we now advanc'd
'To Jaffa, where amid the waves was lanc'd
'The Prophet, who, when ſpoke th' Eternal LORD,
'By contumacy his offence enhanc'd.
'There our exhauſted vigour we reſtor'd,
'And Heav'n's protecting aid with fervency implor'd.

LXXVIII.

'The Pagan armies now the coaſt had left,
'And all the regions which from Pharan lay
'To Anti-Libanus, of aid bereft,
'No longer own'd the Saracenic ſway.
'I bad my Queen in Jaffa's fortreſs ſtay,
'Accompanied by CHARICLÆA fair,
'While to the ſouth I ſhould direct my way,
'Where Aſcalon requir'd my preſent care,
'To rear it's ruin'd walls, it's fortreſs to repair.

LXXIX.

'Leaving bold PEMBROKE, to whoſe charge I gave
'The town and neighb'ring diſtricts to command,
'With gallant GRANVILLE and CASTELLUN brave,
'Again I march'd. Firſt, eaſtward from the ſtrand,
'To Ramula advanc'd my ſtrenuous band,
'Whoſe lofty towers the ſacred fame recal
'Of SAMUEL, who with conſecrating hand
'On ISRAEL's throne plac'd diſobedient SAUL,
'Doom'd on Gilboa's hills by Heav'n's decree to fall.

LXXX.

'Then, by a ſouthern courſe, the well-known brook
'Which ſkirts the Terebynthian vale we paſs'd,
'Whence DAVID, then to arms a ſtranger, took
'The ſtones which 'gainſt GOLIATH huge he caſt,
'When Judah's legions, trembling and aghaſt,
'Heard the fierce champion all their hoſt deride,
'And ſhrank aſtounded from his puiſſance vaſt:
'As their experienc'd Chieftains he defied,
'Struck by a beardleſs youth the proud blaſphemer died.

LXXXI.

'Bethſames next our progreſs reach'd, where erſt
'Her unbelieving and preſumptuous crew
'With ſtrange and unknown chaſtiſements were curs'd,
'For that the veil myſterious they withdrew,
'And dar'd with eyes prophane the Ark to view.
'Proceeding on, to Thamna's bound we came,
'Where th' ænigmatic Lion SAMPSON ſlew,
'And where, with wide exterminating flame,
'Philiſtia's ſons he made to tremble at his name.

LXXXII.

'Advancing, ſoon Accaron's tow'rs were ſeen:
'There whilom BEELZEBUB his ſway maintain'd,
'His impious worſhip and his rites obſcene.
'Not far remote Azotus' heights we gain'd,
'Where DAGON's fane once ſtood with blood diſtain'd,
'Who there, ſo potent prov'd the pow'rs of hell,
'With monſtrous form in ſtate majeſtic reign'd:
'But Heav'n prevail'd the Dæmon proud to quell;
'Before the Ark of GOD the headleſs Idol fell.

LXXXIII.

'Arriv'd at Aſcalon, her boaſted tow'rs
'Diſmantled and to ruin brought we found:
'For, when the Saracens led off their pow'rs,
'Her high and ſtately walls with ramparts crown'd
'And princely fanes they levell'd with the ground,
'Revenging thus their ſignaliz'd defeat.
'I bad my hoſt the ruins clear around;
'And, when from Jaffa's port arriv'd my fleet,
'With force combin'd we wrought the fortreſs to complete.

LXXXIV.

‘ From Auſtria's and Burgundia's bands alone
‘ Murmurs would ſometimes break of diſcontent;
‘ Leſs of effective zeal by them was ſhewn,
‘ And leſs of vig'rous aid by them was lent.
‘ Muſing on this, one eve I ſought my tent,
‘ As the declining ſun illum'd the weſt.
‘ There, by fatigue o'ercome, by watchings ſpent,
‘ My ſimple couch I not unwilling preſs'd,
‘ Implor'd th' inſpiring grace of Heav'n, and ſank to reſt.

LXXXV.

‘ When lo! a myſtic viſion of the night,
‘ As wrapt in ſleep I lay, came o'er my ſoul.
‘ Methought, amid the gloom, a glancing light
‘ With undulating radiance gently ſtole:
‘ A ſound confus'd, like thunder's diſtant roll,
‘ My ears invaded: ſtraight with ſolemn tread,
‘ And mien demonſtrative of high controul,
‘ A martial form advanc'd; a caſque his head
‘ Invelop'd, and around it's plumes diverging ſpread.

LXXXVI.

‘ His aſpect fill'd me with reſpect profound,
‘ And, gazing, thrice to hail him I eſſay'd,
‘ But awe my faculties in ſilence bound.
‘ Meantime, his vizor raiſing, he diſplay'd
‘ To my fix'd eyes my Father's honour'd ſhade,
‘ Such as I view'd him laſt, when pale and wan
‘ His lifeleſs body on the bier was laid.
‘ Through all my veins a ſacred horror ran,
‘ As thus with accents deep and hollow he began.

LXXXVII.

" From where their final and eternal doom
" Spirits from mortal coil releas'd abide,
" By Heav'n ſupreme commiſſion'd, lo! I come
" T' announce the perils which my ſon betide.
" From Hell's receſs, the Dæmons who defied
" Immortal vengeance now againſt thee arm,
" And, with new aid by human guilt ſupplied,
" Triumphantly prepare to work thy harm.
" But let not their attempts thy conſtant ſoul alarm.

LXXXVIII.

" T' o'ercome their malice, to thyſelf be juſt:
" Thy patient toil let virtue ſtill direct,
" Nor dare th' Almighty's wiſdom to diſtruſt.
" Though round thee fate her direſt ſtorms collect,
" Tho' ſhorn thine honours and thy fortunes wreck'd,
" That beſt dependence ne'er the brave will fail:
" If He thy dark and troubled courſe protect,
" In vain ſhall fiends combin'd with men aſſail;
" O'er their united arts thy courage ſhall prevail.

LXXXIX.

" With envy dire inflam'd, the Gallic King,
" Reckleſs of faith, on rich Normannia dares
" The deſolating ſcourge of war to bring:
" Thy Brother, of thy love regardleſs, ſhares
" His frontleſs guilt, and arms againſt thee bears:
" Thy agitated and afflicted land
" Nor Peſtilence nor ghaſtly Famine ſpares;
" While dangers ſtill more imminent at hand,
" To mar thy great deſigns, inſidious Hell has plann'd.

XC.

" Burgundia's Duke, by Aſia's Sov'reign bought,
" Waits fit occaſion to withdraw his line:
" CONRAD, already with foul treaſons fraught,
" Now meditates with him his force to join;
" And Auſtria's Chieftain, ready to combine
" With them his pow'rs, thy ſtandard will forſake:
" While SALADIN, who frames the great deſign,
" Unceaſing toils the ſlumb'ring war t' awake,
" And Jaffa's fortreſs hopes preſumptuouſly to take.

XCI.

" Let not thy ſoul beneath misfortune bend!
" Arouſe thee, RICHARD! and the moments ſeize
" On which thyſelf and Judah's cauſe depend.
" With humble ſupplication Heav'n appeaſe:
" And mark me well, while thus it's dark decrees,
" So far as Spirits know them, I diſcloſe.
" Sacred to England's worth ſhall prove theſe ſeas:
" Here ſhall her banners wave, nor ſhall her foes,
" Howe'er they proudly vaunt, her armaments oppoſe.

XCII.

" What tho' with felon aim embattled hoſts
" Againſt her weal inſultingly conſpire?
" Their mighty fall ſhall ſignalize theſe coaſts.
" Surrounding nations ſhall her ſons admire,
" Who, in the battle's heat, 'midſt blood and fire,
" With dignified appeal their GOD addreſs.
" That GOD, to whom their conſtant hearts aſpire,
" Whoſe preſent aid their grateful ſouls confeſs,
" Will ſanctify their cauſe, and their exertions bleſs.

XCIII.

" Such, in all ages, ſhall her race be ſhewn:
" Prompted by freedom and religion's flame,
" Throughout the world their proweſs ſhall be known,
" And climes yet unexplor'd ſhall own their fame.
" As England's King thy ſhare of glory claim!
" As England's Champion, fortune's clouds diſperſe!
" Recording time ſhall conſecrate thy name,
" And future bards, in ever-during verſe,
" Thy high exploits, thy zeal and ſuff'rings ſhall rehearſe."

XCIV.

' As ended thus the awful Shade, methought
' I leap'd tranſported from my lowly bed,
' And to embrace the honour'd ſemblance ſought.
' But from my eager graſp the Phantom fled:
' Of grace unſpeakable a ſmile o'erſpread
' His viſage pale, as, melting from my ſight,
' He vaniſh'd. I remain'd impreſs'd with dread,
' Mingled with veneration and delight,
' As to his bleſs'd abode he re-aſſum'd his flight.

XCV.

" Oh Thou," I pray'd, " by whom the heart is tried,
" Watch o'er thy ſervant, and protect him ſtill:
" Deign thro' his thorny paths his ſteps to guide,
" Confirm his courage, and direct his will.
" Let me, whate'er betide, thy law fulfil,
" And meet my fortunes as becomes a man.
" Inſpire my ſoul to bear approaching ill:
" And, tho' my foes with dæmons frame their plan,
" Grant me thy ſov'reign aid their purpoſes to ſcan!"

XCVI.

'Now freſh from ocean's wave aroſe the ſun,
'And ſhot his glorious beams with vigour new,
'Prepar'd thro' Heav'n's wide arch his courſe to run.
'With richeſt perfumes charg'd the breezes flew,
'And ſhook from ev'ry plant ambroſial dew:
'The feather'd tribes with modulation gay
'Their wanton courtſhip haſten'd to renew:
'Nature tranſported ſmil'd, as if to pay
'Glad homage to the bright imperial Lord of day.

XCVII.

'Quitting my tent, again the works I ſought,
'Where, with unceaſing toil and labour keen,
'Their portion'd taſk my hardy Engliſh wrought.
'But OTHO's there nor AUSTRIA's troops were ſeen.
'Appriz'd of what this negligence ſhould mean,
'Muſing I ſtood as LEOPOLD drew nigh.
'I mark'd his haughty and malignant mien,
'And in the glances of his ſcowling eye
'Treaſon deep-rankling read, revenge and malice fly.

XCVIII.

'With open freedom I the Chieftain hail'd:
"When thus united in a common cauſe,
"Why have th' exertions of thy legions fail'd?
"Ne'er can he reap the harveſt of applauſe,
"Who in the hour of need his hand withdraws,
"Or ſeeks, when calls his duty, to retire.
"Why then thy toils forbear?" After a pauſe,
"Do'ſt thou," he cried, "ſuch proofs of zeal require?
"Ne'er did ſuch ſervile toils debaſe my noble ſire!

XCIX.

" Among thy anceſtors ſome lab'ring hind,
" Brawny and vig'rous, thou perhaps may'ſt quote,
" To whom thy mother ſecretly reſign'd----"
' No more I ſtaid to hear, but by the throat
' I caught the railing Chief, and rudely ſmote
' The mouth from which ſuch taunts inſulting flew:
' His creſt and plume into the ſpreading moat
' With his proud flag diſdainfully I threw,
' And with defiance ſtern my truſty faulchion drew.

C.

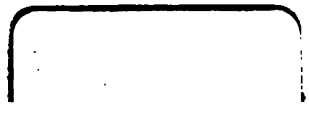
" If with a woman's tongue a warrior's heart
" Thou join'ſt," I cried, " betake thee to thy ſword!
" I know thy counſels, thy diſgraceful art,
" Thy ſoul with treaſon and corruption ſtor'd.
" Look to thyſelf! thy ſtratagems abhorr'd,
" Thy ſecret dealings with our Pagan foe,
" No refuge now, no ſubterfuge afford.
" Chuſe as thou wil'ſt: a manly ſemblance ſhew,
" Or hide thy recreant head diſhonour'd by a blow!"

CI.

' I ſaid. Confus'd and pale the Chieftain ſtood,
' And from his mouth ſore wounded wip'd away,
' As copiouſly it flow'd, the ſtream of blood.
" Since thus," he cried, " my ſervice you repay,
" Beware my vengeance! Some propitious day
" May haply make me maſter of thy fate.
" Then ſhalt thou crouch and tremble at my ſway.
" Meantime, adieu; impatient I await
" A proper time to urge my never-ending hate!"

CII.

‘ Louring he ſpoke, and ſought his tent to gain,
‘ While from the wond'ring and indignant croud,
‘ At what they deem'd a declamation vain,
‘ Shouts of deriſion burſt and laughter loud.
‘ How he fulfill'd the vengeance which he vow'd,
‘ How he ſucceeded on my head to wreak
‘ The bitter workings of his ſpirit proud,
‘ 'Till Heav'n and you prevail'd my bonds to break,
‘ Let my acknowledg'd wrongs, my woes protracted ſpeak.

END OF VOL. I.

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